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EDINBURGH REVIEW

APRIL, 1833.

No. CXV.

ART. I.—1. *John Hopkins's Notions of Political Economy.* By the Author of *Conversations on Political Economy.* 8vo. London: 1833.

2. *Illustrations of Political Economy.* By Harriet Martineau. (The first Thirteen Numbers.) 12mo. London: 1832.

WOMEN have long reigned supreme over both the learning and practice of domestic economy. They are the proper legislators for, as well as ministers of, the interior. But the province of Political Economy, although it may begin with home, is so vast and complicated, that these two departments cannot have much in common beyond the approximation of a name. There is one point of view, however, in which women may be said to have an honourable and preeminent interest in this latter subject. If they do not rejoice with those that rejoice more than we do, they far surpass us in the nobler office of mourning with those who mourn. The science, therefore, may properly be recommended to them from its intimate connexion with the protection and comfort of the poor. This recommendation is by no means inconsistent with a horror of the Amazons of politics. The less women usually meddle with any thing which can be called public life out of their village, we are sure the better for all parties. A deep sympathy with the precarious situation of their poorer neighbours, and an active benevolence in relieving the distressed, and in encouraging the virtuous, furnish them with a circle wide enough. These are cares which may well satisfy any reasonable personal ambition; while they are identified with the best ornaments of the female character, and the real out of door duties of female life. For the due per-

formance of these duties, a certain kind of knowledge, however, (and more especially in the present state of society,) is quite as necessary as tenderness and zeal. This knowledge it is the business of Political Economy to supply.

If Political Economy is a new faith, yet, thus considered, it is one which may naturally look for an attentive hearing from the enlightened portion of the sex. Accordingly, the point is already passed of public congratulation on the accession of female converts. Popular priestesses have arisen. And they have fortunately undertaken to preach the practical truths and blessings of the science, rather than its mysteries and creed. Mrs Marcet has resumed her valuable labours in the unpretending little volume which heads our article. It is delightfully written, and is admirably adapted, by plain straightforward sense, for its virtuous purpose—the improvement of the labouring classes. It is intended to do for the uneducated generally, what her well-known ‘*Conversations on Political Economy*’ had before done (and most successfully) for young and controversy-hating students. The other work, whose title we have also prefixed, and into whose characteristic qualities we shall enter more at length, is still more extraordinary, from the singular boldness of its experiment, and the variety of talent displayed in the execution. From the ‘*Conversations on Political Economy*,’ by Mrs Marcet, it may appear only a step to have passed on to its ‘*Illustrations*’ by Miss Martineau. But the step was a trying one; and every thing depended on the ability with which it might be made. There is something so striking in the attempt to combine a portion of the attainments of Mrs Marcet with the scenic liveliness, and with more than the fancy and feeling of Miss Edgeworth, that we do not well know which to admire most,—the originality and venturesomeness of the first conception, or the self-reliance with which, under considerable discouragement, she persisted in her scheme. She does not affect to have made a single discovery. We think, indeed, that she has much to learn and reconsider. But she has already made, by a previously undreamed-of route, a brilliant progress towards the rescue of her beloved science—the science of Adam Smith—from the cloud which some persons have thought was gathering over its condition and its fate. There are practical men who delighted to spread the rumour that it had died outright in the cavern of obscure abstractions: whilst firmer and more philosophical believers in its vitality, were compelled to bitterly lament that its nature as a science of facts, as well as of reasoning, was often almost forgotten. The complaint had become general, that its modern course was too much intrusted to a thread of

algebraic deductions, by which it appeared less likely to be guided than to be restrained, embarrassed, and misled.

The cycle which ordinary periodicals undertake to perform is found sufficiently hazardous and difficult, even with the help of all their eccentricities and all their satellites. Miss Martineau has already faithfully completed somewhat more than her first year's monthly labours. The invention, the knowledge, and the workmanlike skill required to maintain, single-handed, the form which she has assumed, and to keep to the orbit in which she is travelling, must be taken into consideration in order duly to appreciate the task which she has set before her. Perhaps no single writer, certainly no young lady, ever contracted so extraordinary an engagement with the public as that of a Monthly course of Political Economy, embodied in apposite fables, uniting at once dramatic beauty and scientific truth. Hitherto her horn of light has regularly reappeared with every new moon in the literary heavens. The learning, it is true, is necessarily borrowed; but it has been surrounded with a halo and a lustre entirely her own. She has changed from month to month, with equal power and readiness, the materials which her creative influence was about to inform and animate; and nevertheless has retained, to a great degree, the same brightness and the same design. It is, however, impossible, according to the laws by which human genius works, that an equal degree of punctuality and of excellence should be long continued. The mind in its higher efforts cannot move by clock-work. From some, especially two or three of the last, numbers now before us, it is evident that Miss Martineau will not succeed in reconciling the contradiction; she must choose between the two sides of the alternative, which of them she will give up. In her case, there can be no comparison between the advantages and disadvantages belonging to periodical publication. Can a week's or a month's delay be put in competition with the risk of a partial view, a hasty paragraph, or a debateable proposition, when the question is the faithful instruction of the people on the most delicate and important subjects?

Miss Martineau must submit to the responsibilities attendant on her talents and success. We are most earnestly anxious that she should keep the ear of the public, and deserve to keep it. The public has already significantly expressed its delight at her remarkable performances. But delight is not enough. They are works which ought to be read seriously also, and with direct reference to their object. The charm of the composition is so great, that the first welcome duty of a critic is to request their reader to be sure during the perusal to keep in mind that object,

in order that he may fully understand their value. Unless he puts a little moral restraint of this kind upon himself, the usefulness of the several stories may be injured by their beauty; and the importance of the end lost sight of in the agreeableness of the means employed for its attainment. The majority of people can scarcely be expected to sit down to subjects of this class unless they are amused; and the mind, when most amused, is usually not in the mood best qualified to receive instruction. This is the dilemma with which Miss Martineau has grappled. A few words will explain the nature of it. We only wish that her readers may do their part in the mastery of it, half as well as she ordinarily has done hers.

We do not wonder at the doubts with which the suggestion of this project is said to have been met in the first instance. It could not but have failed in ordinary hands; and the failure would have been the more ridiculous from contrasting the important reality of the end with the apparent slightness and fancifulness of the means. For Miss Martineau has used no disguise in behalf of her purpose. Her only artifice is the spell of her own genius. Her object is plainly stated from the first upon her titlepage. Far from being an advertisement to a theatrical deception, it is a summons to the manifestation of solemn truths. In a very impressive and straightforward preface she honestly repeats the warning. The most contemptible of all quacks are those who propose to cure human ignorance without putting the party to pain or effort. Schemes of this kind are not only cowardly expedients, they are philosophically false. In subjects of pith and moment, the mind must perceive what it is about, and why—it must feel the blister at the time take hold and bite. Common readers, who run through these stories as through a common novel, will find that they have been taking fairy money, which turns to nothing in their hands. Our author, however, is not to blame. She has nowhere professed to make the public political economists unawares.

In order to do justice to Miss Martineau's management of her subject, the distinction must be remembered which exists between moral and scientific tales. The principles of a systematic science are a very different affair from such superficial truths of simple morality, as alone can be woven into the narrative of any popular or intelligible fiction. The old mysteries and moralities attempted nothing beyond being the raree-shows of saints' days. The wight who may have sought to lift the veil from the supposed Spenserian Allegory, deserves, as an appropriate reward for his pains, to discover all human learning in the Tale of Troy. The ambition of didactic ingenuity has been found to

overreach and defeat itself in cases far more plain and tangible. Any systematic mode of moralizing poetry, whether epic or dramatic, would never be as efficient as the indirect instruction which has been thrown, more or less, from time immemorial, into these respective poetic forms. It is thus alone that the ancient dramatists, whom Milton rather extravagantly calls 'teachers best of moral wisdom,' or their successors—the much more extensive dramatizers of private life—our modern novelists, accomplished whatever they have performed. On the other hand, the muse always succeeds ill in bands and surplice. She is evidently not at home as a preacher, and looks still less at ease in the professor's chair. Nothing seems more natural than the object proposed in Joanna Baillie's Plays upon the Passions; and how beautiful the poetry in which the moral was there enshrined! What, then, has frightened away her worshippers? We have no doubt but that they would have been far more numerous and devout if her philosophy had been less direct and definite, and the intended object of our homage had been more thrown into the shade. Experience declares in favour of the old rule, which requires a moral to be only 'pointed' when it is to 'adorn a tale.' The less of it that is seen, the more incidentally, and, as it were, unconsciously, that it pierces through, so much the more effectually does it tell with that part of our nature which, in these moments, is woken up, and brought within its power. On the contrary, in matters of science, the scabbard must be thrown away at once. It is important to see from the first the nature of the contest in which we are engaged; and the principle and the consequence of every movement. Scientific truths are not of a kind to be insensibly absorbed. They depend on a class of proofs, in respect of which there is no thoroughfare or percolation backwards and forwards to the severer regions of the understanding, from the more popular quarters of the imagination and the feelings. Now, by her very plan, our author must pass to and fro. Thus an apparent violence and incongruity in her transitions from picturesque description and pathetic anecdote, to what are as yet almost technical discussions, are among the severest conditions of her undertaking. One word on this objection. The fine arts, also, have their conventional improbabilities; our putting up with which is indispensable to our enjoyment. There must be allowances made on both occasions. In the drama, no reasonable foreigner quarrels with the French stage, because its spectators have to wink at inconsistencies. His complaint is founded on the objection, that in the choice of difficulties which that particular question presents, the French have preferred submitting to inconsistencies in substance, rather

than to inconsistencies in form. Now, what in the present instance, is the outside of Miss Martineau's call on our indulgence? She merely stipulates that we will allow Political Economy to be talked by people and under circumstances where it was never talked before. This improbability, whilst it is not a much more serious one, is far more reasonably chosen. It is a necessary condition of her attempt to combine scientific instruction with amusement. The humblest privilege to which an attempt to reconcile a contradiction of this description can be entitled, is the privilege of undergoing a less fastidious and irritable criticism than fictions which look no farther than mere enjoyment.

If these stories are to answer their elevated purpose, they must be studied as lessons; and the truth of the lessons must be verified as we proceed. The summary of the principles of Political Economy, which each volume is intended to illustrate, ought to be constantly recurred to and applied, or at least turned back to, and compared with the narrative. The facts of each narrative constitute certain phenomena. The hypotheses subjoined in the respective summaries, of course profess to represent nothing more than the uniform recurrence, under similar circumstances, of the facts which have been related in the story. If the facts are uniform, they are capable of being expressed in the form of a general law; if the particular hypothesis is the correct one, it will correspond with, or rather will itself constitute that expression. The principles in question are, by the supposition, assumed to be part of the history of man, as a member of society. How is their truth best to be ascertained? All attempts to verify by direct experiments, made expressly for the purpose, the science of which man himself is the subject-matter, must be necessarily confined within very narrow limits. When we look out upon the world, most of the problems of society are found to be so complicated, from the variety of influences on which human nature practically depends, that our conclusions, when conceived to be the authentic results of experience and observation, are nevertheless seriously affected, and often falsified, by the unperceived admission or omission of one circumstance or another. Such is especially the case with Political Economy. In this state of things, nothing can be more ingenious than the thought which Miss Martineau has struck out. Her plan is, in the same process to at once authenticate and popularize the supposed elements of the science. By the help of a well-contrived fiction, she puts society, as it were, into a sieve, and takes out of the commingled mass of human affairs, one by one, the particular amount and description of persons and circumstances which an actual experiment

would require. While they are thus confined within a circle of their own, subjected to one or two great acting causes, and kept apart from all other disturbing forces, it would seem that the series of imaginary experiments might be so skilfully managed, as to bring out a pure and positive answer in the successive cases. Every thing, of course, depends on the knowledge of human nature with which the *Dramatis personæ* are selected, and on the veracity with which a philosophical imagination afterwards reasons out the subsequent thoughts, conversations, and events. In case, and to the extent that the fictitious portraiture of life thus presented to our view should appear to be a falsification or a caricature, there is an end of the matter. On the other hand, whenever its appropriateness satisfies us of its truth—as far as we feel convinced that similar consequences must have followed from the described conduct of the parties under the given circumstances, it is not in the reach of moral chemistry to provide us with a more conclusive test. In these miniature models of select portions of society, each model works out its own specific fact and lesson. If we are once sure of these, and if the method is but judiciously pursued, the Moralist and Political Economist seem to be protected to a great degree against that last infirmity, to which every theory in physics must remain exposed—the apprehension lest some concurrent, but opposite hypothesis should start up, by which the case may be as well explained.

Political Economy, so taught and teaching by example, has another great advantage. It seizes the fancy, and must leave on the mind and heart a deep impression of the practical importance of its truths. From this living representation of it, we perceive that it is really a positive part of human life. At a period when the circulation of the most destructive fallacies, and the most exciting declamations is made a trade—knowledge, which was always power both to individuals and to nations, is now become almost indispensable to the comfort of the one and to the security of the other. Here are the lessons, in learning which we have not an hour to lose. Governments are becoming every day more and more aware that whatever temporary trouble, risk, and clamour, may follow the letting loose political economists upon the legislation of our ancestors, our choice is really between, on one side, the brief inconvenience inseparable at the first from all changes; and, on the other, the real interest of future ages. Fifteen years of peace would have taught Napoleon himself to doubt whether Political Economy was the art of grinding to powder empires of granite. His own art seems to have been more justly liable to the sar-

casm. A Lord Liverpool of the present generation, we are inclined to think, would recall his dislike of political-economy-clergymen, so far as to admit that Archbishop Whatley is not the only one who ought to be upon the bench. Slowly as governments have crept on in the practice of this new learning, they have, nevertheless, almost everywhere the credit of being in advance of their communities. The science, which from its object ought to be preeminently the people's science, has yet made but little way to popular power and favour. That this is so has arisen in part from a prevalent ignorance of its aim and promises. The consequence has been a vague scepticism concerning the extent of its actual attainments, and the possibility of any real ultimate success. A new study, that began by treating philosophically subjects with which all mankind had been long coarsely conversant, was doomed to stumble over a host of interested prejudices. It had so often occasion to run counter to received opinions of ancient standing, that an air of paradox was soon thrown over many of its most valuable conclusions. Whilst it moved in larger circles, and comprehended a more distant horizon than the unassisted eye could reach, or cared or dared to follow, unfortunately, one or two of its hard sayings appear to have been made at times somewhat unnecessarily hard. Hasty reasoners of course were found also, who generalized too soon and too far. By these means countenance was given to the vulgar horror with which theory is regarded. Fed by the milk of many nurses, a temporary difference of opinion also must necessarily prevail over many points. Scoffers had little trouble in misrepresenting these detached controversies as the entire science. At the same time, it ought to be admitted, that the blame of this estrangement is not to be solely attributed to the prejudice of the people. Discoverers are seldom the best teachers. The moment, however, comes at last, when the revealers of hidden mysteries meet with disciples who prove more successful missionaries than themselves. Political Economy, we rejoice to think, has apparently nearly waited its appointed time. The mysteries and the abstractions have retired for a while into the inner sanctuary; whilst, among the ministers of the outer courts, and throughout even the surrounding multitude, there are symptoms of movement which bespeak the arrival of the missionary era. The moral enthusiasm breathed through Dr Chalmers's late volume will satisfy all who are to be satisfied that the science is not (what it has been childishy termed) a cold-hearted science; and that its gospel is one which must be preached to all classes, more especially to the poor. In this direction, Mr Wilmot Horton's virtuous and prosperous dis-

cussion before the Mechanics' Institute on emigration, was the earliest and most encouraging example. The Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge has since published, with the same view, two excellent tracts, on the 'Results of Machinery,' and on the 'Rights of Industry.' These essays, praiseworthy on every account, were most praiseworthy as being the first attempts to bring home to the parties themselves, truths, on their acquaintance with which their own contentment and prosperity, as well as the peace of society, in a crisis like the present, must depend. Miss Martineau's predecessors, however, broke the ice only here and there. The letters of introduction which she has devised on behalf of her favourite science, have already won their way beyond what any body could have ventured to anticipate. We have heard more political economy during the last three months, than we believe was ever before heard out of the Political Economy Club. It has flowed smoothly, too, from off the tongues of people so very unlikely to trouble themselves with such investigations, that her own fictitious personages, whether they be retired sergeants, or village sextons, who speak as professors of the science, can now no longer appear to us a romance.

Of the little volumes already published, the principles which regulate the production of wealth are illustrated in the first three; and the principles which affect its distribution, in the remainder. Their characteristic merit, as a whole, consists in their singular combination of general beauty with a positive object of great utility, prominently announced and strictly pursued. The comparative excellence of the several stories will therefore principally depend on the degree in which this combination is attained. All are equally remarkable for the simplicity and beauty of the style. It ordinarily flows in a clear and lucid stream, but readily drops to any tone, or rises to the height which the occasion may require. Franklin could not have epigrammatised more sententiously her mottoes. The descriptions, whether of natural scenery, or of domestic incident, are pictures by Calcott or by Wilkie, turned into poetry by a sister genius. Her sketches of character are bold, sometimes almost too bold in outline; the muscle being forced out anatomically as in an academy model. But the hardness is usually relieved, and the natural effect preserved, by the exuberant variety of sentiment and expression which breaks out and flows over every part. She thus generally contrives sooner or later to bring us into harmony with her characters; or at least to an understanding of their dispositions and opinions. It is the triumph of those infinite minute sympathies which she so freely scatters about her course, that they are able in the arts, as in real life, to make even apparent exceptions natural

at last, provided only that we get to the proper point of view. A few exaggerations must unavoidably occur where so much originality is attempted. None but the great masters of life, as Shakspeare and Scott, have been able to keep their pen, while its images were glowing and dilating in the pride of self-creation, always free from the error into which Fuseli's pencil fell. Besides, the judicious invention of fictitious characters is not an affair of genius only and books. A young lady can scarcely possess the experimental knowledge of mankind, without which a confident imagination must occasionally run wild in the paradise of its own conceptions. The exaggerations to which we are alluding have fallen hitherto on persons and passages, which hurt the story more as a tale than as a lesson. Even thus considered, up to the present point they are chiefly prejudicial as betraying a tendency against which it is necessary that the author should be upon her guard. Of one class of characters, that of fine people, we think Miss Martineau would do well altogether to keep clear. At present, she evidently knows nothing at all about them, and it will be hardly worth her while to learn; for the world is unluckily certain of hearing from far inferior persons, much more than it need care to know of the proceedings and the foibles of fashionable life. With this caution, Miss Martineau may be always sure of producing a powerful effect as a story-teller. Her command over interesting incidents, striking thoughts, and beautiful expressions, will carry her triumphantly through greater disadvantages, than the blemish of now and then fiercening up a character into extremes for the gallery-portion of her admirers.

It is as a teacher that we fear she may not be destined in the end to realize all the good to which she has set her hand, and which she is, in many respects, so admirably qualified to perform. We may be thought premature in our apprehensions, for they are principally prospective. The symptoms which have alarmed us amount as yet only to a few specks or flashes; making, on the whole, a cloud perhaps not much bigger than one's hand. But the elements appear to be of so dangerous a kind for a popular instructor, that, however reluctantly, we feel obliged to intimate the cause and nature of our disquiet. The particular opinions, by the expression of which our suspicion has been roused, have, it is true, been kept a good deal in the background. But they are such as can only have been arrived at by an exaltation of sentiment, and a rashness of assumption, extravagant enough, unless checked, to proceed to any lengths. Unfortunately, it is on points of the greatest delicacy and importance that her diffidence and judgment have most deserted

her. If Miss Martineau really thinks that, at her time of life, and with her opportunities, she is competent to legislate for mankind anew on its most complicated institutions—that she can resettle the foundations and transmission of property—dispense with criminal law by doing away with the *crime* of punishment—alter the framework of society, so as to remove out of it the *disgrace* of indigence;—if she is looking forward to the period when actresses are to be above marrying secretaries of state, and tying up their papers,—and is ready with a millennium of her own, in which our ladies will have taken out of our monopolising hands the cares of Parliament and public life,—there is no knowing whither a mind, which has already got so high into the visionary empyrean, may ultimately soar. We cannot think with any patience of the possibility that she should reduce her powers and reputation to the mere circulating-library glory of being the most gifted novelist of the Godwin school. With this fear and feeling, it is the greatest possible proof of our respect for her intentions, and of our admiration for her talents, that we suggest to her the propriety of more deliberation and forbearance on questions of such immense magnitude. Upon some of them, the whole history of mankind, and all that we know of human nature, ought to be in the meantime sufficient presumptions to call for other formulas of disproof than precipitate assertion and disdain. The objectionable passages of this description are but few. We should heartily rejoice to see them cancelled. It will gratify us still more to perceive in the forthcoming numbers that the views, which these passages indicate, have been qualified, if not abandoned. The intellectual fever, under the excitement of which they can alone have broken forth, will, we trust, ere long be thoroughly subdued, partly from deference to the opinion of others, but principally by her own peremptory and self-controlling reason.

It will probably cost Miss Martineau less effort to remove the ground of our remaining general objections. The latter stories exhibit evident signs of the rapidity with which they have been composed. The ninth and following numbers are inferior to the preceding ones in general beauty and effect. But a much more marked inferiority consists in the fact, that their fables, as fables, are for the most part no longer ‘Illustrations of Political Economy.’ There is little perceptible connexion between the summary and nine-tenths of the story. The link which is left is formed less by actions than by words. A disputable lecture is substituted for the promised probative events. We attribute this to haste entirely. For there seems to be no assignable reason, why the Principles contained in the later summaries should

not have been worked up throughout into a plot, in the same manner as in the earlier volumes. In some cases, a quantity of foreign materials is put into the crucible; in others, the very material which is to be analysed seems to have been forgotten; and to be thrown in at last only to save appearances. Political or other causes are so mixed up with the political-economy ones in 'Ireland,' that it is impossible to apportion out to each their several results. The failure of domestic colonization in 'Homes 'Abroad' is no part of the actual occurrences, but is given in the form of mere hearsay or prediction. 'For Each and for All,' 'French Wines and Politics,' and the 'Charmed Sea,' are in different degrees equally loose and inconclusive. There is no establishment of the summary-hypothesis by appropriate facts. The political-economy moral is stitched on, and becomes the *purpureus pannus* of an apparently independent fable. An episode and a dialogue, awkwardly thrust in, provoke by the interruption more than they profit by the instruction. If one or two incidental scenes can be called 'Illustrations of Political 'Economy,' Miss Martineau has been anticipated in her system of tuition. In that case, Manzoni, the friend of the plague-doctor and of the corn-dealer, is entitled to claim the merit of priority for his *Promessi Sposi*.

The philosophy of these latter stories may be true or false. It is not philosophy teaching by example. The peculiar value and criterion of the scheme is gone: the evidence which it ought to contain of an experiment, going on as it were before our eyes, has disappeared; and what is left, is at the most only lively conversations on political economy. The form of question and answer, well pursued, retains, however, over declamatory monologues, many advantages for the elucidation of truth. Thus Mr Attwood found the Bank Committee and the Market-place of Birmingham two very different tribunals. The Socratic efficiency of cross questions soon reduced him to the humiliating necessity of crooked answers. Like exorcisms, they brought up the witch's pin. But mere imaginary dialogues (between any parties more independent than a master and his scholars) have a characteristic difficulty to contend with. Wherever they consist of the juxtaposition of opposite opinions, and are separated from an explanatory comment, conveyed in the result of accompanying facts, it is possible that an author, in doing justice to clashing arguments, may not set on any one, a mark precise enough to enable his readers to identify the particular opinions which are intended to be represented as his own. This is a danger which Miss Martineau, when she strays from her facts, can hardly expect always to evade. It has many a

time and oft bewildered such students of the dialogues of Cicero as would have been gladly guided by his authority, provided they could ascertain it. The escape from this dilemma, on the part of our author, is more than once effected by a dogmatism equally unsatisfactory to a searcher after truth. The poetical nature of her fictions, the field which they open to a fertile imagination, the rapidity and fervour with which, at an exciting crisis, her spirit warms and rushes forward, expose her to much greater risks than those of purely didactic writers. Of the errors, to which we have felt obliged to advert, some are errors of principle, others only errors from haste. Very different processes will be required, but we trust that the cure of both is still within her power.

Labour makes capital : it is the original price paid for all our comforts. This is the text of 'Life in the Wilds,' her first story. Every picture given us of savage life—the struggles of Robinson Crusoe for subsistence, on an island all to himself—show plainly enough the difficulty of turning the raw material of nature to account. In order to point out what are the elements of wealth, and describe the progress of society towards its acquisition, Miss Martineau abandons to the Bushmen for a night a flourishing little settlement at the Cape, and then traces, step by step, its gradual restoration to prosperity. Some readers, on laying down the volume, have felt disposed to ask, 'Is this all?' We answer them (and properly), that the merit of a proof is heightened by its simplicity. The gossip of a community thus thrown on its resources; the insignificance of Beau Arnold and his bag of gold; the estimation of this or that kind of labour, according as it happens to be most wanted—whether agricultural or commercial—productive or unproductive—more or less genteel—are part of the circumstances described, and are the best possible evidence of the truths intended to be taught. What appropriate suggestions follow on the division of labour by the boys over their bows and arrows, and by the women in their household arrangements—upon Mrs Stone's listlessness in her sick-room for want of books—on the rational rejoicings at Richard's return with his waggon-load of wood and iron, Bibles, and newspapers—and on the facility with which Kate's marriage is settled in a new country where society has its happiness within its own reach! We have heard the lecture-like dialogues objected to as out of place and improbable. The objection rests on an ignorance (which we noticed at the outset) of the distinction, by which mere nature is always separated from the arts. A certain kind of improbability is inherent in the present scheme, and, indeed, in every work of

art. The arts are very much matters of convention; and in a case of this sort, the only proper question is a question of degree. To take the present story: the discussion on wealth at the mouth of the cave, within which the whole colony is housed, does not appear to us to call for a much greater stretch of conventional indulgence, than the dialogue at the cavern's mouth in *Cymbeline*. Then, how instantaneously the story recalls us to the scene, and how skilfully the suitable South of Africa learning, and the expedients of most probable adoption in these extremities, keep up the delusion! The accessories of the flitting honey-bird, of the chestnut-throwing monkeys, of the buffalo-pits, and the ostrich hunt, cast a foreign and rural air over the narrative, and have succeeded in turning a school-room of political economy into an 'As you Like it' forest at the Cape. The author is evidently quite at home with that most agreeable of all company—little children—whose sayings and doings are prettily interposed between the graver arguments. Whilst they are always natural and childlike, they are never obvious and commonplace. The death of George Prest, by the bite of a horned snake, is very pathetically told; and has the further merit of saving Arnold from unmitigated contempt. The same imagination which has enabled her to step back to the origin of society, endows her with the power of transmigration, and throws her as it were at once into the forms which she successively conjures up. At the same time, her presence of mind and steadiness of aim are preserved throughout. She never loses sight of the lesson which she is teaching, all the while that she is playfully embroidering into the canvass the colours and the figures which are to ornament her plot.

Here, however, in her first story, and before she was emboldened by success, controverted opinions are broadly stated as undoubted truths; and inconsiderate expressions more than once are hazarded, with an unguardedness quite unbecoming the pulpit, which otherwise she so successfully has scaled. Does Miss Martineau (p. 96) really mean that the 'right principle,' on which the advantages of a gradation 'of ranks in society' can practically depend, is 'superior merit,' and that, too, to be ascertained by universal suffrage? This is rather too summary a disposal of so serious a matter. We should have supposed that she intended to restrain the maxim to occurrences similar to those related; or to that visionary 'hereafter,' where alone Milton looked for the 'perhaps to be' of 'his just equality.' But we find again (at page 56 of her eleventh number) mention of 'natural laws,' according to which rank and wealth are some day to be distributed; and that there are 'signs of the

'times discernible' when, accordingly, all interests are to be harmonized. Miss Martineau assumes (p. 96), that the line can be readily drawn between those public officers who must continue to be paid by public salaries, and such private individuals as ought to be left to make separate bargains with their employers. She assumes also that clergymen and schoolmasters fall within the second line. As far as the Church is concerned, this doctrine is laid down in 'Ireland' in still more unmeasured terms. Her call for education, apparently at the public charge, both there and in 'Cousin Marshall'—the supposed necessity, also, which has established public schools throughout even America, seem inconsistent with the universality of her principle. But, on principle, and experience, is it not clear, that although the labour in question may be labour of the most valuable kind, nevertheless, yet it may not properly come under the laws of Political Economy? It is not fairly in demand, wherever, in point of fact, a people is not sufficiently sensible to its moral and intellectual, in the same way as to its physical wants. The 'hunger and thirst after righteousness,' and knowledge, requires artificial exciting, before its actions can be relied upon, as surely as the natural demand for our daily bread. Of this there can be no more competent judge, nor can more favourable circumstances for a trial of the fact be well imagined, than a teacher like Dr Chalmers, speaking on his own experience among such a people as the Scotch. The question is one of those which is still upon its trial, and where much further evidence on both sides yet has to come in. Is Miss Martineau's reader to believe (p. 113), that it is of course the 'fault of the constitution of society,' whenever labour, thrown out from one sort of employment, does not immediately find out another? Surely 'the limit of human intelligence,' acting on the 'materials of nature,' may be at a stand-still at certain periods. Steam-engines are not invented, nor new markets opened every year. It is admitted in other places (pp. 75 and 92), that a government cannot make employment, but only remove restraints, and allow every one to find employment wherever it is to be found.

The second story is the reverse of the first. Capital makes labour—that is, employs it. This effect is excellently exemplified by the rise and progress of some iron works in a Welsh valley. Competition at home and abroad bring the proprietors to the point;—a reduction of wages and the introduction of machinery offer the only chance of keeping possession of the market, on which manufacturers more favourably situated are gaining ground. Disturbances take place, the machinery is destroyed,

and the works are abandoned altogether. The scenery, incidents, and persons are happily sketched. We pass backwards and forwards between the 'Hill and the Valley.' The scene is varied by a Welsh Camp-meeting. The death of a boy, by an accident from the machinery, his funeral, the sacking of the manufactory by the infuriated workmen, the calling in of the military, and the marching off of the criminals among the lamentations of their families, pass rapidly before us. The tale ends by a warning against machine-breaking, in a speech which one of the partners delivers to the remaining men, whom he is obliged to discard on breaking up the establishment. Two equally decided characters are skilfully contrasted, Armstrong and Paul, in order to bring out the poetry of the ancient controversy between the merits of a contemplative and of an active life. The first is a bankrupt tradesman, who has retired in disgust among the mountains, and who represents the hermit philosophy of complete independence of the world. The other is a humourist, of even greater strength of purpose—one who connects his own pride of resolve with the most dependent drudgery of society—and seeks for a justification in political economy. The character is taken from Foster's Essays. It is that of a ruined spendthrift, who is bent on working his way back to his former wealth by the severest labour and privations. We have heard it objected, that this story will not satisfy artisans in any given case that their master cannot carry on his business by a farther reduction of his profits. It is said, they always will believe that he has the alternative of taking on himself the fall of the times, instead of putting it on his workmen. When such a man as the late Robert Hall, at the time of the statement prices at Leicester, allowed the misery which he was hourly witnessing, without being able to relieve it, so far to overpower his understanding, there is no foreseeing whither society may be driven by the passions of a starving population. But as far as argument can have force, the class of honest and intelligent witnesses may be relied upon, who have been examined before Committees of the House of Commons. Among the members of mechanics' institutes, trustworthy guides of their companions will not be wanting, except at periods when want no longer leaves a man master of his reason. We believe that there is scarce a labourer employed in farming, or in manufacture, or in trade, who may not be convinced, not only that there is such a thing as a losing business, but that some particular branch may be in the particular crisis described in this story, and which is referred to also in the 'Manchester striko.' They are well aware that the question, whether business shall be closed immediately, or whether a farther trial shall be attempted, must often turn on the pos-

sibility of being able to lower the charges of production. The fault which we are disposed to find in her history of the collision and arbitration between the rights and interests of these two parties, is not that Miss Martineau has not dwelt longer on so plain a case, but that she does not point out with sufficient prominence another duty, equally unpopular, and less understood, which is also imposed upon the masters. The truth is, on all occasions where the above question shall arise, that it is the master's duty to enquire from the very first, whether the embarrassments which he is experiencing depend on temporary or on permanent causes; and whether it may not be better for all parties to lessen the shock by a gradual decrease, rather than risk, by increasing the amount of the article produced, the prolongation of a contest which nature has decided. When an old manufactory is undersold by rivals, who can afford, from local advantages, to manufacture the same article at less cost, the policy is to be deprecated, and not to be recommended, (as in page 90,) which would add to the quantity in the market, from the hope of keeping entire the capital through increase of sale. A competition thus carried on can only augment the glut and the distress, in which such a struggle must ultimately close.

The interest which so much of the public, as are consumers only, have in machinery, is obvious enough. But it is said that this advantage to society must be always at the expense of those labourers who are producers as well as consumers, whenever they lose by it more in their former than they gain in their latter character. We would propose to the two great classes of producers—manufacturing and agricultural labourers—the following consideration. They will perhaps see in it the grounds of a reasonable compromise, as much for their own sakes as for the sake of the public at large. To take first the case of manufactures. Manufacturing machinery enables the great body of consumers of all classes to obtain the manufactured article at a much cheaper rate. This, it is admitted, is an unmixed advantage to all classes, except to the manufacturing mechanic. He may be out of pocket, in reduced wages, and by non-employment, more than he will gain on the cheapness of so much of the article produced as he has occasion to consume. On this supposition the mechanic is understood to proceed. Judge in his own cause, and deciding in his own favour, he destroys the power-loom, which threatens in some degree to supersede himself. The consequence is, as far as he is successful, that he makes the rest of society (the agricultural labourers as well as others) pay the difference of his wages, in the increase of price on the whole amount of the national consumption. Every ploughman

throughout England, as far as his clothes are thus made dearer, bears his proportion of the tax. If we pass on to the other supposition, the case in regard to agricultural machinery is just the same, only changing names. It is more important, as it relates to the great article of subsistence, and must affect directly the price of corn. The cheapness which is induced by the additional facility of production by means of agricultural machines, is, of course, a vast blessing to the rest of the community. But it is objected on behalf of the agricultural labourer, that his wages may thus be lessened, or himself for a while thrown out of employment. Under these circumstances, the corresponding fall of price on the portion of corn which he may personally consume, might seem to be a very inadequate compensation. In supposed consistency with his interests, he burns the thrashing-machine, and has doubts whether he shall not also pull to pieces the plough. Corn in consequence rises. But his purpose is answered, supposing, by increase of wages or employment, he is individually better off. Now, how has he attained this personal advantage? By transferring the charge of it to his neighbours,—among others, to the whole manufacturing population, who have to pay dearer for their corn. The question which we would put to these two great classes is this,—Would it not be better for them both to let each, in his character of consumer, get their respective articles as cheap as that article can be supplied? If the operative undertakes to leave the power-loom standing, and so gives the agricultural labourer the benefit of cheap clothes, the agricultural labourer must, in return, consent to keep his hands from off the plough, except along the furrow, and thus ensure, as far as he is concerned, to the operative, the blessing of cheap corn.

We were startled again, at p. 81 of the 'Hill and the Valley,' by mischievous declamations, far more worthy of the poet of the 'Deserted Village,' than of the poet of Political Economy. Lear's cry of 'Take physic, pomp,' and Thomson's appeal to the 'gay, 'licentious proud,' are much truer, both in philosophy and fact, than the dogma, that additional thought on the part of the great would secure a 'more just gradation of ranks,' and leave society 'no starving paupers on the steps of a palace.' This proposition, one should think, would puzzle the writer of the summary affixed to the eighth story. We are sure that it must puzzle a reader of that summary to anticipate the method by which rich philanthropists, made fully aware of the sources and responsibilities of wealth, can speed our entering in upon this promised land. No possible reconstruction of our institutions, and no imaginable quantity of thought on the part of the great, can prevent there being hungry persons 'to lean on frosty area-rails.' Would to

God the contrary were within any horizon, which the most sanguine can foresee! The Americans have an unbroken world before them. They take an honest pride in impressing on their legislation the character of a stirring popular opinion, and of a paramount jealousy in favour of the interests of the poor. The tax-gatherer has almost disappeared; and their government is administered with a parsimony bordering upon excess, for it beggars their public servants. Miss Martineau may learn from Mr Owen, or from any of our parish paupers, whom the disappointment of exaggerated expectations has returned home again, that New York is not the Fairyland of which now and then she seems to be dreaming. If not, where else will she find or make it? She shall repay Mr Owen for his *fact*, by showing him the absurdity of his *project* to do away with the difficulty, by substituting 'co-operation' for 'competition.'

Capital tells most in large masses. In illustration of this truth, the scene of the third story is laid in 'Brooke Farm,' a village on the eve of an enclosure. Among the sketches there are some as clear as Crabbe's, some as elegant as Goldsmith's, and others as touching almost as those of Cowper. The doubts of the Milliner, and of Gray in his Cabin Cottage,—the ballads of Carey the barber,—the harangues of Webster, and the other 'guides of 'public opinion,' to the cow-keepers,—the conversations under the elm against the avarice of Sir H. Withers the Parliament squire, and Mr Malton the big farmer,—the discussion concerning the various sorts of prejudiced opposition through which different countries have to pass at different stages of civilisation, (whether it be in draining the fens of Lincolnshire, in laying Sutherland down to pasture, or in planting a waste,)—all connect very suitably with, and powerfully enforce, the main subject of the story. The general answer, which is comprised in the improved condition of the village, is followed out into a variety of details. Mrs Johnson's dairy grows before our eyes. There are smarter bonnets in the milliner's shop window. Norton's decay from the vain desire of holding more land than he had capital to cultivate, is put in contrast with Mr Malton's gradual progress from a farm of six hundred to a farm of some thousand acres on the one hand, and with Gray's cotter-advance to competence by cautious and laborious savings on the other. The happy harvest-field makes up to us for the lost cow-rights on the common; and Joe's village school is a welcome substitute for the children playing among the furze. We have no quarrel with her Sergeant Rayner, the Chelsea-pensioner-looking friend of the whole village, who has picked up his political economy on foreign service, and brought away a hatred of war from the hospital reflections

of a wounded soldier. But what we cannot help quarrelling with, is the precipitancy of a statement like that at p. 122. The statement, as far as we can understand it, is apparently in logical inconsistency with her principal argument, in statistical contradiction to the fact, and in ignorance of the real nature of the English law;—a law, nevertheless, which Joe and Rayner, the travelled servant and the travelled sergeant, are so ready emphatically to condemn.

Miss Martineau informs us that the agriculture of England is injured by the overgrown size of far too many of our estates, and that this is owing to the law of primogeniture. Suppose it to be true that there is a tendency in England for property to accumulate in great masses, yet, according to the text, capital acts more productively in great masses than in small ones. Nevertheless, as every thing in political economy depends upon proportions, we readily admit that these masses may become too great. Still, a particular exception, in which an excess is supposed to exist, can be only reconciled with the truth of the general rule, by drawing somewhere a tangible line; or at least laying down some criterion at which it may be pronounced that the excess begins. If the line which Miss Martineau would draw is that beyond which the management and the capital of a single family cannot reach, the difficulty of fixing and applying this line in practice is evident from the fact, that we should join issue with her at once, on the very example (the example of England) to which she has appealed. Again, if she allows that the best collateral criterion, which the case admits, is one derived from the unfettered exercise of the feelings and experience of parents in each individual instance, (and, vague as it may seem, we think that it is the best,) Miss Martineau will find, on enquiry, that this is in truth the course which the law of England has pursued. But first, what is the actual state of Scotch and English cultivation? Is there, in this respect, among ourselves, at present, any symptom of the existence of the mischief, which is properly described as being a serious disadvantage, whenever estates are so swoln and unmanageable as to produce it? The question is a question of fact. Other circumstances might affect a comparison between the agriculture of England and that of foreign countries. But let us compare the state of the large properties in England with that of the middling-sized ones. We need not travel out of Miss Martineau's own county. Has the rest of the property of Mr Coke suffered from the splendour of Holkham? Are his farms behind hand those of the humbler squirearchy of the provinces? Will it be found that the estates of the Duke of Bedford, or of the aristocracy in general, are less improved than those of our com-

mon country gentlemen,—whose patrimony, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is as far inferior to that of her model, Sir H. Withers, as their farms are smaller than that of her favourite, Mr Malton? Few English proprietors own such an extent, and few English farmers occupy so largely, as the imaginary heroes of the story, which is thus forced out of its line for the purpose of incidentally reproving them. Besides, the size of estates and the size of farms have no necessary connexion. The latter is determined by independent considerations. The agricultural condition of England and of Scotland proves that the objection of there being ‘far too many estates in this kingdom, too large to be properly managed by the care of one man, or by the reproducible capital of one family,’ may be fully met by the interposition of good stewards and substantial tenants. We deny, therefore, that in point of fact the evil specified—namely, that estates are left comparatively unproductive, on account of their size—exists in England.

But, suppose that the estates in England are larger in some instances than is desirable, in the next place we deny that ‘the meddling of the law’ can be made accountable for the grievance. A medium between (116) the extreme subdivisions by which the land is broken up into patches, as in Languedoc, and (number 6, p. 47—54) a concentration of property, like that by which the entire soil of Roman Italy got into the hands of a few great proprietors, is undoubtedly to be preferred to either of these extremes. A law, *enforcing* partition amongst all the children, or giving the entirety to the eldest, might be fairly charged with a creation of the respective mischiefs. As long, however, as the law does neither the one nor the other, but simply allows a parent, by the exercise of the testamentary power, to dispose of his property according to his ‘feelings, guided by experience,’ (and such is the law of England,) what can the law do more towards securing the attainment of the medium which is desired? We agree with Miss Martineau in condemning the law of France, which makes what ought in every instance to be a question of fact, a pure question of law; and which, accordingly, leaves a parent little or no discretion in the disposal of his fortune. We agree that the law ought only to decide in the instance where a parent, dying intestate, shall have omitted to exercise his personal judgment. But in the event of an owner dying intestate, unless the property is to be left for a scramble, or to revert to the public, the law must determine the course of its transmission. It is on this contingency only, that the laws of England and of America interfere. We in this case pass the land to the eldest son; the Americans divide it equally among the children. This

is the law of primogeniture as known in England; and this is the outside amount of any possible mischief which can be created by the 'meddling of the law.' Moreover, the effect of the degree of preference, which we thus show to primogeniture, is confined in England to landed estates in fee simple and for life. Partibility is the law in the much more numerous instances of terms for years. Surely this state of the case breaks even the force of that example, by which the law is said to make a vicious custom. However, be the evil on this account what it may, on whom is it fairly chargeable? Let us suppose, that the people are led away by the necessary generalities of the law, and are not at the pains of making reasonable wills in their own particular cases,—what protection can be devised against a folly of this description? The law must say how the land is to go, if the owner throws the determination on the law. It can only say entirety or partibility. As far as the effect of legislative example may be apprehended, the legislator, in selecting a general rule, must choose between the opposite mischiefs of each extreme. If, in consequence of the English rule, land should have got, on one hand, into too large masses in England; or if, in consequence of the American rule, some day or other, land should fall into too small masses in America, is it the law in either instance which is to be blamed? Or is it not, in both cases, the people, whom their respective law leaves at perfect liberty, but who refuse to apply their understanding to their particular positions, so as to guard them against evils, from one or other of which, in point of fact, they cannot be protected by any law? But any of her conveyancer friends will explain to Miss Martineau that, as the positive effect of the law is confined within narrow limits—since it applies only to intestate interests, technically called freehold—its supposed influence in creating a mischievous testamentary custom, must also be disturbed and weakened by the opposite law of partibility, which extends over the much more important class of leasehold and personal estate. The truth is, these questions are too complex for dogmatical affirmations. Nobody can tell, by merely looking at the general law, how far it will necessarily in any country determine the mode in which the testamentary power shall, in consequence, be exercised. Partibility was the common law of Athens and of Rome. Nevertheless, the aggrandizement of properties in Athens is described as having originated in the practice of testamentary disposition, introduced by Solon. The size of estates in Italy became a great nuisance; yet, in addition to the law of partibility, wills, by which a child was disinherited, might in many cases be set aside as inofficious. The French in their passion for equality, have probably hurt their agriculture.

They have taken, as the only sufficient security for their democratic object, the extreme remedy of restraining the testamentary power to a portion only. The people of England and of America, are not likely either of them to adopt so violent a precedent. They will hesitate before they tie up their own hands, for a purpose, which, as far as it is reasonable, can be obtained by the much less objectionable means of perfect freedom.

The intention of the fourth story is to show the consequences of taking away freedom from human labour. Labour is wasted, capital sunk, and the soil made barren. The curtain draws up at Demerara with a bright picture of the general scenery of the Tropics. Among the particular descriptions, we were very much struck with the night-scene, and the hurricane. Her negro hero, Cassius, is a fine fellow, though a little overdrawn; and Sterne might envy her the concluding comparison between the negro and the canary bird. The story consists chiefly of a series of discussions, which find a natural canvass spread for them in the feelings of a brother and sister, who, having been educated in England, return to Demerara. Sufficient breadth of subject is procured by introducing us to two adjoining plantations, in which both the ordinary systems are exemplified. One is carried on upon the over-work post-horse calculation. The consequences on the physical and moral character of the community are displayed in Mitchelson's alarm at being kept out all night from his family; in Homer, the overseer's disappearance during the hurricane torrent; in the sullen desire of Cassius to depreciate his value, in his justification of falsehood to his master, and in his notion of the Christianity of revenge. The other plantation represents an invincible laziness in all, a total indifference at the return of their young master, the natural objections of slaves to marriage, the embarrassments of the planter, and at last his ruin. The slaves, sold and separated, abscond; and the runaways are forthwith hunted down by dogs. Is it true that a blood-hound is at present the sheriff's officer in Demerara?

It is a necessary part of Miss Martineau's plan, that her people should often talk above their station; but it is an unnecessary deviation from probability, to attribute to them views and motives, contrary to what by possibility they can be wise enough to feel. Notwithstanding what is said, (p. 75 and 79 in the eleventh story,) we are confident, that never since England was England, did any of his neighbours quarrel with a farmer for farming bad land, and therefore lowering their profit. So we suspect that there is not a slave in the West Indies, who has sufficient foresight to understand, or self-denial to rejoice in, the ultimate chances of negro emancipation, which may lie concealed

under the low price of sugar, the exhaustion of the soil, the impoverishment of their master, or the devastation of the crops by hurricanes. The nature of the immediate hardships which they must endure from such events, must be far more palpable to them than any remote and argumentative contingency of ultimate freedom to arise out of preliminary ruin. We perceive that the Anti-slavery Society has turned out at last against it; but, as far as we are yet informed, we have no fault to find with the praise which Miss Martineau bestows on the American Colonization Society of Liberia. If she is mistaken, she has Clarkson, and Wilberforce for companions. It may be perfectly true, that some of its American supporters have imperfect views of the guilt of slavery, and may entertain atrocious prejudices against their negro fellow-creatures. There may be schemes also of compulsory deportation, and other violent expedients for clearing the Southern States, by means of a settlement on the coast of Africa. It by no means follows, that the plan may not, on the whole, be a useful one even there; still less that in the hands of those who would honestly and judiciously employ it, it may not elsewhere prove a blessing, both to colonies which have been brutalized by slavery, as well as to Africa itself. Rapid generalizations are dangerous. There is many a true principle on which a false corollary has been too violently engrafted. Thus, for instance, it is a false corollary which, (p. 99,) declares that 'Slavery can only exist where men are scarce in proportion to land.' We unfortunately cannot but recollect, that the evidence of all ancient, and of the greater part of modern history, is to the contrary.

Miss Martineau can never have considered the metaphysics of property, or she would not at this time of day have gone back to *contract* for its title. *Slave labour*, in the extent that it is here discussed, presumes *Slave property*. What use is there in showing that the notion of convention can more readily be applied to property in *things*, than to property in *persons*? The supposition, we admit, is not so absurd when it is applied to things as when it is applied to persons. The objection is, that in both cases it is equally untrue. The moral right on which, as an abstract question, the institution of private property is founded, is on the proof that it is indispensable for the public good. Whoever, after due enquiry, honestly believes that a scramble would be for the benefit of society, is bound by no moral principle, or implied agreement, to abstain from getting up a scramble. There are different forms of the institution of property. In any particular country, the question of preference between them resolves itself into the question,—which particular form in the given instance will most contribute to the public advantage? Whoever think

the form which obtains in his own country is capable of improvement, so far from being morally bound to silence and submission, is morally bound to a directly contrary course. The law, whilst it continues to be the law, expresses the recognised will of society, and ought as such to be obeyed by him. But it is his equal duty to calculate and prepare the best method of bringing about a change in it, with the least practicable inconvenience. It must always be most desirable to relieve a member of society from these clashing claims upon his allegiance; and to make the legal form of every institution coincident with what appears to be the antecedent moral right. The distinction between the moral right existing in the two sorts of assumed property, when they are so examined, is plain enough. Nobody doubts, not merely of the advantage, but of the necessity of the institution of property, both in land and goods. The difference of opinion respecting the form which it shall take in this or that stage of society, also revolves within a narrow circle. The effect of the institution of this description of property, is self-evident. It becomes still more so on observing the consequences which follow, if a shadow of suspicion is thrown over it, though but for a day, even in the oldest and most flourishing community. A comparison between the conditions of different countries, according as property is more or less secure in them, is yet more conclusive. On the other hand, what are the effects of the other kind of property,—of a property in man? So far from its being necessary, or even advantageous, the effects of it, as they are displayed in Miss Martineau's own striking picture, prove the misery and the ruin of which it is the immediate cause. A comparison between the consequences of slavery and of freedom, in adjoining countries, strengthens the principle and the distinction. Under whatever formal sanction a property in man may be legally instituted, it can never stand on that original and continuous moral right, which sanctifies a property in things. The question of its abolition, root and branch, can only be a question of time and means. In ascertaining the proper time, and proper means, the above story may satisfy us that the interests of the master neither want, nor indeed admit any other criterion than the interests of the slave. The nest ought not to have been taken. But as the offence has been committed, it is our duty not to turn loose the birds, till they can fly and cater for themselves. The concurrence of reason and of experience may be safely trusted on this occasion, as a guarantee of the rectitude of the feeling which Providence has raised up over Europe against slavery in recent times. This feeling is the boast of modern, as contrasted with ancient civilisation. It is one of

the marvels in the history of our species, that its growth should have been so late and slow.

The next three Stories, 'Ella of Garveloch,' 'Weal and Wee in Garveloch,' and the 'Manchester Strike,' are so beautiful in their poetry and their painting, and so important in their moral, that, were we to begin to praise them, we should not know where to stop. The scene of the two first is laid in one of the small islets in the Western Highlands. The improvements arising there from the establishment of a fishery, afford an opportunity of tracing the origin and progress of Rent; and also of marking the steps by which there springs up an excess of population beyond the means of subsistence. It is the object of the view from Manchester, to impress on the artisan no less valuable a truth; viz. that wages depend on the proportion between capital and labour; and that wages cannot be kept up, whilst the number of labourers seeking to be employed is out of proportion to the capital appropriated for their employment. Our author is just as much at home with Allen and Clack in the streets and committee rooms of a manufacturing population, as with the noble Ella, and Archie the idiot brother, her own splendid creations, on the solitude of the sea-shore. Upon the first of these Stories we will make one observation only. She might have made her picture of Rent perhaps more true, and certainly equally instructive, without putting so constantly forward the disputed doctrine, by which the occupation of soils of different qualities is declared to be not only the measure, but to be also universally the cause of rent. In 'Weal and Woe,' the colours necessarily darken into a deeper shade; but the pain of the physical suffering and of scenes almost worthy of the poet of Ugolino, is relieved by the brightening touches of moral affection, and sublime endurance.

It is no slight honour to Miss Martineau, when so many didactic writers have misunderstood, and caricatured the warning intended to be taught by the great Master of Population, that she should have faithfully incorporated the substance and spirit of this ungracious doctrine into a delightful tale. The nature of the evil is admirably developed; as also the alternative between which the body of the people has to choose—that of forbearance under the preventive, or that of misery under the penal check. It is unfortunate for the use of the story, that equal skill should not be displayed in pointing out the course which, under these circumstances, an individual is called upon to pursue. Ella is represented (p. 74, 98) to have foreseen the coming change, and to have had the means of providing against its pressure; therefore she surely should have taken the same care as her friend, the widow Cuthbert, to have been beforehand with the season. Again,

on the all important point of matrimony, what is the individual lesson taught on her authority? How shall any one properly turn her examples to practical account, when he brings the awful question—to marry or not to marry? before a new tribunal—into the Court of Conscience, as well as the Court of Love. Her favourite Ronald, Uncle Ronald, the best off of any man in the country, has been for years faithfully and tenderly attached to the widow of his friend. He is not simply independent in circumstances as well as prudent in character; he is absolutely prosperous. The widow also, though it is difficult to say how, has so contrived it, that, during the scarcity, she and her children are the only persons in the island who appear at no time to have been in danger of being starved. Nevertheless, Ronald gets frightened by the scenes which the famine had presented, and sends his sister Ella to his matron love, to put an end to his suit for ever. No common friend had ever a more embarrassing task imposed on her, than that of breaking to a woman so new and curious a resolution. The communication of this self-denying ordinance proceeds on a full discussion,—full both in argument and in illustration, of the whole doctrine of population. Yet so wonderful is the talent with which the conversation is conducted, and our interest is so powerfully excited, that in a case where, above all others, people are most alive to what seems strange or ludicrous, no thought of the improbability can have time to occur to the coldest reader. A great deal of this dialogue would make an excellent substitute for the actual English marriage service. Still, (we ask on the part of single gentlemen,) if Ronald is not to marry, who is? Are the burden and drudgery of population to be thrown on the thoughtless only? Are the charms of domestic life to be given by preference to those who will feel them least? Has society an interest in assigning over the monopoly of the bringing up of families to that portion of the community who will assuredly bring them up ill? There is also an incidental flower of speech, which we wish to pull out of this garland. At p. 100, Katie and Ella are made to talk the hyperboles of Tertullian; and *something like the crime of murder* is discovered in the artificial lives of the rich, because forsooth, in consequence of their luxury, they have very seldom large families! The follies of fashionable life will be more powerfully discountenanced by touches of truth and nature than by a hundred declamations and caricatures. We fear, too, that (at p. 39) the fact is overstated, when it is declared that the interests of individuals can never be in opposition to each other. This is true of classes only. The difference there alluded to, according as the injury inflicted on another arises from fair competition, or

from malicious jealousy, can hardly want an explanation. The one brings advantages along with it which overbalance all disadvantages, private as well as public. The other only retards and destroys.

It can scarce have cost Miss Martineau a stronger effort when she left the humane and philosophical William Allen, the reluctant chairman of the 'turn-out,' to end his days, as its martyr, at a watercart, than it costs us to pass over all the detail of a narrative, over which his character throws so pure and indescribable a charm. He is a male Jeannie Deans—with less courage, and therefore making it more difficult to secure the interest of romance on the side of such plain and simple virtue. Our limits, unfortunately, throughout have too much confined us to the disagreeable work of pointing out objections, many of which a dozen words inserted or left out would be sufficient to remove. But Miss Martineau indulges in unconditional propositions, far more than can be advisable in the present, and perhaps in any possible state of political economy. Capital and labour may be regarded as the only elements, whose increase, decrease, and adjustment to each other are within the united power of master and workman. These elements it is their plain and mutual interest to place in the relation, not of antagonists but of allies. Nevertheless, the see-saw between the proportion of capital to labour does not, as her reader might suppose, comprise the whole case of wages. It is true that, of the other influential considerations, all are comparatively, and some perhaps, entirely independent of the will and the control of the two parties, who hold in their hands these two, the most important strings. Yet something, besides all the capital being already employed, and the fact that a surplus of labour still remains on hand, may induce distress. There may be, at the same time, in a country, labour seeking employment, and capital seeking employment. The one case will be proved by the state of the labour market, and the other case by that of the money market. At the same time, there may be no means of bringing them together for want of an effectual demand—that is, of a demand which will replace the capital with a profit. Of course, the mere demand of the labourer (or his want of maintenance and his willingness to give his labour in return for the portion of capital which would maintain him) will not be sufficient inducement to the capitalist to part with it, unless the labour in question will give back the capital with a profit. This often may not be, and, under the circumstances supposed, will not be the case. In England, at present, there is no want of capital; and, as assuredly, no want of labour. The turn, however, which our distress has taken is want of employ-

ment. This source of suffering exists to a frightful extent at present, especially in the class brought up to, and dependent on agriculture. We remember what we have said above in behalf of machinery and of cheap corn; nevertheless, any sudden change in legislation, the immediate effect of which must be to deepen the source of suffering which we have just mentioned, by throwing additional numbers out of agricultural employment, demands the most serious and cautious consideration. It is folly to imagine that a transfer of a great body of the population from the agricultural to the manufacturing side of our national account, can take place as easily as if human beings were rows of figures. Independent of the personal inaptitude of the agricultural labourer, many suppositions might be suggested, under which there would arise no new effectual demand for his labour in his new capacity. When the great object in search of which, under existing circumstances, our men of business and philosophers ought to be looking round them anxiously in all directions, is the means of creating a new demand; and whilst quite as much of passion as of reason is turned out against the Corn Laws, the least that we can do is to use our utmost heed in the measures of relaxation which the legislature may be called upon to adopt, that we do not tamper with and injure the old actual demand, without securing a greater corresponding benefit in return. With all who can see more sides of a case than one, and who take the future into their calculations, the recent change in the proportion which our agriculturist and manufacturing population bear to each other, is no subject of unmixed congratulation. It may be doubted whether the supposed restraint upon this tendency, arising out of the Corn Laws—in spite of which, nevertheless (and within these few years) the proportion of labourers in husbandry to artisans has been absolutely reversed—is more than prudent legislation might have interposed with the single view of moderating the transition.

When Miss Martineau has leisure to think over and revise her stories, it is to be hoped that she will shrink from exercising her dispensing power quite so profusely as at present. The obligations into which we enter as members of society, are incompatible with the Bull she issues in her eleventh number, (p. 102,) releasing the conscience of mankind from all obedience to a law, which the bulk of the people, although they have not repealed it, are yet imagined to disapprove. Nobody can be trusted with such a discretion. The public opinion, and public will, have their own proper organs. It is a far more legitimate method in the case of an absurd law, or what we think so, to bring its absurdity to the test, and consequently to shame,

by insisting on its being enforced. A common informer is a much better citizen, than a pupil in this relaxed and arbitrary school. For instance, in the days of our Vansittart currency, precisely in the same degree that we think Lord King to have been right, we hold the sellers and melters down of guineas to have been wrong. On further consideration, Miss Martineau will see reason to doubt whether the failure of a law to effect its object, (No. 7, p. 46,) is conclusive proof of its injustice; and also, whether, (p. 52,) without the fault of an individual, or of his own class, or indeed of any one whatever, circumstances may not put a man's 'comfortable subsistence' beyond the power of human foresight and control. In that case, we trust that she will decline to argue the right of any one to an impossibility. By a little care, her distinctions on wages, (pp. 57—58,) according as they are proportional, real, or nominal wages, which she means to treat of, will be made a good deal clearer to her reader, and perhaps even to herself. Miss Martineau appears to think, (p. 74,) that opinions can have no moral qualities. The same might be said with equal truth concerning actions. Will the interests of mankind allow of such neutrality? We are latitudinarians rather ourselves on freedom, both of action and of opinion. The difference between them, as it seems to us, is not difficult to express, whether they are considered legally or morally. There are some actions which society must restrain by law. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether, on the whole, society does not lose more than it gains whenever it undertakes by law to restrain opinions. It is not necessary for the purpose of the present distinction to do more than express a doubt on this very delicate chapter of legislation. The right of private judgment is a totally different affair. We cannot bring ourselves to entertain the least manner of doubt, not only of the title, but of the necessity that members of society should exercise this right upon the moral and intellectual qualities which may belong to opinions, as well as those which may belong to actions. It is true, that the tendency of opinions must first be verified as calmly and comprehensively as is in our power. That duty done, we know of many opinions, just in the same way as we know of many actions, where the holding of one, just as much as the commission of the other, leaves the party in question no alternative but the character of either knave or fool.

'Cousin Marshall' is the heroine, as well as the title of the eighth Story. She is the Elia of an English parish; lower in genius, but not in virtue, than the romantic daughter of the Highlands. The story is a most successful criticism on those forms of charity, whether public or private, which cause more

indigence than they remove. This effect arises in two ways;—capital is lessened positively, by reducing the means of those who give the relief, and negatively, by relaxing the efforts of those who receive it. Moreover, the modes in question are shown to be additionally pernicious from their effect in increasing population. The real rights of the poor, in opposition to the claims of paupers, are maintained with great power and feeling. Here, again, however, as in the case of Uncle Ronald, she injures the truth and practical efficiency of her moral by the extreme example under which she chooses to personify her doctrines. But is her doctrine, or at least her illustration of it, quite correct? The true doctrinal principle, most logically pursued, does not insist on our excluding from public charity Dispensaries for the sick, supported by subscription, or wither the discriminating hand of private benevolence when stretched out for any distress which is not as entirely pure accident, as the fact of being born blind, or subsequent loss of sight. It is a great fault to overstate a case, and to go on tightening an argument until its cord inevitably snaps. Nature has not subjected either the feelings of the rich, or the necessities of the poor, to so severe a trial. Of all the things which our present critical condition can ill afford, there is none it could less stand than a violent disruption of one of the few modes of communication which is still open between the sympathies of the two classes. The recommendation is peculiarly out of place, in the face of, and contemporary with a compulsory system of poor's laws, which, whilst it exists, must defeat the object in a day. Thus society would lose all the moral benefit of the kind feeling and self-respect which private and public charity tend to keep alive, without getting a single economical advantage to compensate for the loss. The objects of the proscription must, at present, according to Miss Martineau's own reasoning, find their way at once to the poor's book. But were her principle less defective, we fear that we might be at a loss how to apply it in the apparent contradiction of her examples. What ought a Mr Burke and a Mr Effingham to attempt, in order to put their charities on a level with those of Cousin Marshall? She brings up the orphan—receives the misguided Jane back again into her house—gives the hardened pauper, Mrs Bell, a meal—and only refuses to send away to Mrs Bell's children the scraps which she is wanting for her own. If this sort of charity is wise and praiseworthy in her station, what form ought a well-directed kindness to take in the wealthier hands of the good apothecary, and the humane gentleman-farmer? The charity of the Marshalls, expressed in gifts, must necessarily begin and end at home. The home and neighbourhood of the good Sama-

ritan of a higher rank of life take in a wider circle. When the relief is of a nature not to create the demand for it, but merely to supply what must otherwise go unsupplied, against what principle does it sin? If the Dispensary doctor sees his sick are really sick, the considerations that the illness may have arisen from imprudence, or from vice, or that his list of patients appear enlarging, do not raise the specific objection with which his scruples may have reason to be alarmed. He must think highly of the charms of physic, if he puts down the new cases to the facility of procuring it. Private donations of coals and blankets are, we allow, another affair. Still, if they are distributed among well-chosen families, whose industry is not thus relaxed but encouraged—who receive them as a reward, and whose comforts thereby are only extended,—we are yet within the operation of just principles, in the management and application of which a balance of advantages may be expected to incline. Too much should not be expected of human nature. We must not try violent transitions, nor assume a constant reasonableness and perfectibility from our humbler brethren, under actual, or indeed under any circumstances. The highest authority has said, (and the experience of mankind, in every form of government and stage of civilisation, confirms the fact,) ‘the poor ye have always ‘with you.’ Periods and circumstances are perpetually occurring, which to the poor have all the effect and character of casualties. Notwithstanding every possible superintendence on the part of wise preparatory institutions, and every possible acceptance of their lessons on the part of the labouring classes, such causes must throw adrift ‘able-bodied indigents,’ whom society, in that event, cannot be taunted with as ‘its disgrace.’ This is the circle (within whatever limits human virtue and wisdom may circumscribe it) among whose inmates must be always found the proper subjects for medical help, or occasional supplemental comforts. No stouter champion for the real independence of the poor exists than Dr Chalmers, and nobody has learned in a nobler school—that of a life passed in labours for their improvement—what is the sort of independence in which we ought to strive to place them, and what is in fact the possible independence which they can be expected to secure. The following passage is the moral limit and discriminating appeal with which he concludes his animated reprobation of the cowardice that flies for refuge, among the miserable expedients of bewildered policy, to a blindfold escape* at the door of compulsory poor’s laws. Miss Martineau

* The introduction of poor’s laws into Ireland is an important ques-

might perceive by this example, that it is a necessary part of just reasoning to know where to stop. 'There is all the difference that can be imagined, in point both of principle and effect, between an institution for the relief of want, and an institution for the relief of disease. The one multiplies its objects. Not so the other. The one enlists the human will on its side. The other will ever remain the object of painful reluctance and revolt to all the feelings of our sentient nature. Open a door of admission for the indigent, and we shall behold a crowd of applicants, increasing every year, because lured thitherward by the inviting path of indolence or dissipation. Open a door for the admission of the diseased, and we shall only have a definite number of applicants. Men will become voluntarily poor, but they will not become voluntarily blind, or deaf, or maimed, or lunatic. It is thus, that while an asylum for want creates more objects than it can satisfy; an asylum for disease creates none but what may meet all and satisfy all. Public charity has been profuse where it ought not; and it has also been niggardly where it ought not. It is a disgrace to our philanthropic age, if Infirmarys, or Dispensaries, or Asylums, whether for the cure of mental and bodily disease, or for the keeping of that which is incurable, are left to languish from want of support, or compelled to stop short, ere the necessity for which they were instituted has been fully and finally overtaken.'—*Political Economy*, p. 418.

One word only on the story called 'Homes Abroad.' It has two objects. In the first place, it seeks to show how far the utmost relief desirable, from what is called *home colonization* falls short of the certain benefit, both to those that go, and to those that stay, which emigration, when it is voluntary and well regulated, is certain of at once conferring. Its second, and scarcely subordinate aim, is an attack upon our present system of penal colonization. This attack is made under two points of view. Our system of transportation is charged with being injurious to the interests of honest settlers abroad, by being carried into effect in combination with voluntary emigration. It is also said to paralyse the efficient administration of criminal justice at home, since the characteristic circumstances belonging to penal colonies are represented to be so attractive, as to possess the

tion, in the discussion of which, passion is a bad substitute for feeling, and a worse for reason. Nobody, it is said, resists their introduction, but selfish landlords. Are we to understand that Mr Malthus and Dr Chalmers, besides being ignorant and cruel, are also Irish landlords in disguise?

qualities rather of encouragement than of discouragement to crime.

In respect of home colonization, its deficiencies might have been put much higher, than that in process of time it will be inadequate to its purpose. It is true, that the delusion even of temporary relief under it may be kept out of sight a while, by the complicated mechanism in which the affairs of a great country necessarily move; but it is not the less a delusion even from the first. The denunciation against Penal Colonies is Archbishop Whatley's Essay, thrown into a dramatic form. We suspect that there is considerable exaggeration both in the fact and in the argument of that excellent prelate. Transportation, we apprehend, is looked on by the criminals of this country (subject, of course, to a few exceptions, which get into the newspapers, and make naturally a great impression) with great alarm. In point of fact, we believe, that as a punishment, it is far from being the joke it is represented to be by both our reverend and fair polemic. But, supposing that criminals are more frightened than hurt by the penalty in its present shape, the policy of writings which seek to remove this misconception, seems very questionable; unless we are prepared with an available substitute in its room. Legislators have no easy problem to solve, in an age when the privations of the poor, as long as they continue virtuous and at large, imply a degree of labour and of endurance, to the full as severe as the humanity of the times will allow to be inflicted, under the name of *secondary* punishments, in our jails. The other objection, that the neighbourhood of criminals is a hardship on, and a contagion to, the voluntary settlers, evidently takes us into one of those mixed cases of advantages and disadvantages, where a balance is to be struck. But the debtor side of the account is not all gloomy. Wherever poverty was the source of the offences of a convict, by the removal of that poverty, a new and improved character may be expected to spring up. In other asylums for malefactors, besides ancient Rome, the first generation or two have reformed into sufficient virtue to lay the foundation of great and civilized communities. If the Adam and Eve of New England can be said to have come out of Newgate, may there not be some hopes, even on the present system, for the future fortunes of New Holland? But more of this another time.

We have neither space nor (to say the truth) have we much desire, to dwell on the three remaining numbers. There is a great deal of spirited dialogue and vigorous description in all of them; but a striking falling off in the ability with which the characters are conceived and placed. The heroine of 'For each

‘and for all,’ is an actress, who scruples marrying a lord whom she really loves, because it will take her away from the public service. On a visit to a money-leader, she calls for the twelfth of Anne, and preaches on its text no very moral sermon against the usury laws. If any one thing is more likely than another to retard the growth of a higher feeling in favour of the dignity of the arts, it would be the exhibition of such a pedantic and ridiculous *Corinne*.* *Sophia*, the prominent figure in the ‘*Charm-*

* Windham and Madame de Staël occasionally abused their ingenuity;—never more so, than when one attempted to prove that cruel sports did not imply a cruel people; and the other, that the immorality of a national theatre could furnish a presumption in favour of the morality of a nation under any circumstances. In the present condition of our dramatic taste, and as long as our theatrical tendencies stand in need of the control of a licensing Magistrate and the Lord Chamberlain, an advocate for extending the jurisdiction of the arts, is more enthusiastic than discreet who takes her first example from the stage. But in her general conception of the power of the arts, and their more extensive application to the most important purposes, Miss Martineau will find many, at least speculative, allies. Perhaps she is not aware of the extent to which Sir Alexander Johnston, late Chief Justice of Ceylon, has been lately advising Parliament to travel legislatively in this direction; and in a country where we should least have expected it,—the East Indies. According to Sir Alexander, the Hindoo rulers, from time immemorial, employed dramatic compositions, and pictorial and sculptorial representations, as their government press; by means of which they circulated knowledge, whether moral, historical, or political, to their subjects. In adoption of this ancient custom, he has already sent a bust by Mrs Damer to Tanjore; has ordered from Stepanoff a painting of trial by jury, and of the abolition of slavery, for Ceylon; and has procured a drama from Joanna Baillie, expressly written for the people of India. This is certainly as much as an individual can be expected to accomplish. He proposes, therefore, at present, that the Royal Asiatic Society of Literature shall report on the evidence of this ancient method of instruction, which is to be found in the Mackenzie Collection, and in other sources; and that Government shall then immediately set our most eminent writers and artists to work on such Indian subjects, as may be most adapted to the regeneration of India. ‘The writers,’ whom we have hitherto sent out, are, it must be granted, of a different description. This is a more magnificent view of the arts than Greece ever took; and contemplates a more liberal order for our artists than, we imagine, was made by even Pericles himself. The scale at least is vast enough to be Oriental; but we fear the amiable Chief Justice is riding his elephant too fast. It is true that the imagination and the feelings are the main, though uncertain, leading-strings, not only of children of the nursery, but of children of riper years. There can be no doubt, therefore, that it is most desirable to secure them, and their chief intellectual handmaids (Poetry

'ed Sea,' is made as disagreeable by an ulcerated mind, as the Philoctetes of Sophocles by his ulcerated foot. The characters of 'French Wines and Politics,' have, as Pope says of most women, 'no character at all.' The Political Economy of these three stories is not held in solution through the general body of the narrative, but is compressed into insulated chapters, where it lies at the bottom in a lump. What is to be found there, after all, is not thrown off or evolved by the mechanism of the fable in the shape of experimental facts. It comes out rather in the form of a label, such as issues from the mouth of an angel in pieces of ancient tapestry, with tidings, the interpretation of which the picture itself has abandoned in despair. The expedient thus resorted to is, in these instances, not so much to be regretted, since a considerable part of the principles enounced in their respective summaries is sufficiently disputable and obscure. Besides, among the few facts which are brought to bear directly upon them, and which accordingly ought to serve as the proper tests of their truth, we perceive one or two, which certainly are facts such as never can have occurred. Notwithstanding pages 23 and 34 of 'French Wines and Politics,' the price which we should have to pay for the making of a new organ, when bread is dear, will be neither more nor less than identical with the price at which we could sell a similar organ, which was as good as new, but which happens to have been

and the Arts), in the interest of usefulness and of virtue. The question is how to do it best. Any scheme of keeping the Muses in pay, and retaining them, as it were, officially for the purpose, is only likely, as we have already said, to end in disappointment. The voice of the prompter would be overheard;—if, indeed, it did not drive away all Delphic inspiration, and take itself possession of the shrine. We are not prepared for a public and systematic substitution of literati and artists in the India House in the room of the Directors; nor do we expect that they could even do the work of the missionaries, (whose principal real employment at present in India is education,) better than the missionaries themselves. At the same time, we have no doubt, but that more might be everywhere made of the arts than has yet been made of them. Mr Bentham is not supposed to have over-rated their direct or indirect advantages. Yet he has recommended that courts of justice should be fitted up, (for the purpose of making a solemn impression on the minds of witnesses,) with a picture of Ananias and Sapphira. From the scandalous, though perhaps not authentic, passages in Menu, which in certain cases enjoin perjury as a religious duty, it is to be feared that Hindoo mythology will not furnish the artist with a corresponding subject against a vice which paralyzes justice in the East.

made when bread was cheap. The principle that half a meal is better than no bread, may lower wages in a famine. Again, notwithstanding the anomalous case of cowries, and the supposition in the 'Charmed Sea,' mammoth bones do not contain the necessary elements, which, in the progress of society, determine the selection of particular commodities for the medium of exchange. The observations on the effect of the law of primogeniture upon English agriculture, contain, as we have already mentioned, an equal mistatement, both of the law and of the fact. We have also taken the liberty of expressing our doubts on the truth of the allegation, and consequently on the truth of the Beggar-opera-sort of scenes which set down the length of our Newgate Calendar to the agreeableness of Botany Bay. Miss Martineau's scheme would suit only a school for fallacies; in case the assumption of a false hypothesis were to lead her to the invention of false phenomena for its explanation. Philosophical novelists must remember D'Alembert's observation upon philosophical historians:—'On ne peut mieux, ce me semble, comparer ces raisonnemens, qu'à ceux par lesquels tant de Physiciens ont expliqué les phénomènes de la nature. Si ces phénomènes étoient tout autres qu'ils ne sont, on les expliqueroit tout aussi bien, et souvent mieux. Un de ces Savans, que rien n'embarrasse, avoit fait de cette maniere une *Chimie démontrée*; rien n'y manquoit, que la verité des faits; on lui fit cette petite objection:—“*Hé bien,*” repondit-il, “*apprenez-moi donc les faits, tels qu'ils sont, afin que je les explique.*”' If Miss Martineau can be mistaken concerning the facts of Political Economy, we fear that she is much more likely to be in error about those facts in human nature and in society, which appear to be the groundwork of her political expectations. There may be facts with which we are unacquainted, which justify the supposition that some day or other society will not require capital punishments, or even imprisonment, for its protection, (12th Number, p. 67-107.) But the time of incredulity, we think, will scarcely come when the fact that such a class, as that of prisoners, should ever have existed, will be listened to as an instance of abuse of power absolutely incredible; or when the judicial execution of a fellow-creature shall be only paralleled by children pulling down the spheres in mockery, and quenching the milky way.

The minute sort of criticism into which we have entered is only justice to the talents of the writer. We have not given a single extract, partly from the difficulty of choosing one passage rather than another, partly because it is unnecessary. Her little volumes are already in the hands of thousands. It will be her own fault, in case we shall not be able honestly to pray that the

series may pass entire into the hands of thousands more. Their excellences are her own, and incommunicable; their defects are, in some degree, those of other people; and are, perhaps, in no case such but what time and care—time to acquire more extensive information, and care in reflecting upon it when acquired—may effectually remove. Genius is not by itself sufficient for her task. Her genius too appears to be of a kind peculiarly exposed to make for itself great reverses. She must correct, as well as complete her knowledge, and must bring to bear good sense and judgment on it, when it has been thus corrected. It is only in this manner that we can crown our unfeigned admiration of her talents, and an equally unfeigned respect for her virtuous intentions, with an unconditional confidence in the justness and value of her opinions. The errors against which she has come forth are more dangerous than a hundred Siseras. She has got hold, we really think, of what is vulgarly called the right nail by the head. She is in possession also of a fairy hammer, with which to drive it. A little human pains and caution alone seem wanting, in order to secure her (what we heartily wish her) that success in the cause of truth, which may make her ‘famous among women.’

In the meantime, it is most desirable that Miss Martineau, before their publication, should submit her writings to some dull friend, who, instead of her hundred talents, would bring a calm sober eye for the detection of unavoidable inadvertencies. Above all, let her recede from her monthly contract, and give herself, in a work where the inspiration of genius is not so indispensable as accurate observation and patient thought, time duly and seasonably to consult the oracle of her own mind. We perceive by the preface to a recent edition of her ‘Devotional Exercises,’ that Miss Martineau thinks, young as she is, that she has already passed the age of those devotional feelings which best qualify the prophetess of youthful prayer. It is utterly impossible that she can be old enough to have so comprehended the height and depth of her present subjects, as to be able to strike off at a heat, such secular sermons as she nevertheless, with due care, may be really capable of delivering to her new class of grown-up pupils. The materials of the science which she has undertaken to illustrate, are too vast and complex to be safely collected and consistently amalgamated, without a severe scrutiny and trial of them in a great variety of lights, temperatures, and methods. Its doctrines require, above all things, a wide and cautious circle of enquiry,—a sober attention to proportions, together with a horror of extremes. Moreover, there is as yet a good deal of debateable ground open, which it is the

height of imprudence to gallop over, *à la Cossaque*, on trust, under the banner and cockade of any single school. Some of these stories have made a deep impression on us; but on this very account, we are bound to greater caution. Much of their substance is crudely digested, some of the opinions are rather taken up than formed; and many of the occasional passages are very unadvisedly expressed. It is impossible for teachers to maintain their authority as teachers, unless they show a due reverence for their office, by a scrupulous anxiety to maintain our confidence in the completeness and correctness of their knowledge, and in the soundness of their understanding. A certain proportion of absurdity, though small in quantity, and unimportant in quality, will, with many, discredit and leaven any amount of truth; and must destroy, with all, that feeling of security, which is great part of a pupil's pleasure, and which is in some degree his right. Mrs Marcet has less of imagination and of poetry about her. But we feel, while with her, that we are in the hands of a more judicious reasoner, and a surer guide.

ART. II.—*Memoir and Correspondence of the late Sir James Edward Smith, M.D. F.R.S. President of the Linnæan Society.* Edited by Lady Smith. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1832.

IT is a pleasing task to turn from the memoirs of military chiefs, crafty statesmen, and despotic kings, to contemplate the serene page of ordinary life, adorned by knowledge, and dignified by virtue. Those who can relish only the dangers of a campaign, or the excitements of personal adventure,—who can breathe only in the poisoned atmosphere of political intrigue, and who can enjoy no scenery but that of the cataract and the flood,—will find nothing to interest them in the calm and even current of a useful and honoured life. But we trust that England still possesses many capable of appreciating high talent and genuine worth, and who will pursue with interest the career of an eminent and benevolent man, struggling with difficulties,—extending the bounds of knowledge by his writings and his discoveries,—enriching his country with new institutions, and rendering the name of England and Englishmen respected wherever virtue and knowledge are the objects of pursuit and admiration.

We can safely promise to this class of our readers, that they will find in the *Memoirs of Sir James Edward Smith* high grati-

fication. There is something in the pursuits of the botanist which gives him in ordinary society a great superiority over the other cultivators of physical science. The literary and the scientific student, uncheered by the sight of nature, carry on their pursuits in the gloom of retirement; and while their minds are occupied with perplexing abstractions, their bodies are chained down, and often perish in a voluntary prison. The character of the philosopher is apt to partake of the austerity of his studies; and when he does mix with the social circle, he finds his mental stores an article of contraband which he dare not bring into the market. He works for another age, and his mind can hold communion only with spirits like his own, few and far removed, who may chance to cross his orbit in pursuing the circle of their own destiny. The botanist, on the contrary, enjoys by patent the simultaneous and healthful exercise of mind and body. Wherever nature smiles in her verdure,—even where she saddens on the heath, or frowns among the mountain rocks,—the botanical student finds ample scope for his researches. It is on the ocean or in the air alone that he is out of his element; but even there he can call in other pursuits to his aid, and his enjoyments are administered unto by the tenants of the air and of the deep.

The domestic party, from which the lover of plants has gone forth, feel a lively interest in the pursuits of his day; and minds of every cast who surround him in the evening circle, are capable of appreciating the discovery of a plant that no eye had before seen, of a heath that had been found only in foreign climes, or of a moss which had performed a part in the processes of the useful arts. The female pencil is called forth to copy the new or the rare plant; the ambition of the youthful aspirant is inflamed; the piety of more aged listeners is warmed; and the vanity of all is flattered when the labours of the day are recorded by learned societies, and when the new acquisition is perpetuated in coloured drawings, and transmitted in duplicates to grace the *herbaria* of foreign nations. Such is the ordinary day of the botanical traveller, and such the interest of his pursuits in educated circles; but he possesses also an influence over minds which are dead to the beauties of nature and the claims of science,—for both man and beast can enjoy the triumph of his labours when they terminate in the discovery or in the introduction of a sweeter grass, a choicer fruit, or a more juicy sallad.

It has been customary, principally among mathematicians and natural philosophers, to undervalue the study and the collection of minute objects of natural history; but we have never

been able to understand the principle, if there is one, in which this feeling has its origin. He who studies old plants and discovers new ones, is perhaps on a level with the astronomer who only observes and discovers new stars; and the philosophical botanist, who invents new principles of classification, who studies the structure and organs of plants, who develops the laws of their geographical distribution, and who investigates their uses in relation to diet, medicine, and the arts, is engaged in pursuits if not as elevated, at least as important to society, as those who study the laws of the planetary bodies, and render astronomy subservient to the purposes of navigation and of commerce.

Let it not be said that the last is necessarily a grander and a more ennobling pursuit. Its objects are doubtless on a greater scale; and associated as they are with the future destinies of our species, we might expect them to be more influential in fostering that humility and piety without which knowledge is vain. But though the cause is not easily discovered, it is an undoubted truth, that the botanist is a more humble student of nature than the astronomer. He is instantly struck with the proofs of design which the objects of his contemplation unceasingly present to him, and this feeling is not counteracted by that pride of intellect which seems to involve the astronomer in the admiration of his own sagacity, more than in that of the divine skill. The botanist sees at once the final cause of the creations under his review; the astronomer is perplexed with speculations. Speculation engenders doubt; and doubt is frequently the parent either of apathy or of impiety.

In the survey which we shall now proceed to take of the life and labours of Sir James Edward Smith, the reader will perhaps discover some proof of the truth of the preceding views; and the young naturalist will, we trust, find some inducements to labour, and some important lessons for his guidance.

Sir James Smith was born at Norwich, on the 2d December, 1759. His father, whose profession is not distinctly stated, seems to have been a merchant; and his mother was the granddaughter of Geoffroy Kinderley of Spalding, a celebrated English squire, who was notorious for having had six wives, whom he is said to have selected from healthy counties, and to have sent to the fens of Lincolnshire for fresh air when he wished for another helpmate. His son, the Rev. John Kinderley, Mrs Smith's father, was educated at St Andrews, and thus became intimately acquainted with a Scottish nobleman, Lord D—, concerning whom he has recorded a story so singular and romantic, that our readers will thank us for laying it before

them. The story is given on the authority of Mrs Smith, and of a domestic, who had lived fifty-two years with her mother; both of whom were well acquainted with the fact, and partly witnesses of it.

' This nobleman had met with a lady at Bath, both young and attractive, and who passed for the widow of an officer. His lordship becoming attached to this lady, he married her, and they soon after left England to reside on the continent. There, after a few years, she was seized with an alarming illness, and earnestly desired her lord, in case of her death, that she might be conveyed to England, and interred in a particular church, which she named. Upon this event taking place, Lord D. accompanied the body in the same ship, and upon landing at Harwich, the chest in which the remains of his lady were enclosed excited the suspicions of the custom-house officers, who insisted upon ascertaining the contents. Being a good deal shocked with such a threat, Lord D. proposed that it should be removed to the church, and opened in the presence of the clergyman of the parish, who could vouch for its containing what he assured them was within. Accordingly, the proposal was yielded to, and the body conveyed to the appointed place, when, upon opening the chest, the attending minister recognised, in the features of the deceased, *his own wife!* and communicated the unwelcome discovery to his lordship on the spot. It appeared, upon farther conversation, that Lady D. had been married against her inclination to this person, and, determining to separate entirely from him, had gone he knew not whither, and under an assumed name and character had become the wife of Lord D. The two husbands followed her remains to the grave the next day; and on the same evening Lord D., in great distress of mind, attended by one servant, came to his friend's house in Norwich for consolation. It was winter, and about six o'clock, when he arrived. Mr Kinderley was called out to speak to a stranger, and returning to his wife, desired her to leave them together, pretending that a stranger from Scotland was arrived on particular business. Lord D. sat up with Mr Kinderley the whole night, to unbosom his affliction and extraordinary fate to his friend, and at daybreak, in order to avoid an interview with his host's family, for which his spirits were unequal, he departed.'

From his infancy, Sir James Smith was remarkable for the extreme delicacy of his bodily constitution, and the susceptibility of his mental temperament. He was, therefore, placed under the more immediate care of his mother, and from her he acquired a taste for flowers, which other local circumstances contributed to strengthen. It was owing to the same cause that his education was strictly private. French, Italian, and a little portion of mathematics, were his principal acquisitions. He studied indeed the rudiments of the Latin language; but his father, who was not friendly to a classical education,

excluded it too extensively, and had afterwards occasion to regret the error which he thus committed.

It is some apology for this excellent and intelligent man, that he intended to train his son to merchandise, as an importer of raw silk. A passion, however, for natural science had taken a strong hold of his youthful mind; and though he felt all the affection and gratitude which were due to an indulgent parent, yet he was unwilling to forego those hopes of a scientific life, which were almost interwoven with his existence. In the social circles with which he mixed at Norwich, he met with new incentives to a botanical life. He found himself, as he expresses it, 'in the centre of a school of botanists.' A taste for flowers had been long ago imported into this city along with its worsted manufacture from Flanders; and though it was at first confined to the journeymen weavers and dyers, it led to the cultivation of systematic botany. In the time of our young aspirant, the circle of naturalists at Norwich included Mr Rose, Mr Bryant and Mr Pitchford, names familiar in the history of British botany.

Under such impulses, he had 'devoured, over and over again,' the publications of Lee, Rose, Stillingfleet, and others; and when he was furnished with systematic books, and introduced to Mr Rose, his happiness was complete. At the age of eighteen, when he was desirous of studying botany as a science, he could only procure the work of Berkenhout. 'I received it,' says he, 'on the 9th of January, 1778, and on the 11th, began, with infinite delight, to examine the *Ulex Europæus* (common furze), the only plant then in flower. I then first comprehended the nature of systematic arrangement, and the Linnæan principles; little aware that, at that instant, the world was losing the great genius, who was to be my future guide; for Linnæus died on the night of January the 11th, 1778.' It is obvious, that Sir James considered this coincidence as a striking one; and, under the same feeling, Lady Smith remarks, that, 'in an age of astrological faith, such a coincidence would have excited superstitious feelings, and the Polar star of the great Northern Philosopher might have been supposed to shed its dying influence on his young disciple.' We confess ourselves unable to discover any thing very singular in this coincidence. Sir James Smith, as well as every other botanist of the day, must naturally have been occupied in some botanical employment on the day upon which their master died. The two facts whose coexistence is so specially marked, have no connexion whatever with each other; and the same disposition to discover coincidences would have been

gratified, had Linnæus died on the day when Sir James read his first botanical work, or when he pulled up the tough stalks of the wild succory on the chalky hillocks of Norwich.

The Society of the Norwich botanists, and several excursions to Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire, had banished from the mind of our young naturalist all thoughts of trade. The late Dr Manning, and Mr Alderson, the present Recorder of Norwich, had successfully urged Mr Smith to give a new direction to the studies of his son; and the plan of following the medical profession was adopted as the most likely to favour his botanical pursuits, and to secure for him a reasonable independence. The University of Edinburgh was in great estimation as a place of medical study; and Mr Smith set out for our northern metropolis, on the 14th October, 1781. He was accompanied, part of the way, by his father and his brother. Their parting at Wansford was such as might have been expected, when a parent first separates from a favourite son. Mr Smith returned, with a heavy heart, to resume his professional toils, while his son recognised in the horizon which he approached the first radiance of his future fame.

‘I can never regret,’ says Mr Smith, ‘the journey I took with you, as it has left some of the tenderest ideas my mind is possessed of; and although anxious and serious were the minutes, they were precious indeed. What would not I give for such another morning as we passed at Wansford! ’Tis true the separation, and the rest of that day, was cutting, and as much as I could well bear; but every reflection on the prospect that attends you, is a balm to heal the wounds that absence gives the mind. It is obvious, that in proportion to the difficulties we encounter in the pursuit of laudable acquirements, whether of riches, honours, or knowledge, in adequate proportion is the pleasure of overcoming them, and the enjoyment of the rewards we have obtained.’

When Sir James Smith entered the University of Edinburgh, he had almost completed his 22d year. His knowledge of Natural History, as well as of Botany, was considerable; and having taken with him letters of introduction to some of the first families in Edinburgh, he found himself in the best society which our metropolis afforded; and instead of being regarded as a student pursuing his education, he was admired as an accomplished naturalist, capable, on some subjects, of enlightening even his instructors. His correspondence with his family at Norwich, during the two years that he spent in Edinburgh, has been given at considerable length by Lady Smith; and though we are not accustomed to find the admonitory letters of a father forming part of the biography of a distinguished son, yet so high is the interest which they possess, that we are

apt to forget the young botanist and his pursuits, in our admiration of the genuine worth, the independent principles, the masculine intelligence, and even the varied learning, of the simple and unpretending merchant.

The first acquaintance, and, of course, the guiding star of young Smith, was Dr John Hope, the learned Professor of Botany, who soon saw the merits of his pupil, 'and treated 'him with almost parental tenderness.' Finding him deficient in the knowledge of Latin, Dr Hope urged him to make himself master of that language; and recommended to him an eminent teacher, who undertook, at the small charge of eight guineas a-year, and, in the short period of six or eight months, to make him adequately acquainted with the Roman tongue. At Dr Hope's, he had the good fortune to meet with Lord Monboddo, whom he describes as a plain, elderly man, wearing an ordinary grey coat, leather breeches, and coarse worsted stockings,—conversing with him, with great affability, about various matters,—lamenting the great decline of classical learning,—and claiming credit for having adopted the Norfolk husbandry. Young Smith was equally fortunate in having, for one of his fellow-lodgers, Mr Engelhart, whose father was physician to the King of Sweden, and who was afterwards the means of being essentially useful to his young friend.

In reply to one of the letters, in which these particulars are detailed, Mr Smith writes thus to his son :—

‘ *Norwich, Dec. 1781.*

‘ My dear Son,—The manner in which you speak of your situation, the pleasure you take in the objects of your studies, the satisfaction the prospect gives you, the company you have got acquainted with, and, above all, the friendly manner in which Dr Hope treats you, quite transports us; and as we have so much confidence in your prudence and virtue as to be quite satisfied that neither the examples of ——— will draw you into vice, nor the blandishments of beauty mixed with coquetry will steal you from yourself and us, we have no uneasy reflections on those considerations: but as it will give you more enlarged knowledge of the world, I doubt not you will be more confirmed in your principles of the excellence of virtue, and will receive a polish and ease of deportment from the other, which, if it does not enhance the intrinsic value of your mind, will set off your more valuable qualities, and altogether will recommend you to the esteem of the penetrating and the superficial, to people truly valuable and the world in general. The one is obtained by true merit; the other by external show of it: and there is nothing either vicious or base in counting the approbation of both by the talents they are adapted to admire, and both will be found useful if properly estimated. As for ———, you draw an amiable picture of him, and you may do him much good if he does you no harm; you also may gather knowledge,

curious at least, from him : but beware of strict friendships. I don't mean, avoid them, but be cautious how you engage ; they very frequently influence a man's prosperity, and oftener his happiness through life. But honey is to be gathered from the flowers of poisonous plants, with submission to you botanists ;—I repeat submission, in every sense ; for I delight to think you will soon be above the reach of my feeble pen in every branch of knowledge, ethics, and moral philosophy, as well as physic and the *belles lettres*, and I shall be proud of taking from, instead of giving lessons to you ; so you will not be troubled with so much sermonizing ; yet probably I may not leave it off at once, and ever throw in an observation which appears to me may be useful. 'Tis an effect of the imbecility of age to hobble in their advice, as in their gait ; and they fancy people think them wise, when they undertake to instruct others ; but nothing is more fallacious, and nothing so common, as to see an old prating fool, a Polonius, think himself an overmatch for Hamlet.'

Under the influence of such good advice, young Smith makes rapid progress in his studies. He is delighted with Dr Monro's Physiological Lectures ;—receives attentions from Sir James and the Miss Riddels, Lady Reay, and Lady Gordon ;—dances at three assemblies ;—partakes amply of the hospitality of the Christmas holidays ;—attends a mourning concert of sacred music, in commemoration of the death of Lord Kelly, as a member of the Musical Society ;—speaks successfully at the Medical Society, of which young Engelhart is the President ;—and finds leisure to correspond with Mr John Pitchford, the Rev. H. Bryant, and some of his other botanical acquaintances.

Towards the close of the winter session, we find him engaged in still more important pursuits,—in founding and supporting a Natural History Society, and in cultivating the acquaintance of Dr Hutton and Dr Walker. The following letter, in reference to these objects, will be perused with interest :—

‘ *Edinburgh, 15th April, 1782.*

‘ Honoured Sir, ———, myself, and four or five friends, who have a turn for natural history, have lately formed a society for the prosecution of that study. Dr Walker the new professor, who is a most amiable, worthy, and ingenious man, no sooner heard of it than he offered us his museum to meet in, with the use of his books and specimens ; and he begged to be admitted an ordinary member, which he accordingly was, and about seven young men besides. Dr Hope was made an honorary member, as he cannot often attend us ; but Dr Walker, who has no business to follow but natural history, foresees the consequence this society may be of to him, and is resolved to support it as much as possible. Several men of genius and rank have petitioned to be admitted as ordinary members, among whom are the Earls of Glasgow and Ancram, and Lord Dacre, son to the Earl of Selkirk,—three young noblemen of fine parts and great fortunes. We have had two public meetings ; at the first Dr Walker was pre-

sident, and at the last I had that honour; and the other members are to take it in turn: four visitors are admitted every night. We meet every Friday evening, from six to nine o'clock; and two papers are to be produced and discussed at every meeting, the members taking it in turn to write them. I did not accept the office of president without great anxiety; but I went through it with credit, as I knew the power I held, which is absolute for the time in all societies. I have great hopes that this will be a most respectable and useful institution, and am very proud of having been one of its first founders. As I told Dr Walker at his first coming I could not attend him this year, but should the next, if his hour suited me; he was so generous as to give me a ticket for his present course, saying I might perhaps find some opportunities of attending him. He also told me I had studied more of natural history than anybody he had before met with in this country; but in this I doubt he was a little premature in his decision, as I doubt not but he will find many more learned than myself, upon examining. It is accidental my not having mentioned Dr Hutton; he is one of my best and most agreeable acquaintances, a man of the most astonishing penetration and remarkable clearness of intellects, with the greatest good-humour and frankness; in short, I cannot discover in what his oddity (of which I heard so much) consists. He is a bachelor, and lives with three maiden sisters; so you may be sure the house and every thing about it is in the nicest order. I step in when I like, and drink tea with them; and the Doctor and I sometimes walk together. He is an excellent mineralogist, and is very communicative, very clear, and of a candid though quick temper; in short, I am quite charmed with him. He has a noble collection of fossils, which he likes to show.'

In a subsequent letter, addressed to his mother, he informs her, 'that the Natural History Society goes on gloriously. Dr Black, Professor of Chemistry, is become an honorary member, and spoke there last Friday. Dr Walker is there constantly, and generally speaks. * * * A few weeks ago, I read a paper on collecting and preserving plants, which was debated on for three hours, and procured me much commendation from Dr Walker and Dr Hope.'

With the view of giving an impulse to the Natural History Society, and of inciting his pupils to the practical study of Botany, Dr Hope announced his intention of giving a medal 'for the best collection of the native plants of Scotland, and plants of the *Materia Medica*.' This announcement, however, was made only to the Natural History Society; as he found none of his pupils likely to compete for it, excepting those who were members of that institution. Mr Smith was, of course, a competitor; and he was so well aware of the superiority of his botanical acquirements, that he expresses to his mother his confidence of success. Dr Hope hinted to him privately, that

‘ he thought he had it all in his own hands ;’ and when the day of adjudication arrived, no other collections than his own were given in, and he received this first mark of his botanical superiority, with the highest compliments from his venerable teacher.

On the recommendation of Dr Hope, and in company with his son, Mr Smith made a botanical tour to the Western Highlands in the month of August. He visited Glasgow, Dumbarton and Luss, where he became acquainted with that able botanist, the Rev. Mr Stewart, who accompanied the party on their excursion to the top of Benlomond, and furnished them with specimens of some of the rare Scottish plants. The weather, however, proved unfavourable; and our young travellers, after being successful in their botanical acquisitions, returned to resume their labours in the university. After completing his studies, Mr Smith left Edinburgh in May 1783, paid a visit to his friend Mr Batty at Kirby Lonsdale, and rejoined his parents at Norwich, where he spent the greater part of the summer.

In order to qualify himself for the practice of medicine, he went to London in September 1783, for the purpose of attending the great school of anatomy, of which Dr John Hunter was then the head. He and his friend and fellow-student Mr Batty took lodgings together; and he entered with diligence, and even enthusiasm, upon that course of study which was essential to his professional success. His great knowledge of plants was doubtless of some use to him as a medical practitioner; but his ardour for the study of them was a real stumblingblock in his path. His friends had long foreseen the influence which this passion was likely to exercise over his future life. They dreaded the struggle which was about to take place between the botanist and the physician, and they foresaw that the love of fame would triumph over the need of wealth.

Amidst these anxieties about the future, which secretly agitated the heart of the aspiring naturalist as much as that of his parents, an event occurred which gave him a commanding position in society, and moulded at once the shapeless plans of his life. Mr Smith was of course intimately acquainted with Sir Joseph Banks, who was then the Mæcenas of Botany and Natural History in the metropolis, and whose house was the resort of all foreigners of distinction. On the 23d December, 1783, when Mr Smith was breakfasting with this eminent individual, a letter arrived from Dr Engelhart, who was then in London, offering Sir Joseph the whole collection of books, manuscripts, and natural history which belonged to Linnæus, for the sum of

1000 guineas. Sir Joseph handed the letter to Mr Smith, and advised him strongly to make the purchase, 'as a thing suitable to his taste, and which would do him honour.' Dr Acrel, professor of medicine at Upsal, had, on the death of the younger Linnæus, and at the request of his family, communicated this offer to Dr Engelhart, whom we have already mentioned as the friend of our young botanist. Mr Smith went instantly to Engelhart, and they did not part till they had each written a letter to Professor Acrel;—Dr Engelhart to recommend his friend, and Mr Smith to request a catalogue of the whole collection, and to inform him, that if it answered his expectations he would be the purchaser at the price fixed. On the following day, Mr Smith wrote thus to his father :

' December 24, 1783.

' Honoured Sir—You may have heard that the young Linnæus is lately dead : his father's collections and library and his own are now to be sold ; the whole consists of an immense hortus siccus, with duplicates, insects, shells, corals, materia medica, fossils, a very fine library, all the unpublished manuscripts ; in short, of every thing they were possessed of relating to natural history and physic : the whole has just been offered to Sir Joseph Banks for 1000 guineas, and he has declined buying it. The offer was made to him by my friend Dr Engelhart, at the desire of a Dr Acrel of Upsal, who has the charge of the collection. Now, I am so ambitious as to wish to possess this treasure, with a view to settle as a physician in London, and read lectures on natural history. Sir Joseph Banks, and all my friends to whom I have intrusted my intention, approve of it highly. I have written to Dr Acrel, to whom Dr Engelhart has recommended me, for particulars and the *refusal*, telling him if it was what I expected, I would give him a very good price for it. I hope, my dear sir, you and my good mother will look on this scheme in as favourable a light as my friends here do. There is no time to be lost, for the affair is now talked of in all companies, and a number of people wish to be purchasers. The Empress of Russia is said to have thoughts of it.

' The manuscripts, letters, &c., must be invaluable ; and there is, no doubt, a complete collection of all the inaugural dissertations which have been published at Upsal, a small part of which has been republished under the title of *Amenitates Academicæ* ; a very celebrated and scarce work. All these dissertations were written by Linnæus, and must be of prodigious value. In short, the more I think of this affair, the more sanguine I am, and earnestly hope for your concurrence. I wish I could have one half hour's conversation with you ; but that is impossible.'

Although the old gentleman saw the expediency of the transaction, yet his answer amounted to a refusal ; and it required repeated efforts on the part of his son to reconcile him to the purchase of unseen commodities. The following admirable letter,

containing a cautious compliance with his son's wishes, will be read with much interest :—

‘ *Norwich, 12th January, 1784.*

‘ My dear Son,—The dutiful and affectionate light in which you now see what has passed between us upon the subject under consideration, you may be assured makes a very deep and feeling impression upon my heart. I am almost sorry for what my affection and duty to you and my family seemed to me to force me to write, as I knew it would give you pain; but now that I perceive a cooler expostulation would have wrought the same effect, I make some reproaches to myself for having given you more uneasiness than was necessary; and that must and does hurt a father who loves you to excess, who wishes and strives and prays most fervently that all your days may be tranquil, and all your undertakings successful. My soul is full of parental tenderness at this moment, and would fain expand itself upon this subject; but I have not time. Suffice it now to say, that we both think and feel as we ought to do upon the occasion, and that you have satisfied every sensation of my mind that regarded the relation you stand in to me: it shall be my care to strengthen your confidence in my solicitude and unalterable regard for your welfare. But the thing that strikes me very forcibly in your last, seems to confirm an opinion I took up at first; that is, *the bulk* of the collection. Here is a room (no doubt of large dimensions) built on purpose to contain a great many cabinets, and a few books; the principal library was in another place,—no doubt a very large one too: we both know a large library takes up a deal of room. All this, and a great deal more that must be supposed, convinces me that it will require no small nor inelegant house to place so capital a collection and library in a commodious manner, such as will answer your design in the possession. Indeed I perceive that, however probable the possession of this and your plan is to prove advantageous, I am afraid it is out of the reach of our abilities to attain.

‘ Had I but *you*, I had not hesitated one moment; every shilling of mine should be at your devotion to serve any good purpose; and your dear mother would be as contented as I should be, to retire upon the moderate income of our real estate, till Providence, withdrawing us from the world, should leave you in possession of that also. That you have consulted Dr Pitcairn and other judicious friends, I much approve; they and your own prudence will advise you about the intrinsic merit and value of the collection, how to have it examined, and every thing relating to that part of the business: but none of them can know how far the purchase would be expedient in our circumstances and situation; our own wisdom must guide us there.

‘ I cannot but suppose that the library of such a man as Linnæus, and which is called a fine library too, must be worth a great deal, perhaps all the money advanced; but upon the subject of its great supposed value, the character and esteem of its collector in his native country, who must be proud of him and everything that belongs to him,—I can hardly conceive they will suffer it to depart from Sweden for so paltry a sum, con-

sidered in a national light, and from an university whose reputation he has contributed so much to raise.

‘The kingdom of Denmark, and all Germany, and Holland, France, and Switzerland, from taste and learning, as well as Russia, from ostentation or improvement, will be competitors for it, as well as England. And we cannot but suppose, if it is to be peremptorily sold, the object being the money it will fetch, they will make use of their whole endeavours to get as much for it as it is worth, if they are so honest as not to desire more.

‘Without calling Dr Acrel’s or any other person’s honour, known or unknown, in question, ask yourself how seldom it is the case, without great ignorance about the true value of the thing disposed of, where there are many desirous of purchasing, that it does not fetch at least its full value. So that I am inclined to think, that after all your anxiety about it, you may not be able to obtain it: and I hope you will not fix your mind so strongly upon it as to create you uneasiness if you miss it, from any cause whatever. But wait calmly the answer to your letter to Dr Acrel, till you see and examine the catalogue with care, and then determine as circumstances require; and I hope it will please Heaven to direct you for the best in a matter of so very great importance.

‘I would caution you against the enthusiasm of a lover, or the heat of an ambitious man.

‘I need not surely now tell you how dear you are to me, how much I esteem you, nor what I hope from you. If you are a stranger to these things, Nature does not write a legible hand, or you have not learned to read her writing; but I know you have, and that you do my great love of you justice. Adieu, my dear son! may Heaven direct all your steps, and shower its choicest blessings on your head!’

About the beginning of April, Mr J. Smith received the catalogue referred to in the preceding letter, by which his decision was to be regulated. It was, as he writes his father on the 10th April, full and exact, and contained more than he expected. Besides a complete collection of the most useful books in Natural History, and medical books, there were in the library many valuable works in various departments of learning. The whole number of works was about 1600,—of volumes near 3000; and the manuscripts were numerous and valuable. The *herbarium* contained about 19,000 plants; and there were besides 3198 species of insects, 1564 shells, and 200 not arranged, 2424 specimens of minerals, and 45 birds in glass cases.

A difficulty now occurred which threatened to deprive England of this valuable collection. The younger Linnæus had before his death desired that his own small *herbarium*, collected during his father’s life, should be given to Baron Alströmer to satisfy a debt of about L.55 which he owed him. The executors, therefore, unwilling to break down the general collection,

had offered the whole to Baron Alströmer. The letter from Dr Acrel which conveyed this painful intelligence to Mr James Smith was dated March 6th; and though it assured him that the Baron was not likely to accept the offer, yet another paragraph, stating that a Russian nobleman had offered an unlimited sum for the collection, could not fail to excite the most desponding feelings. The Baron did refuse the offer. He accepted, however, of the small *herbarium*; and Mr Smith purchased the rest of the collection for 900 guineas.

Before the final arrangement of the transaction other competitors appeared,* and other difficulties presented themselves.† The Swedes began to perceive, when it was too late, the disgrace which would alight upon their country for parting with the *herbarium* of the great father of botany; and this sentiment was no doubt conveyed to the royal ear, for Gustavus III., king of Sweden, who had been absent in France, no sooner returned home than he despatched a vessel to the Sound to intercept the treasure which had just quitted his kingdom. Fortunately, however, he was too late. The valuable cargo was safely deposited in the custom-house at Harwich about the end of October 1784; and through the kindness of Sir John Jervis (Lord St Vincent) the whole collection, except the books, was admitted and delivered without duty, or any charge whatever. Such was the manner in which the *herbarium*, library, manuscripts, and natural history collection of Linnæus came into the possession of Mr Smith, for the small sum of L.1088, 5s., every expense included. His first idea was to deposit it in some spare rooms in the British Museum; but with the view of rendering it more accessible, he placed it in hired apartments in Paradise Row, Chelsea; and in the future part of his life he often recurred with delight to the happiness of the period when, with Sir Joseph Banks and Mr Dryander, he examined the *herbarium* minutely, and arranged the whole collection.

This fortunate acquisition placed Mr Smith at once in a proud position among men of science. The news of his purchase was

* Professor Sibthorp had offered to Dr Acrel L.1000 for the collection; but Mr Smith's offer, being the prior one, was accepted.

† In a letter to his father from Geneva, dated August 27, 1787, Mr Smith says, 'I had a letter from my Swedish correspondent Dr Acrel, which informs me that I was very near losing my Linnæan treasures by a plot of Baron Alströmer, who wanted to have them, and who procured authority to confiscate the whole after it was sold. How this scheme failed I know not. I had heard some rumour of this in Italy.'

propagated through Europe with the rapidity of political intelligence. Wealthy foreign botanists offered to repurchase the collection; poorer ones solicited a preference for the duplicates; while all of them envied England as the resting-place of this noble treasure. Though Mr Smith was only a student of anatomy and medicine in the metropolis, we find him presiding in the Natural History Society in Leicester Square on the 21st February, 1785; and on the 28th May he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society without a black ball.

Having completed his course of anatomy and medicine, Mr Smith resolved to prepare himself for the duties of a physician by taking his degree. So late as September he had resolved to return to Edinburgh for this purpose; but being desirous of visiting the continent, he now determined to take his degree at Leyden, and thus to make one journey subservient to the two objects he had in view. He accordingly left England on the 16th of June, 1786; and after receiving his degree of M.D., on the 16th July he set off for Paris, where, besides the common objects of interest to a stranger, he had an opportunity of examining the valuable *herbaria* of Tournefort and Vaillant. On Sunday the 6th of August, he went with his friend Broussonet to Versailles, and in a letter to his father we find the following interesting notice of the French Court:—

‘Versailles is more superb than I had an idea of; but it is tiresome, and not pleasing (I mean the garden). Saw the king and most of the family, but the queen was in bed. The daubing of the ladies’ cheeks is beyond conception; nature is quite out of the question: old hags, ugly beyond what you can conceive, (for we have very inadequate ideas of what an ugly woman is in England,) are dressed like girls, in the most tawdry colours, and have on each cheek a broad daub of the highest pink crayon, or something like it. The king is a pretty good person, rather fat, his countenance agreeable: he had some prodigiously fine diamonds. In the evening, after making two or three visits, seeing the menagerie, &c., we went to St Germain-en-laye, and slept at the country-house of the Marechal de Nouailles, a fine old gentleman, who was a great favourite of the late king, as he is of the present; he contributed chiefly to give the late king a taste for gardening and botany, and was a correspondent of Linnæus; he received us very politely, but had a large party of his family with him, so we had little conversation.

‘After an early dinner, hearing that the king was coming to St Germain to shoot, the marechal sent Broussonet and myself in his chariot, and himself and Le Breton rode on horseback to the place. The game had been all driven together into some fields and thickets, around which the people were kept at a distance by soldiers. The king came about three o’clock, alighted from his coach, stripped off his coat, ribands, &c., and appeared in a linen jacket and breeches, with

leather spatterdashes. He was attended by eight pages in almost the same kind of dress, each of whom carried a gun, and one of these guns was always ready charged for the king; as soon as that was discharged, another, and so on; next to these were ten or twelve Swiss guards, all (as well as the king) on foot; about were some of his majesty's principal officers, whose business it was to attend, with a physician, surgeon, &c. on horseback, and a few persons of distinction, as the Marechal de Nouailles, and their friends, of which number were Broussonet and I, for it was a great favour to be allowed to follow the king. His majesty went several times up and down the fields, killing almost every thing he aimed at. Hearing there were some Englishmen in his train, (there were one or two beside me,) he desired the Marechal de Nouailles to ask us if we had heard any thing of the attempt on our king's life, and bade him tell us that he himself had had a full account of the affair, and that the king was safe.'

Notwithstanding the high moral and religious principles in which Dr Smith was educated, and which continued during the whole of his life to regulate his conduct, we find him a zealous admirer, and an ardent apologist for Rousseau. Those to whom this eloquent writer is known only as a botanist, as the author of a truly elementary work on that science, and as the correspondent of Linnæus, and of M. Gouan, could not fail to admire him as a diffident and even humble enquirer into nature. Dr Smith had learned all his good qualities from one of Rousseau's intimate friends in Paris, and viewing him as a person, 'warmly attached to those who loved natural history, especially to the pupils of the Linnæan School,' and as an adorer of Linnæus, he may, perhaps be excused for casting a charitable eye over some other parts of his character.

Even at the risk of obtaining only a cursory view of the Parisian *herbaria*, Dr Smith set out with a friend to visit the tomb of Rousseau, and in a letter to Mrs Howorth, he has given the following account of this excursion:—

'We took a boat to go to the Island of Poplars, honoured with the ashes of Rousseau. His tomb is elegantly simple, of white stone; on one side is a piece of sculpture representing a mother of a family reading *Emilius*, with other emblems; on the other is inscribed, "*L'homme de la Nature et de la Vérité.*" He desired to be buried in the garden, and the Marquis chose this spot. I shall not attempt to describe to you what I felt on seeing and touching this tomb. I brought away some moss from its top for you.'

'Passing by a pretty grotto by the side of a bubbling fountain of the finest water I ever saw, we at length arrived at Rousseau's garden, one of the sweetest spots I ever beheld, quite sequestered, and planted in the most romantic style; it chiefly consists of an irregular lawn surrounded with a variety of trees and shrubs, and ornamented with flowers, but apparently all in a state of nature; nor is the hand of

art to be traced at all, except in the beautiful velvet of the turf. On a tree is an inscription, signifying that there Jean Jacques used often to retire, to admire the works of nature, to feed his favourite birds, and play with the Marquis's children. Near this spot is a house intended for his dwelling, but he died before it was finished; 'tis a comfortable cottage, with a little garden of flowers before it, and is embosomed in apple-trees, vines, &c. In a small arched building near it, the Marquis at first intended to have buried Rousseau, but changed his mind. From this place we soon reached the front of the house opposite to that whence we set out, and our delightful tour was at an end.

'Hearing that the widow of Rousseau was living at a place not far out of our road to Paris, and that many strangers visited her, we felt a strong desire to do the same; but had some fears lest we should discover something in her which might excite disagreeable sensations, and even perhaps lessen our veneration for her husband; for we heard that she had been his servant, and after having lived with him in that capacity ten years, he said to her, "*Ma bonne amie*, I am satisfied with your fidelity, and wish I could make you an adequate return. I have nothing to give you but my hand. If you think that worth having, it is yours." They were married; and lived together sixteen years afterwards very comfortably. She was several years younger than her husband.—At last curiosity prevailed, and we went to see her. She received us with the greatest politeness, and appeared much pleased with our visit; spoke in the most becoming manner of her husband, and readily answered every question I put to her. What I principally learned from her was as follows:—The character of Julia was drawn from Madame Bois de la Tour of Lyons, a lady still living, with whom Mr and Mrs Rousseau often spent a great deal of time: she has a large family, and is the admiration of all who know her. The story of Julia has not, however, any connexion with hers. How far that is founded in truth, Mrs Rousseau said was only known to its author. The idea that Ermenonville was the scene of it, or that the real father of Julia lived there, is without foundation. She assured me that the Confessions of Rousseau were really all of his own writing. She confided the manuscript to the Marquis de Girardin, who expunged several names and anecdotes relating to people still living, but against her consent; for she thought the whole ought to have been published as the author left it. I think more ought to have been expunged, at least the name of Madame de Warrens ought to have been kept secret.

'We asked her which was the best portrait of Rousseau. She showed us a plaster bust, which was cast from his face a few hours after death, and which she said resembled him exactly. The expression of the face, as well as its form, is vastly superior to that of any likeness of him I ever saw. There is great serenity in the countenance, and much sensibility. The mouth is uncommonly beautiful.'

From Paris, Dr Smith continued his journey southward; and after visiting Montpellier, Marseilles, Genoa, Rome, Naples, Turin, &c. he returned through Switzerland to Paris, and reach-

ed his native country in November 1787. In 1793, he published an account of this journey in three volumes octavo, under the title of 'Sketches of a Tour on the Continent, in the Years '1786 and 1787.'

The only publications of Dr Smith, previous to his quitting England, were his translations of Linnæus's 'Reflections on the History of Nature,' being the preface to the *Museum Regis Adolphi Frederici*; and his 'Dissertation on the Sexes of Plants.' On his return from the Continent, he began his career as an original author; and entered with assiduity and zeal into those botanical researches, by which he so widely extended the boundaries of his favourite science. After publishing, in 1787, the *Reliquiæ Rudbeckianæ*, containing 120 engravings from the wooden blocks of Rudbeck, which had been preserved in the Linnæan collection, and in 1789 and 1790, other two works,—the one containing *Figures of unpublished Plants from the Linnæan Herbarium*, and the other *Coloured Figures of rare Plants*, in three numbers each, he began his great work, entitled *English Botany*. This national production, which was sufficient of itself to immortalize its author, was begun in 1790, and completed in 1814, in thirty-six octavo volumes. It contains 2592 plates from the pencil of Mr Sowerby, and is the only National Flora which gives a figure and description of every indigenous species. The *Fungi* alone are omitted; but this defect was supplied by Mr Sowerby in a separate work, in three folio volumes.

If the botanical character of England was elevated among foreign nations, by the acquisition of the Linnæan Collection, its preeminence has been established and maintained by the institution of the *Linnæan Society*. Sir Joseph Banks had hitherto been the sovereign of the botanical community;—his splendid library and *herbarium* were liberally opened to every cultivator of his favourite science;—his hospitable board was ever ready to receive the intelligent stranger;—and his fortune and his influence were devoted to the advancement of every species of scientific knowledge. As President of the Royal Society, he had been often reproved for making it too much a Society of Naturalists; and he was therefore the more willing to enter into the views of Dr Smith,* and his other friends, who had projected a new association, to exalt and extend their favourite science. The Linnæan Society was accordingly instituted in 1788; it has now existed forty-five years; and when we say, that during almost the whole of that period it had Sir James Smith as its President, and

* The idea of this Society occurred to Dr Smith before he went abroad. See vol. i. p. 420.

during a very great part of it, Mr Robert Brown as its Secretary, we stamp upon it a character which belongs to few other institutions of the age. The first meeting of the Society took place in Dr Smith's house, in Great Marlborough Street, on the 8th April, 1788; and from that day he held the office of President till his death. It originally consisted of 36 fellows, and 16 associates. At the present moment, more than 500 names are enrolled upon its list.

Thus placed at the head of British botanists, both as their most celebrated writer, and as their presiding chief, Dr Smith became acquainted with several of our nobility, who were eager to patronise and to cultivate a science of increasing popularity and of easy acquisition. Even the royal mind was smitten with the general passion; and, owing to this circumstance, an event occurred to Dr Smith, which, like all events of the kind, contributed in almost equal proportions to flatter and to annoy him. On the death of Dr Lightfoot, his Majesty, George III. purchased the *herbarium* of that active botanist, and presented it to the Queen. Dr. Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle, having had occasion to consult this *herbarium*, found it very much damaged, and advised her majesty to obtain the assistance of Mr Dryander or Dr Smith, in arranging and preserving it. The Queen had previously heard of Dr Smith's character, through the Viscountess Cremorne, who had fixed upon him as an acquaintance and companion for her only son; and she immediately requested Dr Smith to preserve the decaying *herbarium*, and also to converse with herself and the princesses on the elements of Botany and Physiology. With this gracious request, Dr Smith, of course, willingly complied; and he never spoke of his visits to Frogmore, without expressing his veneration for the character of the Queen, his admiration of her anxiety to instil useful information into the minds of the princesses, and her kind condescension 'in removing every emotion of awe and royalty during their scientific discussions.' In the same spirit he mentions these visits to his friend, Mr Davall, in a letter dated November 9, 1792.

'I am come to town for two days from Windsor. I return this day. I am delighted with my pupils: We all sit together at a round table. I lecture from my notes, which the queen takes home from Frogmore to Windsor to make extracts from; and my audience occasionally ask questions and make remarks very much to the purpose, and a conversation of half an hour or more follows the lecture. Nothing can be more polite and pleasing. I shall be thus engaged till next month.'

With these impressions of his royal pupils, Dr Smith took his

leave of them, and, had an unfortunate misapprehension not occurred, he would, no doubt, have been a frequent visitor at the palace. In his 'Sketch of a Tour on the Continent,' however, there were some passages relative to the Queen of France, and to Rousseau, which, at this period of suspicion and alarm, were calculated to give offence to less interested persons than the wearers of a crown. His application of the epithet of *Messalina* to the unfortunate Queen of France, was represented to Queen Charlotte 'as injurious, in these times, to crowned heads;' and his eulogy of Rousseau, as 'hostile to religion, virtue, and 'loyalty.' The name of the informer is not mentioned by Lady Smith, and we are left to discover it from the statement, 'that 'he was one whose personal contests with Rousseau had warped 'his judgment.' But whoever he was, he seems to have had the candour to communicate what he had done to Dr Smith himself, who, to that communication, made the following reply :

'If you consider calmly what I have said of Rousseau, you will find it rather an *apology* than an *eulogium*, and cannot be understood to palliate any of his faults or mistakes. What I have said of the unhappy Queen of France, in vol. iii. p. 217 and 218, is the most favourable apology that can be made, consistent with truth and the sacred interests of virtue. The other expression (*viz.* that of *Messalina*) I regret, and will correct it.'

In thus expunging the obnoxious epithet of *Messalina* from the second edition of his *Tour*, Dr Smith acted not only wisely, but consistently with truth; and his character would not, perhaps, have suffered had he also made some abatement from his extravagant eulogy of Rousseau. When Dr Smith represents him 'as having had the honour of feeling the vengeance 'of all ranks of tyrants and bigots, from a king or bishop of 'France to a paltry magistrate of Berne or a Swiss pastor;' and when he holds him up 'as the martyr of that spirit of investigation and liberty on which alone our reformed religion depends,' he forgets that religious toleration does not imply the toleration of immorality; and that licentiousness of speculation is as hostile to civil liberty as licentiousness of conduct. Between the foibles and virtues of ordinary life, the rigid moralist may strike a favourable balance; and we may justly admire exalted qualities, even under the drawback of prominent failings. But there are vices and opinions of so malignant an aspect, that the virtues which accompany them serve only to render them more loathsome.

The time of Dr Smith was now solely devoted to the composition and publication of various botanical works. In 1791, he published his *Spicelegium Botanicum*; in 1792, his Translation of

the *Flora Lapponica* of Linnæus; in 1793, his *Specimen of the Botany of New Holland*; and in 1798, his *Tracts relative to Natural History*.

So early as 1784, Mr Pitchford of Norwich had suggested to our author the publication of a *Flora Britannica*; but it was not undertaken till ten years thereafter. The two first volumes were published in 1799, and the third in 1804. A compendium of the whole was published in 1806. This work added greatly to the reputation of Dr Smith, both in his own country and on the continent. It was immediately reprinted by Dr Romer at Zurich; and it has been the guide and the manual of every British botanist since the day of its publication.

Dr Smith was now called upon to abandon for a season his own projected works, and to arrange and publish the materials of a *Flora Græca*, which had been left unfinished by his friend Dr John Sibthorp. This eminent botanist was the younger son of Dr Humphrey Sibthorp, Professor of Botany at Oxford. He was born in 1758, and was one of those few individuals whom England can record as devoting their fortune as well as their talents to the disinterested prosecution of science. We have already stated, that he, almost simultaneously with Mr Smith, offered the sum that was demanded for the Linnæan treasures. When he was at Gottingen, in 1784, he projected a botanical tour to Greece, the principal object of which was to illustrate the writings of Dioscorides. He therefore went first to Vienna to study the celebrated manuscript of the Greek naturalist, which is preserved in the Imperial Library; and having engaged an excellent draughtsman, Mr F. Bauer, he set out from Vienna in March, 1786. The first sketch which he drew up of the Greek Flora embraced about 850 plants, which, as Dr Sibthorp himself states, 'contains only the plants which he observed in the environs of Athens, on the snowy heights of the Grecian Alp, on Parnassus, on the steep precipices of Delphi, the impurpled mountain of Hymettus, the Pentele, the lower hills about the Piræus, the olive grounds about Athens, and the fertile plains of Bœotia.' In December, 1787, he returned to England, and in the spring of 1788 he was enrolled among the original members of the Linnæan Society. His health, which was never robust, had suffered materially from the hardships of his journey; but his native air, and his delightful occupations at Oxford, restored his strength, and enabled him to continue with unremitting ardour his botanical labours. In 1794 he was thus enabled to publish his *Flora Oxoniensis*,—a work containing 1200 species, all gathered by himself. Although he was now in very affluent circum-

stances, and derived great pleasure from agricultural pursuits, and from the improvement of his property, yet the love of fame, and the noble desire of completing the great object of his life, induced him to quit his possessions and his friends, and to expose himself again to all the hardships of a botanical traveller. On the 20th of March, 1794, he set out on his second tour to Greece, accompanied by Francesco Borone, whom Dr Smith had recommended to him as a botanical assistant. Having met his friend Mr Hawkins at Constantinople, they ascended together the summit of Olympus, and climbed also to the top of Taygetus, the highest mountain of the Morea. At Athens, he lost his assistant Borone by a melancholy accident, of which he gives an interesting account in a letter to Sir James Smith, which we are induced to lay before our readers, to give them a more impressive idea of this interesting naturalist.

' Athens, November 1, 1794.

' My dear Sir,—I should have been happy to have sent you a pleasant letter from Athens; but from Athens I must this time write you a very mournful one. Poor Borone is no more! He was quite recovered from an intermittent fever that had attacked him a little before his departure from Constantinople, and on the evening of his unhappy fate was unusually gay, singing to a tune that Arakiel, Mr Hawkins's servant, played upon the guitar. A little after midnight, we were waked out of our sleep by the cries of Francesco, who had fallen into the street, out of the window of the chamber where he slept with Arakiel. On the servants' going down to him, he languishingly groaned to Arakiel, who was the first that came up to him, "Ah! povero Francesco e morto!" James, the other servant of Mr Hawkins, then coming up, he said, "Ah! James, James!" and expired.

' As soon as Mr Hawkins and myself heard that Francesco was hurt by his fall, we immediately got up, and went down to him. On taking him by the hand, I found the pulse gone, and no signs of life. We directly got him into the house, and attempted to bleed him, but without effect. His loins and back, on which he appeared to have fallen, were very much bruised; but there was not the least appearance of blood, nor could I find that any bones were broken. It had rained very hard on the preceding day, so that the streets were dirty: the night was dark, with frequent flashes of lightning. The opening of the window out of which he fell was extremely narrow, and appears not above eighteen feet from the ground. To get out of it, he must previously have mounted on a box that stood near it, and then squeezed himself through. We have every reason to think all this was done in his sleep. On the opposite side of the room to this window was another, that opened upon a terrace, on which he was accustomed to walk. Perhaps, if awake, which I can scarcely conceive, he had forgotten which of the two windows led to the terrace.

' You may imagine that after this we passed the remainder of the

night dismally enough. The next day nothing remained but to perform the last offices to poor Francesco. He was buried in the evening at the Church of the Madonna, under the shade of a mulberry-tree. The obsequies were performed in a very decent manner by four Greek priests, who chanted over him the burial-service. Mr Hawkins and myself, the British consul, and some Sclavonians who were here, with the servants, attended the corpse. The archbishop, who a few days before had expressed the strongest obligations to the English nation, pitifully sent a papas to demand fifty piastres (about twelve pounds) for his permission to bury him. The consul remonstrated with him on the impropriety and exorbitancy of the demand; when he sent a second message to say he would take half that sum. This produced another remonstrance from the consul, when he repented, and refused to take any thing. He has since sent a hint that he would be glad of a present. We mean to send him a Greek Testament, that a metropolitan who has four suffragans may read a lesson of piety.

‘I regret with you most sincerely the cruel end of this unfortunate youth. He had escaped from the thieves of Italy, and from the inhospitable climate of Sierra Leone. He had been with me blocked up eight days by pirates at Mount Athos. Poor fellow! he was then very anxious to hide my money, that we might have something, he said, to return home with. I shall set off in two or three days for Zante, where I shall winter. In January I propose to visit, with Hawkins, the Morea; and in the spring, or early in the summer, to return to England. I have made considerable additions to my collection of Greek plants and animals, having visited the Bithynian Olympus, Troy, Lemnos, Mount Athos, and Negropont. During my stay at Athens, I have procured a pretty exact knowledge of the agriculture and natural history of Attica. Tell our friends in Soho Square, that I have all the labour, if not all the sweets, of an Attic bee.’

In his voyage from Zante to Otranto, Dr Sibthorp encountered severe hardships, and caught a cold which ultimately deprived him of his life. He returned to England in the autumn of 1795, but his pulmonary affection had made rapid progress, and he died at Bath on the 8th February, 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age—a youthful martyr to the science which he loved—an irreparable loss to the university which he adorned.

Not content with devoting his life to the scientific glory of his country, this generous cultivator of science bequeathed a freehold estate in Oxfordshire to the University, to defray in the first instance, the expense of publishing his *Flora Græca* in ten folio volumes, each containing 100 coloured plates, and a *Prodromus* of the same work in octavo, without plates. Dr Sibthorp had himself drawn out the plan of the *Prodromus*, but he had prepared nothing for the *Flora* excepting the figures;

trusting every thing to his memory, and, as Mr Hawkins expresses it, 'never dreaming of dying.' The executors of our lamented traveller selected Dr Smith as the editor of the work; and it therefore fell to his lot to determine finally the species, and to distinguish such as were new. Dr Smith discharged his duties with the highest talent and the most exemplary diligence; but he lived to complete only six and a half of these splendid volumes. The seventh has been published since his death by our distinguished countryman Mr Brown, who will no doubt speedily complete this national work. The *Prodromus Floræ Græcæ* has not yet been finished. The first volume appeared in 1806, and the second in 1813, under the auspices of Dr Smith.

In order to keep up his connexion with the Linnæan Society, and with his botanical friends in the metropolis, Dr Smith spent about two months every spring in London; and in the year 1804, he was requested by the managers of the Royal Institution to deliver a short course of Lectures on Botany. These lectures were continued annually till 1825, when he completed the twentieth course. He delivered also at different periods a similar course at the institutions of Liverpool, Bristol, Birmingham, and London.

These digressive occupations were never suffered to interfere with the progress of his more important publications. Among these must be numbered his *Introduction to Physiological and Systematic Botany*, which first appeared in 1807, and which has gone through six editions. His contributions to Rees' Cyclopædia are both numerous and important. Dr Smith had been originally solicited to furnish the botanical articles for that work; but having been prevented from acceding to this request, the Rev. Mr Wood of Leeds supplied that department while his health allowed him to write. After the death of this able botanist, in 1808, Dr Smith undertook all the articles on botany, physiology, terminology, and botanical biography; and he has marked all of them with the letter S. The botanical articles amount to 3348, beside 57 lives of botanists.

Dr Smith contributed also to the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, 'A Review of the modern state of Botany, with a particular reference to the Natural Systems of Linnæus and Jussieu.' This article, which Lady Smith has reprinted in the work under our notice, has been much admired as containing an able and discriminating view of the state of the science.

His contributions to the thirteen volumes of the Linnæan Transactions, which were published during his life, amounted

to no fewer than fifty-four articles. His *Grammar of Botany* appeared in 1821; his edition of the *Correspondence of Linnæus* and other Naturalists, in two volumes, in 1821; and the last of his works, his *English Flora*, appeared at different times—the first two volumes in 1824, the third in 1825, and the fourth in 1828.

During the first fourteen years of its existence, the Linnæan Society was only a private association; but in 1802, it was incorporated by royal charter, and in 1811 the Prince Regent honoured it by becoming its patron. Its distinguished president and founder partook in the honour which was extended to his favourite Society; his Majesty George IV. having been pleased to confer upon him the honour of knighthood.

Sir James Smith was now placed in the most enviable position which could be occupied by a man of science. To a considerable degree independent in his circumstances, and unfettered with the cares of a family, he was able to pursue in calm seclusion the researches from which he derived so high a gratification. His labours had extended his fame over all Europe; and by his own countrymen, as well as by foreigners, he was placed at the head of British botanists. As an agreeable writer, and as a popular lecturer, he had attained much distinction; and it might have been expected, that some of our Universities would have been eager, on the first opening, to enlist such talents in their service.

An opportunity of this kind occurred at Cambridge in the spring of 1818. On account of his age and increasing infirmities, Professor Martyn felt himself unable to give his usual course of lectures; and conceiving that the interests of his pupils, and the reputation of the University, would be promoted by obtaining the assistance of his distinguished friend, he addressed the following letter to Sir James:—

‘ *March 14, 1818.*

‘ My dear Sir,—The season approaches when I feel an annual regret, that in consequence of my age and infirmities, I am unable to fulfil my duty as Dr Walker’s reader, in giving a course of botanical lectures. If you could, consistently with your other engagements, undertake to read a course next term, I should esteem it a great favour done to me personally; and I have no doubt of its being well received by the university.

‘ You are aware that you must have the sanction of the vice-chancellor, who, I am persuaded, will be ready to give the university an opportunity of profiting by your instructions, as he doubtless knows that you take the lead in the science of botany in this country, and that your reputation is too well established to need any recommendation from me. As far as my power extends, I am happy in giving

you full authority to take such specimens of plants and flowers as you think requisite for your lectures, together with the use of the lecture-room, at any time or times that may be convenient,—always under the control of the vice-chancellor, and with a complete reliance on your discretion in the use of the garden.'

Actuated less by any prospect of pecuniary advantage, than by the pleasure of associating with the eminent individuals who adorned the University, Sir James was induced to become a candidate for the botanical chair at Cambridge, though he was neither a member of the University, nor of the Church of England. His pretensions were resisted upon grounds, of which we do not know the precise nature; but from the fact, that the Ministry and four Bishops were favourable to his appointment, we may reasonably infer, that no positive law of the University stood insuperably in his way. Professor Martyn, indeed, assured him, that Bradley was never of any University, and had no education;—that his own father was admitted, only with a view to the professorship, and never took any degree;—that Viganì, the first professor of Chemistry, was an Italian;—that Dillenius was a German;—and that Erasmus, Sanderson, and many others, were either invited or allowed to give lectures, merely from their learning, and without any regard to their religious opinions, or to their having been educated on the spot. Notwithstanding these precedents, and in spite of the warm support which he received from many friends in the University, this eminent man was deemed unworthy to occupy the botanical chair. The disappointment of his wishes, Lady Smith informs us, hurt his affectionate and social feelings more than it wounded his pride. The views which he himself entertained relative to this occurrence, have been recorded in two pamphlets; one published in 1818, and entitled, 'Considerations respecting Cambridge,' and the other in 1819, under the title of 'A Defence of the 'Church and Universities of England.'

Scarcely had the scientific world recovered its serenity, after the strong feeling which this unexpected event had occasioned, than the death of Dr Rutherford, Professor of Botany in Edinburgh, opened another and a very reasonable prospect to the moderate ambition of Sir James. No difficulties of a religious nature were here likely to be encountered; and by his early residence in Edinburgh, Sir James had acquired the recommendation of having received his first lessons of botany from the very chair to which he aspired.

A literary friend and correspondent of Sir James announced to him, in December 1819, in a letter from Edinburgh, the vacancy

which had taken place, and urged him to come forward as a candidate. To this application, Sir James returned an answer, which we are glad to be able to lay before our readers; especially as Lady Smith has taken no notice whatever of this occurrence, or the correspondence regarding it, in her husband's life:—

‘Norwich, Dec. 28, 1819.

‘My dear Sir,—I cannot but consider your letter, received this day, as a flattering mark of your friendship and esteem. Were I twenty years younger, or had I any claims upon me that might make the emolument any object, I might perhaps be tempted to give up my own liberty and quiet, for the purpose of rendering so much service to my beloved science, as I flatter myself I could render it at Edinburgh. Even in that case, however, I could not stoop to any means of attaining this station, but the plain right-on pretension of meaning to be useful; the same ground on which I stood at Cambridge. I could not become a courtier, nor sacrifice my liberty and independence. I have reason to think my interest with the ministry would be effectual; as I found it respecting Cambridge.

‘But a decided obstacle to my accepting this honourable station as I am situated, is, that I must give up all my London engagements. I conceive the time I must spend in Edinburgh would be six months, from November or December; I could not, therefore, attend the Linnean Society, May 24, nor give my lectures at the Royal Institution, where they have just founded, at Lord Spencer's suggestion, an honorary professorship on purpose for me. I can fulfil its duties without trouble or expense, being generally several weeks in London in the spring, when I visit my friends, and keep up my intercourse with the world. This I should altogether miss, nor could I see much of the Society over which I preside. Add to all this, that I have more botanical and literary schemes than I could execute in a century, and which form the delight of my life. If Mr Brown were a candidate, my regard for him, and my opinion of his merits, are such, that I would not oppose him if I could. You say, however, he declines it.

‘I hear from another quarter, that the appointment has long been settled, but I know not in whose favour.

‘It would be delightful to me to restore the garden, and to revive the botanical honour of the University, to which I have been so early attached. Can you tell me what must be my period of residence, and where I should make my application as a candidate? There is no harm in my learning this, while I revolve the matter a few days in my mind; and if you can help me any way, I rely on your kind assistance. Your very friendly communication demands the explicit statement I have here troubled you with.’

The answer to these enquiries, transmitted by his correspondent, removed completely all the objections which seem to have at first presented themselves to the mind of Sir James; and in the following reply, he not only expresses his ardent desire

for the situation, but encloses a letter to the Lord Provost, regularly announcing himself as a candidate :—

‘ *Norwich, January 6, 1820.*

‘ My dear Sir,—I cannot sufficiently express my obligations to you. Your letter did not come in time to be answered yesterday. Your account of the necessary residence almost removes all my fear of the undertaking. Nothing would be more easy, or more delightful, than the office itself, *omnis in hoc sum*. If I can obtain it, I must make every thing else give way. I have no doubt of arranging matters with the Linnæan Society and the Royal Institution. I can spend March and April in London.

‘ I am really ambitious of doing honour to the Chair, and as my residence would be in summer, it would be truly delightful to me and Lady Smith. I could spare six months very well, if wanted, and as to the Garden, it should be the first in Europe. I have access to every thing in that way.

‘ I enclose a letter to the Lord Provost as follows :—

“ My Lord,—The vacancy in the Botanical Professorship at Edinburgh induces me to take the liberty of writing to your lordship, in order to offer myself as a candidate for that appointment. My name as a botanist, as founder and president of the Linnæan Society, and possessor of the library and museum of the great Linnæus, may perhaps be known to your lordship. Nor am I unknown in London, or elsewhere, as a writer and a public lecturer in this science, to which I have devoted my life. An ardent desire to promote the study of botany, in so important a school as the University of Edinburgh;—to renew my connexion with, and to aspire to do some honour to, the place of my education, where I have many friends, and to enrich the garden by means of no inconsiderable acquaintance and correspondence,—are objects too attractive to be neglected.

“ If your lordship should approve of my pretensions, and I should be honoured with this appointment, I should be ready to enter on the duties of the office in the ensuing spring. I have the honour to be, &c.”

‘ If you approve of this letter, please to convey it to the Lord Provost, and I rely on your friendly assistance in every respect. Perhaps the *possible final acquisition of the Linnæan library and collection*, which I meant to have kept entire, may be an object to hold out to the electors: this I leave to your prudence. You may vouch any thing for my zeal and industry. As to emolument, I am tolerably independent and indifferent, though the sum you mention cannot but be a great object, serving, at least, to make all expenses of travelling, residence, &c. easy; my bodily frame not being very strong.

‘ I give a few lectures this year in London—that will be before I go to Edinburgh, if chosen.’

From causes which we need not investigate, a successor to Dr Rutherford was hurriedly appointed; and the event was even announced in the Gazette before the above letter, and its enclosure, had reached Edinburgh. Sir James’s feelings on this

occasion are expressed in the following passage of a letter to the same friend, written some months after the disappointment which called them forth:—

‘ I see your University will go the way of all such bodies, and will not be worth trying to save. Its very being depends on a worthy and impartial choice of Professors.

‘ Some late events have made the emolument, though great, very unimportant to me, and I think (as I thought on receipt of your kind first letter) that I will be happier, more useful, and certainly more free, in my own study, where I have employment for a century, if I could live so long. I may also fulfil my duties at the Royal Institution as Professor there,—and say just what I wish or want to say.’

Thus did the University of Edinburgh lose the lustre of a name which would have long continued to adorn it; and thus did she lose the chance of acquiring those great botanical treasures with which the appointment of Sir James Smith might have permanently enriched her.

We have already seen, that the last years of Sir James’s life were spent in completing his great work, the ‘ *English Flora*.’ The fourth volume of it was published only a few days before his death; and in showing it to one of his friends, he exclaimed, ‘ This is the close of my labours.’ Even in the meridian of his age, his health was far from being robust; and in the spring of 1788, he experienced an inflammatory attack, which, in some form or other, reappeared in every subsequent year of his life. During the last five or six years, his health had visibly declined; and, after a single day’s illness, he died at Norwich on the 17th of March, 1828, in the 69th year of his age. The melancholy tidings reached London on the following day; and having been communicated on the same evening to the Linnæan Society, its sitting was immediately adjourned, out of respect to its distinguished founder. At its subsequent meeting, on the 1st of April, Lord Stanley pronounced a brief eulogy on Sir James. The presentation copy of the 4th volume of the *English Flora* was then lying on the table, and the thanks of the Society were voted to Lady Smith ‘ for the last gift of ‘ their revered President.’

The *herbarium* and library of Linnæus, which had been the foundation of the early fame of our author, and to which he had added other valuable collections, were purchased by the Linnæan Society for the sum of L.5000.

Sir James Smith was married in 1796, but had no family; and it is to the affectionate admiration of his widow, Lady Smith, that we are indebted for the present work. Although the narrative of his life is well and judiciously written, it is yet too meagre and unconnected to gratify the curiosity of the

reader. There are many points in Sir James's history, about which we seek in vain for information; and this defect is by no means supplied by the bulky correspondence, amidst which the thread of the narrative is often entirely lost. With regard to the correspondence itself, we are disposed to regret that there are, comparatively to their importance, so few letters of Sir James himself, and of his admirable father;—desiderata which are poorly supplied by the letters of persons who have no other distinction than the accidental one of title, or of office. Sir James's correspondence with his friend Mr Davall, a young Englishman, whose circumstances obliged him to reside in Switzerland, will be read with great interest; and the letters of Mr Roscoe display the warm heart and the high accomplishments of that distinguished writer. The letters of Dr Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle, form a pleasing memorial of his learning and botanical knowledge; but one-half of them might have been usefully replaced by the compositions of less elevated correspondents. The letters of the Abbé Correa, written in the double character of a botanist and of a distressed Portuguese refugee, will also be perused with considerable interest; and those of Professor John Sibthorp with sorrow and admiration.

In studying the Memoirs and Correspondence of Sir James Smith, we cannot fail to be impressed with the great progress in systematic botany which has been made in England during the last fifty years; but we at the same time learn, what is less flattering to our national vanity, that British botanists have been comparatively inactive in examining the structure of vegetable bodies,—in explaining their hidden functions,—and in discovering those material elements which may be obtained from their fruit, their leaves, their juices, their pith, their bark, their flowers, and their root, for the purposes of food, luxury, and medicine, and which perform so prominent a part in many of the useful and scientific arts. We trust, however, that the botanists of the next age will apply themselves to these important objects, and follow the example which has been set them by our countryman, Mr Brown, (whom Humboldt has justly characterised as the *Botanicorum facile Princeps*,) in making the microscope and the dissecting knife indispensable instruments of their science. In the case of bodies whose vessels we cannot recognise, and whose seeds even almost elude the straining eye, it is in vain to explore their structure by any other means than by the most powerful and varied assistance which the organ of sight can receive from optical science. In pursuing his enquiries, the botanist has the same occasion for powerful microscopes that the astronomer has for telescopes of great penetrating and magnifying power, to enable him to

resolve nebulae, to separate close double stars, and to discover new bodies which exist in the inmost recesses of the heavens.

Like Mineralogy, Botany has hitherto been chiefly a science of observation; and a botanist who knows a plant only by its parts of fructification, has made as little progress as the mineralogist, who pronounces upon a mineral, by throwing its lustre upon his eye, and by shaking it knowingly in his hand. Natural Philosophy, however, now claims Mineralogy as one of its most interesting branches, and Botany will, we doubt not, soon rise to the same dignity. The returning movements of the particles of the sap, as detected by the powerful microscopes of Amici,—the beautiful discoveries of Dutrochet—the inflammation of the odoriferous oil in the *utriculi* of the *Fraxinella* (*Dictamnus aba*,)—the doubly refracting structure in the leaves of the *Centaurea glastifolia*,—the existence of phosphorescent crystals of carbonate of lime in the *chara vulgaris*,—the secretion of siliceous solids from the juices of the bamboo and the teak-tree,—the disposition of crystals of silex in the epidermis of the *Equisetæ*, and some of the grasses, and their symmetrical arrangement round the glands of some of the same plants,—are a few of the extraordinary facts which have been developed by physical research; and which hold out the promise of a rich harvest of discovery to the scientific botanist. We would, therefore, strongly advise the young and aspiring student to consider systematic botany only as the means by which he is to attain higher objects; and to pursue these objects assiduously and ardently, with the Microscope in one hand, and the torch of Chemistry and Physics in the other.

ART. III.—*Answer of the Directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, to an Article in the Edinburgh Review for October, 1832.* 8vo. Liverpool: 1832.

THE Directors of the Liverpool Railway Company have judged it expedient to publish a pamphlet, in answer to some observations on that concern, contained in our article on 'Inland Transport.' We are sorry to be obliged to express our surprise at the license with which its authors have misrepresented our statements. Not content with swelling into formal 'charges against the Directors' our observations on the management of the road, they have practised misquotation and omission to such an extent, as to present a very unfair view of

the strictures against which they have undertaken to defend themselves. They have been also pleased to intersperse their Answer with some remarks of a merely personal nature. To these we shall not deign to offer any reply. They are introduced in the worst taste; and the public can feel no interest whatever in topics altogether irrelevant to the merits of the points in discussion.

The Directors state that the affairs of the railway have been '*reviled* in no measured terms.' We feel assured that the public will not apply this term to our strictures. At a time when the possible success of steam-power applied to inland transport had excited the fears of canal proprietors, turnpike trustees, coach companies, agriculturists, and other classes, and had given rise to every species of misrepresentation and calumny in regard to Railroads in general, and the Liverpool Railroad more especially, we stood forward as champions of this extension of steam-power, and in so doing incurred some odium for the part we had taken. We do not state this as matter either of boast or of complaint. But it does seem strange that the very body whose battle we had fought, should turn upon us as its *revilers*; merely because we disapproved of certain details of management totally unconnected with the great principle at issue, and respecting which even strong disapprobation, though we have expressed it, could proceed from nothing but the interest felt in the ultimate success of the enterprise.

The first charge noticed refers to the original formation of the railway. 'So little ground is there for the charge of undue preference in the selection of the labourers employed in the formation of the road, that the Directors now, for the first time, have the subject brought under their notice in the form of a complaint.'—*Answer*, p. 4, 5.

The Directors enter into a long statement to show, that the charge here alluded to is groundless; a large portion of the labourers being Irish, &c. We have merely to say that no such charge was made in this Journal. The only words having any reference to the subject are the following:—

'We shall not here refer to the persons who may have been employed in the actual execution and completion of the railway: we are not in possession of sufficient data to enable us to speak with certainty upon the discretion and prudence shown in their selection.'

The next charge commented on is, that the Directors, by their proceedings, are said to 'have paralysed the whole enterprise of the country.'—*Answer*, p. 3. We cannot imagine how the Directors can have been led to father upon us so preposterous an asseveration as that 'the whole enterprise' of Britain could be 'paralysed' by their proceedings. The article in

question does not contain the words pretended to be quoted from it, nor any similar words.

These are samples of 'charges' which have no other existence than in the imaginations of the Directors. We shall next give some instances of their disposition to exaggerate the case against themselves by misquoting our words, and misrepresenting the import of our statements.

'The Directors are charged with "having invariably rejected every suggestion for improvement coming from other quarters than the Company's engineer."'—*Answer*, p. 3.

'The Directors are charged with having, "by capricious objections, excluded engines and waggons belonging to collateral companies from the road." To this assertion they do not hesitate to give their absolute and unqualified denial.'—*Answer*, p. 13.

'With regard to the more serious charge of "secretly inflicting injuries" on the competing engines, the Directors have heard of no such occurrence.'—*Answer*, p. 14.

'Other points connected with the management of the railway might here be introduced, in reply to these unworthy charges of the Reviewer.'—*Answer*, p. 14.

Now, the truth is, that not one of the above statements was advanced by us as a charge against the Directors. They were referred to as matters of current report:—we said that they were subjects of 'common animadversion,' and that they excited 'great and universal disapprobation.' Our statements went merely to the fact that such charges had been commonly circulated; and the tendency of our reasoning was, that, whether true or false, they were injurious to the establishment, by exciting distrust, by discouraging talent, and by obstructing the benefits of free competition. 'Waggons of collateral companies' were certainly pointed out to us, by agents in the employment of those companies, as having been 'excluded, by capricious objections,' from the road. In reply to this, the Directors declare that engines and waggons of collateral companies are now working on the road 'without impediment or objection.' Without meaning to support the truth of the charge, we must take leave to say that the Directors have made no answer to it. It never was asserted that *all* waggons of collateral companies were *at all times* excluded from the road.

We have the testimony of persons whose means of information are not inferior to those of the Directors, that the company have been commonly charged at Liverpool with 'virtually excluding competition, though presenting the appearance of permitting it, by exposing the competitors to the most capricious objections on the part of the Company's engineer.' We are

further assured that 'this impression was universal,' and that 'appearances were strong against the Directors.'

Before they commence their justification on this point, the Directors pause to 'remark, that the prevailing sentiment in 'their minds is astonishment that any one, professing to enlighten the public in a matter of great and peculiar interest, 'should evince such ignorance of the subject on which he undertook to write,' as to charge them with a system of favouritism, in reference to the influence allowed to their engineer. Their astonishment may be very sincere; but we will venture to affirm that it is exclusively their own; for we fear they would find it hard to produce in Liverpool one individual, unconnected with the establishment, who shares it. The complaints against the system of favouritism have been universal both there and in Manchester. Need we call to their recollection the unavailing remonstrances, on this subject, of a respectable and intelligent minority of their own body? Do they not know that we could name those who have at their meetings raised their voices against the injurious appearance of favouritism which their management presented? Before we hazarded the remarks which have excited so much indignation, we had procured ample evidence on the subject. Indeed, the expressions we used, were taken from communications entitled to as much consideration and attention as any statement which the Answer contains.

We stated that the bulk of the men obtained their appointments through the influence of the Company's engineer, and that the consequence of this was, that they felt themselves enlisted as his partisans when any trial of power was made on the road between his engines and those of other engineers; that the confidence of the public in the fairness of such trials was thus impaired; that numerous reports were constantly circulated, impeaching the conduct of the men on such occasions; and we mentioned more particularly a report, that a safety-valve of an engine was overloaded on the occasion of such a trial, with a view to give unfair advantage to one of Mr Stephenson's engines. Whilst we stated these injurious consequences of the position in which the engineer had been placed by the Directors, we fully acquitted that gentleman himself of any participation or connivance, directly or indirectly, in such proceedings; and even stated, that under such a system it was not in his power to prevent its consequences. This has especially excited the indignation of the Directors: they deny that any considerable number of the men in their employment have obtained their appointments through the influence of the engineer; they say, that of upwards of 600, not more than sixty have obtained their places,

directly or indirectly, through his influence; and that even of these sixty the greater part are personally unknown to him. With that want of fairness which, we regret to be obliged to say, prevails throughout the Answer, the injurious reports alluded to by us as being in circulation, and as being the consequences of the system which has been pursued, are transformed into charges made directly by us against the Directors.

As to the influence exerted by the Company's engineer in the appointment of the men employed on the road, we made our statement on evidence which appeared to us conclusive. Not to mention the oral information which we received from almost every person at Liverpool with whom we conversed on the subject, we had, and now have, before us written assurances from quarters not less respectable than those from which the Answer has proceeded, that 'the great bulk of the men employed on the road have received their appointments through Mr Stephenson's instrumentality;' (we quote the words of our authorities;) 'and many of them do not belong to the local district, but have come from the neighbourhood of Newcastle, and elsewhere.'—'The situation in which the engineer is placed—that of manufacturer of engines, and arbiter of the fitness of all others which may be proposed for the road—is open to great suspicion and objection, especially coupled, as it has been, with the appointment of nearly every person in connexion with the road and engines.' The letter of Mr Hardman Earle, which has been adopted and published by the Directors themselves as a part, and, indeed, the chief part, of their defence, left no doubt in our minds on this very point. Mr Earle was well known to be a supporter of the engineer, and of the existing system. He was, therefore, a witness not likely to exaggerate either the degree of favouritism shown by the Directors, or the patronage exercised by the engineer, or to magnify their injurious consequences. The letter of this gentleman was before us when we wrote our observations; and we found in it an ample corroboration of all that we had learned from other sources. As it now forms a part of the published defence of the Directors, we shall freely avail ourselves of it.

In reference to the injurious effects of the influence of the Company's engineer, Mr Earle says,—

'It is natural and probable that strangers may have been looked upon as rivals, and may have encountered petty obstacles on the road from some of the servants of the Company, under the mistaken notion that they were promoting thereby the interests of a kind patron.'—*Answer*, p. 26.

From this we gather several important facts; the engineer,

who is himself the servant of the Company, is the 'kind patron' of other servants of the Company. Persons introducing engines on the road, not manufactured by the Company's engineer, are, it appears, considered by the Company's servants as 'strangers,' and looked upon as rivals. Under such circumstances, Mr Earle infers that it is *natural* and *probable* that such *strangers* may have encountered, in trials, petty obstacles, from the mistaken zeal of the Company's servants to serve the interests of their 'kind patron.' But Mr Earle does not stop here. He informs us of the existence of reports, arising from the supposed influence of the Company's engineer, even more injurious than any which we ventured to hint at :—

'As to the assertion which has been so impudently put forth,—that it is as much as a man's life is worth to come upon the road who is opposed to Mr Stephenson,—it is a disgraceful falsehood.'—*Answer*, p. 26.

The letter is still more explicit as to the patronage which the engineer exercises on the road :—

'In this, as in all other great concerns, there are different parties or factions, but generally one that is predominant, the effects of which are mean jealousies and bickerings, which it is as difficult to counteract, and as impossible to eradicate, as it is to alter the structure of the human mind.'—*Answer*, p. 26.

It appears by the context that the 'predominant faction,' the existence of which is here admitted, is that portion of the men employed on the road who look up to the Company's engineer as their 'kind patron.' In page 7 of the *Answer* the Directors indignantly declare, that a mere handful of individuals, out of many hundreds, owe any thing to the influence of the engineer; yet, in page 26, we find the admission, that a '*predominant*' faction look up to the engineer as their 'kind patron,' and that the conduct of this faction produces 'jealousies and bickerings.' We leave it to the Directors to reconcile these apparent inconsistencies. Meanwhile, we appeal to their *Answer* itself for a justification of the charge which we advanced.*

* Since the above was written, we have been enabled to make farther enquiries respecting the extent and nature of the influence of the engineer in the nomination of men employed on the road. It appears that the men in the employment of the Company may be divided into two classes,—first, those who are employed in the management of the moving power; and secondly, those engaged in the department devoted to the stowage, registration, clerkage, &c. of the goods

In consequence of the existence of the 'predominant faction,' and of the 'jealousies and bickerings,' and 'petty obstacles,' which it must naturally produce, Mr Earle says, that

'The greatest anxiety has been shown by the Directors and head engineer to procure fair trials for the different engines, and personal attendance, early and late, has been afforded to effect this.'—*Answer*, p. 26.

What a picture of the state of this great work have the Directors here exhibited! An establishment formed to try a grand experiment at the cost of a million of pounds sterling;—in which many have been induced to hazard their properties in the hope of commercial profit; the success of which is by some thought impossible, by others regarded as problematical, and by all confessed to be hoped for only by the concentrated mechanical genius of the most enterprising nation in the world; the result of which, if successful, is likely to produce the most important effects on the social relations of nations, as well as on their internal economy respectively; on which, therefore, the eyes of the world are fixed;—this establishment is, by the confession of the Directors, placed in that situation in which to procure even a fair trial for those who devote their talents and capital to the improvement of its mechanism, is a matter of such difficulty as to fill 'the Directors and head engineer' with 'anxiety,' and to require even their 'personal attendance 'early and late!'

The Directors complain that having Mr Earle's letter, now published by them, before us, when writing our former article, we did not use the information it conveyed. We trust that we have removed this ground of complaint; but we think it right at the same time to state, that we were aware that Mr Earle was

received and delivered at the extremities of the line. In the latter department the engineer can have little interest, and therefore naturally exercises little or no influence; but we are enabled to state, that in the former department the power and patronage of the engineer is predominant. Nearly all the men, especially of the superior class, are his nominees, and look up to him, and not to the Company, as their master; and on all occasions they naturally seek to give honour to any work proceeding from him. His patronage is dominant precisely in the department from which it should be rigorously excluded, and is limited in the department in which its exercise would be innoxious. So far as our statements imputed to the engineer the exercise of patronage in departments of the concern distinct from the management of the road and the locomotive power, we willingly give the Directors the benefit of the retractation.

the friend of the Company's engineer, and one of the leading, if not the chief supporter of the system which we felt it our duty to censure.—Without, therefore, the most distant desire to impute any intentional departure from truth to Mr Earle, of whose respectability we are well aware, we must take leave to say that he was not exactly the person from whom we should have expected satisfactory information on the subject of our enquiry. Being thus indisposed to use his evidence in favour of the existing system, we abstained from availing ourselves of his admissions against it. The publication of his letter by the Directors has, however, released us from this restraint.

One of the allegations combated by the Directors is the following:—We stated that it was *said* that the engine men of the Company, or those under them, screwed down or overloaded the safety-valve of one of Mr Stephenson's engines, with a view to give it unfair advantage when compared with others. In the same spirit which prevails throughout the Answer, the Directors designate this as 'a charge' made by us against them. They admit the fact of overloading the valve, but they deny that it took place on any trial of comparative merit; and state that it was committed by an individual belonging to the factory of Messrs Stephenson and Co., and not in the regular service of the Railway Company. We have been desirous to obtain a correct statement of the particulars of this affair; but have encountered some difficulties, produced by the publication of the pamphlet of the Directors. We have reason to believe, however, that the following account is in its principal features correct. If we were disposed to make allegations on the evidence of parties hostile to the establishment, we should find no want of them; but we have invariably rejected every unfavourable statement which has been offered to us, except where it came from parties having a direct interest in the concern.

Mr Bury, an engine-maker of Liverpool, built an engine, called the Liverpool, capable, as he professed, and as seemed to be proved in practice, of drawing loads nearly double those then drawn by Stephenson's engines. Some time previous to this, however, it had been thought by Mr Stephenson that the loads attached to his engines were too great; and a rule was laid down that the loads should thenceforward be limited to eight waggons. After Bury's engine had been for some time carrying the large loads, it was determined fairly to ascertain whether Mr Stephenson's engines could equal or exceed this performance. The rule against heavy loads was on this occasion suspended; and a particular engine of Stephenson's was ordered to be prepared at an

appointed hour : two Directors attended the trial ; but when the engine was enquired for, it was found that a different one, also Stephenson's, had been prepared instead of that which was ordered. The experiment, however, proceeded, and the result was triumphantly favourable to Stephenson's principle. Soon after the experiment, it was discovered that the safety-valve had been overloaded.

It will be perceived that although no engine was run against Stephenson's on this occasion, so as to give the trial the appearance of a race, still there was a real and virtual competition, and the result of the experiment was supposed, and avowedly intended from the beginning, to be compared with the performance of Bury's engine. That the journey was one of trial and experiment, and not an ordinary trip for the transport of goods, is demonstrated by three circumstances ; first, the formal attendance of two Directors ; second, the special appointment of a particular engine at a particular time ; third, the load drawn being 16 waggons, notwithstanding an existing rule of the board, that no engine should be loaded above 8 waggons. The man who screwed down the valve, not only escaped, as we are informed, all expression of reprobation on the part of the Directors, but returned to the service of his employer, the railway engineer, and to another office in the engine department of the railway establishment, which he retains to the present hour. We are also assured that the same person, with like impunity, interfered in an improper manner in the selection of coke for one of the engines, on a like occasion of a trial of strength between two engines.

We have reason to believe that the above account of this transaction is substantially correct, and we shall be glad to learn that the Directors can reconcile it with their statement. In all such cases it is surely proper that the offender should be punished ; but if the Directors would proceed effectually to cure the evil with which the establishment is afflicted, they must attack its *cause*. The locomotive power must be worked and directed by men who feel neither gratitude for past, nor hope for future, favours from any of the competitors on the road. They must have no ' kind patron ' amongst them. They must feel that they have no interest separate from those of their masters ; that their masters and patrons are the Directors, and them alone ; and that the success of every experiment made for the improvement of the establishment, whoever may be the experimenter, is a triumph in which they as members of that establishment participate. They will then cease to have a motive to the commission of those acts of mischief in which there appears reason to believe they have sometimes indulged. Then

and not till then, reports of unfair proceedings will cease to circulate, because they will cease to find believers. To this wholesome state must the establishment come, ere its great capabilities can be developed by the unrestricted application of the capital and unparalleled mechanical skill of this country.

In conclusion, we must explicitly disavow any intention to reflect on the conduct and qualifications of the Company's engineer. In the respect which is generally entertained for the talents of Mr Stephenson, sen., we participate; and we trust, that the account which we have given in the former article of the progressive improvement of railway locomotives under the auspices of Mr Stephenson, jun., sufficiently attests the high estimation in which we hold the genius of that engineer. We repeat, that to the improvements effected by the latter gentleman, in the mechanism of locomotives, is mainly due the success of the Liverpool Railway. At the same time, we are bound to declare, that the perusal of the Answer published by the Directors, has confirmed us in the conviction, that the progress of the undertaking has been shackled and retarded by the causes which we assigned,—causes which competent witnesses declare to be 'such as to excite in the public very general disgust, and 'such as no honest public writer can speak of otherwise than in 'terms of strong condemnation.'

The situation in which the engineers have been placed is not of their own seeking, but one into which they have been forced by circumstances which should have been controlled by the Directors. We therefore repeat, that, while every praise is due to the engineers for what they have effected, as well on the road itself, as in the machinery which works upon it, no part of the blame arising from the defects in the system pointed out by us attaches to them: the fault lies with those who allowed to spring up in the bosom of the establishment that 'predominant 'faction' mentioned by Mr Earle, whose strength he speaks of as having outgrown the power of the Board of Directors to control. That 'faction' must be suppressed, or it may ultimately be the means of destroying the concern in which it has been engendered.

In as far as we are concerned, this discussion must here close: we have devoted to it fully as much space as its public interest demands. If we have been obliged to state what may not be agreeable to the Directors, we are sorry for it; but they forced us to return to the subject, and must not blame us for the result.

Having dismissed this unpleasant matter, we gladly avail ourselves of the present occasion to notice the continued success of the Railway Company. Notwithstanding the injurious

effects of the prevalent epidemic, which affected the revenue of the Railway more perhaps than that of any other establishment, the Directors have been enabled to declare a dividend out of the profits of the half year ending 31st December last, of L.4, 4s. per L.100 share. During the quarter ending 30th September last, when the cholera prevailed at Dublin and Liverpool, the falling off in the receipts from passengers, compared with the corresponding quarter in the preceding year, amounted to L.15,000. The receipts for the transport of merchandise and coals have, however, increased. In the latter half of 1831, the receipts for merchandise amounted to L.30,764, and for coals to L.695. In the latter half of 1832, the receipts for merchandise amounted to L.34,977, and for coals, to L.2804. The increased revenue from the transport of coals is very remarkable; the receipts having in a single year quadrupled their amount.

The expenses of locomotive power still continue unabated. On this the Directors state that

‘ They will freely confess that in this branch of their expenditure they have met with unexpected discouragement, and with difficulties, which they have not yet been able to overcome. The principal items of excessive expenditure in this department, have arisen from the frequent renewal of the tubes and fireplaces, which in most of the engines have been found to burn very rapidly away. To this general result, however, there have been some exceptions; for the Company have engines which have run between twenty and thirty thousand miles, with very inconsiderable repairs, either to the fireplaces or tubes. In mechanical operations, what *has been* effected, *may be* effected; the Directors, therefore, feel confident, that the difficulty is not insurmountable. Their attention is unceasingly turned to the subject—they are making experiments on the material of the tubes and of the fireplaces, (with reference to the heat to which they are exposed,) and on the circulation of the water in different portions of the boiler. They earnestly invite the attention of scientific men to the subject; and they assure the proprietors that they are resolved not to desist from their efforts till they have accomplished their object.’

The Directors notice, for the purpose of contradicting it, an absurd allegation which obtained some credit, that they were about to abandon steam power, and to return to horses!

Their Report also contradicts and refutes a charge which had been advanced, that the dividends were made, not from the *profits*, but from the *capital* of the Company. It is almost impossible to suppose that the propagators of this calumny were not aware of its falsehood. A reference to the half-yearly printed statements would at once have made that falsehood apparent.

It has been said, however, with more appearance of truth, that in the anxiety of the Directors to make large dividends, they

have neglected to reserve any part of their profits to form a fund for replacing that portion of their works which, being subject to slow but certain wear, must in the course of time be reconstructed. The permanency of profit to every shareholder is as important as its magnitude; and large present dividends would afford but a weak apology for a call for additional capital at a future period. Although it seems probable that the improvements which must take place in the locomotive power will so far reduce the expenses as to enable the Company, at a future time, to set apart such a reserved fund, without lowering the amount of their dividends, still we do not see that any good reason can be given why such a contingency, however likely, should be waited for.*

ART. IV. *Journal of Voyages and Travels by the Rev. DANIEL TYERMAN, and GEORGE BENNET, Esq., deputed from the London Missionary Society, to visit their various Stations in the South Sea Islands, China, India, &c. between the years 1821 and 1829. Compiled from the Original Documents by JAMES MONTGOMERY. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1831.*

THESE are very interesting volumes. Considered merely as a 'Journal of Voyages and Travels,' they are well worthy the attention of those whose imaginations are delighted with pictures of other lands; but they may fairly lay claim to a higher character. They relate some very remarkable phenomena in the history and condition of rude nations, and give a more striking view of the existing state of the Heathen world, and of its dawning day of civilisation, science, and religion, than has been furnished from any other quarter.

The work is substantially the Report of a deputation, sent by the London Missionary Society to ascertain the state of their missions throughout the world. The members of it were the Reverend Daniel Tyerman, a clergyman, previously residing in the Isle of Wight, and Mr George Bennet, a gentleman of Sheffield. The constitution of this Society is peculiarly

* The last dividend has only left a balance of L.693 to be carried to the next half-yearly account. Indeed, this dividend, strictly speaking, exceeded the half year's profits; a part of it being made from the balance of L.1538, which remained over and above the preceding dividend.

Catholic—it has no restrictions—it gives itself no distinctive name—it professes to combine all denominations of Christians in the great work of imparting Christianity to the Heathen world. These gentlemen, who appear to have carried the liberal spirit of their Society into all their dealings with the missionaries of other associations, were its voluntary and gratuitous agents. They left England in May, 1821; and the survivor (for Mr Tyerman did not live to revisit his native land) returned in June, 1829. They were thus absent eight years, during which period they circumnavigated the globe, and examined the state of the Missions in the South Sea Islands, the Islands of British India, the Mauritius, Madagascar, and South Africa.

The first volume, and several chapters of the second, consist of their observations in the Islands of the South Sea—a portion of the globe peculiarly interesting at present, as offering to our view some of the most remarkable moral improvements that the world has seen since the early diffusion of Christianity. At Tahiti, where they arrived and landed on the 25th of September, 1821, they were received by two missionaries, Messrs Nott and Wilson. Pomare, the king, was absent when they arrived; but they heard many interesting particulars of this ruler,—in some respects as remarkably emancipated from the habits of savage life, as in others he was still their slave. We shall extract a few passages illustrative of his character, and progress in improvement.

—‘Near a large shed there was a smaller dwelling, the walls of which were framed of slight bamboos fixed perpendicularly in the ground; and there was a door at each end. When the king is here, it is in this small place of retirement that Mr Nott and he meet for the purpose of translating parts of the Scriptures; and here, from day to day, have they often been employed, in settling the text and copying out the completed portions, from morning till night. The king is remarkably fond of writing; he was the first who learned the art, and is, probably, the greatest proficient in it among all his countrymen: when he writes, he lies down on the floor, with a support for his chest, and a desk before him.’—I. 62.

‘Mr Nott, among other curiosities, showed us a manuscript copy of the translated Gospel of St Luke, executed by King Pomare in a very neat, small hand. It was from this copy that the first edition of that Evangelist was printed. Mr Nott stated that he had been greatly aided by Pomare in making that version; the king being better acquainted with the Tahitian language, and its capabilities, than most of his subjects. This is probably an unparalleled instance of a prince—and that no mean one, for he had the power of life and death, and his will was law in all cases throughout his dominions—devoting time and talents to the slow and painful labour of translating the Scriptures,

and copying out the work for the press with his own hand, that he might be the means of bestowing them upon his people.'—I. 66.

Not content with being the greatest scholar and finest copyist among his subjects, Pomare was also their schoolmaster.

'He has sometimes twenty and more of his chiefs sitting around him, reading aloud by turns. Of these he has himself taught several to read, and he delights to improve others. He learned to read in the year 1802, and began to write about the same time. He may be said in a great measure to have taught himself both these accomplishments, which were never acquired by a South Sea Islander before. He engaged the missionaries to furnish him with lessons, consisting of syllables, words, sentences, and paragraphs, in gradation, upon slips of paper: these he took with him when travelling from place to place, and copied at his leisure, with unwearying diligence and application; thus reading and writing at the same time, and giving his instructors very little trouble.'—I. 79.

What a pity that such a man should be unable to resist the temptation of a glass of gin! Such, however, was the case. Pomare was sufficiently enlightened to perceive the bad consequences of indulging in ardent spirits. He forbade their use, and had even the resolution to destroy all the stills in the island, and to prohibit the manufacture, though his subjects have ample materials both in the sugar-cane and the tea plant, and are well acquainted with the art of distilling; and yet, when temptation was thrown in his own way by foreign ships, he yielded to it in spite of his better judgment, and is said to have fallen a victim at last to intemperance. He was, nevertheless, a man of strong understanding. When he ultimately attained to a conviction of the truth and utility of the doctrines and improvements taught and recommended by the missionaries, his measures were decisive. A great part of the religion of these islands consisted in absurd restrictions on certain articles of food, which were considered sacred, and not allowed to be touched till presented to the idol. Among these were turtles. On a certain occasion, a turtle being caught, Pomare declared, to the horror of his attendants, that it should be dressed for him without the previous ceremony of offering a part to the god. When the banquet was prepared, no one but himself had the hardihood to taste of it. The chiefs sat looking at him, momentarily expecting to see divine vengeance overtake the sacrilegious prince. By this experiment Pomare was confirmed in his previous suspicions of the impotence of his native deities; and he immediately declared that he no longer believed in any but the God of the missionaries. He left all, however, at liberty to follow his example or not as they pleased; but the newly

discovered truth spread rapidly among his subjects, and the ancient divinities were everywhere dethroned. Several curious anecdotes relative to this era are related by our travellers. Tati, one of Pomare's principal chiefs, described to Mr Bennet his feelings at the time when he began to suspect that the former objects of terror were mere blocks of wood, whilst yet he could not divest himself altogether of the reverence he had been accustomed to pay them. Being desired by Pomare to chop some of the gods to pieces, he proceeded with a trembling hand, half expecting at the first blow to see the insulted spirit start up to avenge himself. On another occasion, some of the people being about to make a bonfire of Oro, the god of war, and his wooden attendants, they thought that it would be most prudent to commence by firing into the temple, and challenging the gods to come forth to battle. Emboldened by the silence of the blocks, they at length proceeded to burn them and their temples together.

The more we hear of the former condition of these islanders, the more wonderful appears the contrast presented by their improved state :—

‘ In their pagan state, like all uncivilized tribes, they were excessively revengeful, and would pursue or watch the object of their enmity from place to place, and from shore to shore, for many years, if an earlier opportunity occurred not to gratify their cruel rage. On such occasions, when they have at length slain their victim, the murderer has been known to pound the body to pulp with large stones, and then, spreading it to the sun till it was dried like leather, he would cut a hole in the middle, through which to thrust his head, and wear it as a tibuta, the arms dangling down in front, and the legs behind, till it was worn out, and fell in pieces from his back.’—‘ A king of Tahiti has been known to take the living children of those whom he had slain in battle, make holes through their heads at the juncture of the neck, and passing a cord of cinet through the wounds, drag the little innocents, shrieking and struggling, along the beach, till they expired in agonies ; the savage conqueror meanwhile remorselessly rejoicing in his trophies like a fiend incarnate.’ (I. 77.)—‘ One of the monstrous practices of these islanders, before they embraced the gospel, was to bury their friends alive, when, from their infirmities, they became burdensome to the young and the vigorous. They would dig a hole in the sand on the sea-beach ; then, under pretence of taking their aged or sick relative to bathe, they would bear him on a litter to the spot, and tumble him into the grave which had been prepared, instantly heaping stones and earth upon him, and trampling the whole down with their feet, till whether they left him dead or alive was of little moment, as it was impossible for him to rise again. In other cases, the unnatural kindred would rush into the invalid's house at once, from opposite ends,

and make their spears meet in his body. Then they would coolly share the spoil of his little property, and depart without any other reflection except that they had rid themselves of a nuisance, and perhaps gained a paltry article of dress or furniture as the price of blood.'—I. 328.

Infanticide was a common practice among them. This was touchingly referred to by one of the natives at a meeting, or conversation, at which Messrs Bennet and Tyerman were present:—'A man, who was sitting among the rest upon the floor, suddenly cried out, in great agitation of spirit, "What shall I do? I have continually before my eyes the likenesses of my children whom I killed in their infancy when I was a heathen. Wherever I go they meet me; and I seem to see them as plainly as I did when I took them from my wife's arms, immediately after they were born, and destroyed them. I know not what to do!"'

With such pictures before us, it is truly delightful to learn 'that industry, civilisation, and good morals, are entirely transforming their character, habits, pleasures, and occupations.' (I. 302.) We hear now of their neat houses, their flourishing fields and gardens, their industry and ingenuity, and the generally pleasing aspect of all things. They seem wonderfully impressed themselves with the contrast; comparing their present with their former state, to peace after war—to an abundant fruit harvest after famine and drought—to refreshing sleep after days of toil and distress. They, however, have not yet lost the simplicity of their native character, and some of the anecdotes here recorded of them are highly amusing. The first nail ever seen in Tahiti was considered a treasure of rare value, and lent out by its possessor for hire, to make holes in the planks of canoes. Another lucky fellow got hold of a nail, and being of a provident disposition, he thought to gain more in the end by propagating the species of so valuable an exotic, than by lending it out. He accordingly planted the nail, and waited long for the blade and the fruit of his seed. This man was living when our travellers were in the islands, and had not, they say, heard the last of his sagacious speculation.

Not content with the advances they have themselves made in civilisation and religion, these islanders have already begun to assist in spreading their knowledge among their less fortunate neighbours. We have an interesting account of their proceedings when an opportunity offered, by Captain Kent's ship, of sending some of their own number to instruct the inhabitants of the Marquesan islands, who are represented as the most ferocious savages in these seas. A day was fixed for

holding a meeting, to choose two natives to carry the truths of Christianity to these savages. About 1200 persons were assembled on this occasion. After several short addresses by the Missionaries,

‘Auna, a principal chief, formerly a leader among the Areois, and a priest of Hiro, the god of thieves, stood up in the midst of the meeting. His lofty stature and commanding presence, his countenance beaming with benignity and intelligence, filled every bosom with emotions of awe, delight, and expectation. He looked round with an air of unaccustomed anxiety and embarrassment, and at first—perhaps for the first time in his life—hesitated in the utterance of his sentiments on a public occasion. At length, with a noble modesty, he began, “*Mea maitai teie*—It is a good thing that some of us should go from Huahine to carry Christianity to those people who are yet in the same ignorance, wickedness, and misery, as we ourselves were but a few years ago. It is our duty, then, to take to the Marquesas that [*parau maitai nate atua*] good word of God which has been sent to us from [*Beretane*] Britain by the hands of Missionaries, and which has been made so great a blessing to us. I have, therefore, [*parau ita*], a little speech to make to the meeting, which is this,—if I and my wife might be so favoured as to be sent on this errand to the heathen at the Marquesas—but perhaps we are not worthy—yet, if we could be thought suitable for this great and good work, both my wife and I would be very happy.”

‘When he had thus spoken, he sat down, with the most affecting humility waiting for the decision of the assembly. Hautia, the president, immediately rose, and said, “Auna is the man to go!” Others exclaimed, “Auna is the man!” A chief then stood up, and observed, that he also had a little speech on the subject, which was, that Auna was not only the man to go, because he could himself both teach many things, and set the example of all he taught, but because Auna was “a two-handed man:” he had a good wife, Auna Vahine, who would help her husband in every work, and would also teach the women to read and to pray, to clothe themselves decently, to make their own dresses, manage their families, and bring up their children in the right way. This being universally assented to, Auna and his wife were appointed, as it were, by acclamation.’—I. 353.

Another chief then offered himself in a similar manner, and was accepted. This took place on the 21st February, and on the 25th they sailed. The scheme formed in favour of the Marquesans was, however, altered by circumstances which occurred during the voyage; and a different field of labour proved the allotment of the native envoys. In consequence of contrary winds, the first land they made was one of the Sandwich Islands. The party landed at Hawaii, the same island formerly known under the name of Owyhee. We are here introduced to a state of society very different from any before described. The Sandwich Islands had been a frequent resort of European

ships ever since the melancholy event which terminated the career of the great circumnavigator. It is singular, by the way, that the natives should afterwards have regarded Captain Cook as a divinity, and worshipped his skeleton in one of their temples. Doubtless this frequent intercourse with Europeans, and the influence of a Mr Young, who, in 1822, had resided thirty-six years in the island, produced some effect on their minds; but we are not informed as to the immediate causes which led to the extraordinary step taken in 1819 by the young King Riho Riho, or more properly Tamehameha II. At a great feast given by him in memory of his father, he suddenly started up, rushed to the women's table, and began to eat with a fury and trepidation that showed he was doing violence to his feelings. To eat with his wives was as great a sacrilege as he could have committed; and all the people cried out with one voice, 'The tabu is broken! The eating tabu is broken!' This experiment loosened the keystone of the fabric of idolatry, and it fell at once. In a short period the whole nation abjured their gods; the temples were destroyed, and the images burnt. All this was accomplished before any missionary approached them. They had cast away their old religion, but as yet had substituted no other. At this very time the American missionaries were on their way to them. When, however, they did arrive, there appears to have been no particular readiness on the part of the natives to listen to their instructions. Indeed, from the account of our travellers, it appears that their escape from the superstitions of their ancestors amounted to no more than this, that he who formerly worshipped an idol, now worshipped *nothing*. Some improvement in morals, however, was even then perceptible, and has since much increased. The visit of our travellers proved an important occurrence for these Islands. 'It was proposed by one of the company to *tabu* our missionary companion, Mr Ellis, and thus prevent him from returning to the southern islands. We told them that if they did so they must also *tabu* Mr Ellis's wife and children, from whom he would not choose to be separated, nor they like to lose him. "Oh!" said they, "we will send a ship to Huahine, and fetch them hither."' (I. 381.) After much discussion and consideration, the plan thus proposed was adjusted. Mr Ellis and the Tahitians were accordingly settled in Hawaii, with the consent of Riho Riho, and the cordial welcome of the American missionaries.

Various anecdotes are related of this ruler, whose dawning sense of the advantages offered to him and to his nation was grievously obscured by his habits of intoxication.

'June 20. On the last Sabbath, when we sent to inform the king that divine service was about to be held, at which we should be glad to see him present, his majesty returned for answer, that he was *pupuka*, that is, *bad*; being engaged in drinking rum, which he knew to be very wrong. To-day we learn that he has emerged from his long fit of drunkenness. He has, moreover, commanded all his five wives to learn to read and write.'—I. 468.

Shortly after, he began himself; and is described as assiduously preparing his lessons with his queens and attendants. Their example was eagerly followed. The journal says, under date of August 9th,—

'The eagerness for instruction is so great that all the little boys in the school are, daily, during their play-hours, in requisition as masters. Three chiefs, men of magnificent stature and lofty bearing, came early this morning to obtain a *kumu*, or teacher. They could engage none but a child, six years of age, lisping over its spelling-book. Finding, however, that he could tell his letters, and repeat his *ba*, *be*, *bi*, *bo*, *bu*, one of them caught him up by the arm, mounted the little fellow upon his own broad shoulder, and carried him off in triumph, exclaiming, "This shall be my *kumu*!" The lads, themselves, take great delight in reciting their simple lessons to the older folks, and helping their fathers and mothers to say their A, B, C.'—I. 474.

Our readers will scarcely recognise in the above-mentioned royal learner of the alphabet, the sovereign who was afterwards received as a guest by the King of England, and whose untimely death, together with that of his young Queen, took place in London in July 1824.

Riho Riho's brother succeeded him in the sovereignty, which, however, he appears to share in some degree with his sister, who is described as a superior young woman, having been brought up under the care of the Missionaries, and now entirely accustomed to the habits of civilized life. In Mr Stewart's Voyage to these Islands in 1830, there is a very interesting account of the brother and sister, and of their nation. His intimate acquaintance with the Islands acquired during a former residence, enabled him to form an accurate judgment of the progress they had made; and he details the changes which everywhere met his observation with an eager interest and lively joy which we may suppose to have added somewhat, though unconsciously, to the vivid colouring of his descriptions. We shall extract one passage, which describes some of the *external* changes which he observed.

'The whole of the inside,' says he, speaking of the young King's palace, 'from the floor to the peak of the roof, a height of at least forty feet—is covered with a sort of wainscoting of a rich chestnut colour, made of the stems of a small mountain vine, tied horizontally

together as closely as possible. It has the effect of being all in one piece, and imparts an air of richness to the room, not dissimilar to that of the tapestry and arras of more polished audience-chambers. The floor also is a novelty and an experiment here; consisting, in place of the ground strewn with rushes or grass, as a foundation for the mats, as was formerly the case, of a pavement of stone and mortar, spread with a cement of lime, having all the smoothness and hardness of marble. Upon this, beautifully variegated mats were spread, forming a carpet as delightful and appropriate to the climate, as could have been selected. Large windows at either side, and the folding doors of glass at each end, are hung with draperies of crimson damask; besides which, and the mats on the floors, the furniture consists of handsome pier tables, and large mirrors; of a line of glass chandeliers suspended through the centre, with lustres and candelabra of bronze, affixed to the pillars lining the sides and ends of the apartment; and of portraits in oil of the late King and Queen, taken in London, placed at the upper end in rich frames.'—STEWART'S *Voyage*.

Our travellers, on leaving the Sandwich Islands, intended to return direct to Huahine; but meeting with unfavourable weather, they were driven out of their course. Their readers will not fail to congratulate themselves on these untoward circumstances; for to them they are indebted for a very interesting account of the Island Rurutu. It presents a satisfactory example of the beneficial changes effected by Christianity and education.

'*Sep. 30.* At daybreak we plainly distinguished an island, about seven miles in length, of which we had caught an imperfect view yesterday evening. It reminded us so much of the lovely spots with which our eyes had been formerly familiarized in the South Pacific, that, after an absence of six months in the North, we felt as though we were coming home. A high central peak, with lower eminences sloping towards the shore, and intervening valleys, through which ran fertilizing streams, supplied, in part, from mountain-cascades—these, with the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, at once reminded us of Tahiti, Huahine, Raiatea, and others, and made us long to be acquainted with this younger sister, as she seemed, dwelling alone amidst the solitary sea, and at so great a distance from "the family circles," if so we may call the windward and the leeward groups. We did not yet know the name of this island, but stood into the bay before us, which forms the arc of a circle, receding about a mile from the open main, and three miles' span from point to point across. At the head of this bay we were surprised to see several neat-looking white houses, built in the English fashion, as used in the Christianized islands, and on an elevation a staff, with a white flag flying upon it, as a signal that we were desired and invited to land.

'Our boats were in such crazy condition that neither of them were fit to lower upon the water, and it was some time before a canoe of any kind came off to us from the shore. We began, therefore, to fear

that we should neither obtain wood nor water ; of both of which we were in such need that we had not enough of either left to dress the dinner of the day. Our joy was proportionately great when we perceived a man coming towards us, paddling himself in an exceedingly small vessel, which proved to be nothing more than a poi-dish, about seven feet long and thirty inches wide. In this platter he buffeted the waves and dashed through the spray upon the reef, which kept him employed, with one hand, continually, baling out the water.'—I. 492.

This man told them that the name of the island was Rurutu, and that the king had sent him to enquire who the strangers were, and whither they were bound. He was delighted to find there were natives of Huahine on board, and paddled joyfully back with the good tidings. After a time the voyagers ventured to land :—

' Nearly the whole population were standing on the beach to receive us, which they did with affectionate joy, as though we had been friends and brethren returning home, after long absence, rather than strangers and visitors from a far country. The king advanced to meet us. To him we were introduced by Mr Ellis, who spoke the language, and well knew the history of his little kingdom. He is a young man, about eighteen years of age, very light-coloured, and of remarkably mild aspect and graceful demeanour. His consort also appears exceedingly amiable and modest. Their infant son may be compared with most European children in whiteness and delicacy of complexion. His majesty's name is Teuruarui ; he was accompanied by a tall chief, called Anura, his friend and guardian, a dignified and agreeable personage. Two native teachers, from Raiatea, who had been sent hither eighteen months ago, were delighted to see and welcome Mr Ellis, whom they knew.'—I. 494.

They proceeded to view the chapel, one part of which was peculiarly worthy of notice, as presenting, in the words of the narrative, ' a simple and signal trophy ' of the beneficial change that had taken place.

' These were the spears, not indeed " beaten into pruning-hooks," but converted into staves to support the balustrade of the pulpit-staircase ! for the people here have cast away their instruments of cruelty with their idols.'—I. 495.

' The principal village is situated at the head of the bay, consisting of the chapel afore-mentioned, and from sixty to seventy houses, scattered at pleasant distances among the trees. These are pretty oval structures, built on platforms of broad stones. The materials are timber and bamboos, very ingeniously put together, rounded at either end, having roofs which present the cove of a Gothic arched ceiling within. They are often fancifully ornamented, both externally and internally ; the people of this little island being distinguished, above all others in these seas, for their taste and skill in finery of every kind, from the feathered helmets of their warriors to the carving on their canoes.'

The population, at the time of this visit, amounted only to 314, though, it is said, that a few years before it had exceeded six thousand; but the island was afflicted with pestilence, ague, and fever, which swept away multitudes annually. This pestilence was the cause of a series of events, which ultimately issued in their present improved condition. During the raging of the pestilence, Auura, the chief above mentioned, was haunted by a desire which he could not repress, to leave his own isle, in quest of some other, where he might *hear of something good*. Accordingly, having prevailed on his wife and some others to accompany him, they set sail in a double canoe. After a voyage of several days they landed at Tubuai, an island about 100 miles distant from their own. Here they remained some time, and at length re-embarked to return to their own land; intending to persuade their countrymen to emigrate to this more healthy island. They were driven by a tempest out of their track; and for weeks were drifted about,—sometimes rowing in one direction, sometimes in another, and more often yielding entirely to the impulses of the waves and currents. When nearly exhausted, and without food or water, they were drifted towards the island of Raiatea. The natives instantly put off to their assistance; and they were received with all the kindness and hospitality which their destitute circumstances required. Their astonishment was excited by the novel order of things which they beheld. The mind of Auura seems to have been strongly impressed by the spectacle. The Raiateans immediately began to instruct their guests in the new arts which they themselves had acquired. So diligent was Auura, that in the short time he remained there, he learned to read and write. He was unwilling, however, to return to Rurutu, without the assistance of others more competent to instruct and civilize his countrymen than himself.

‘The brig *Hope*, Captain Grimes, from London, touched at Raiatea on July the 3d. We mentioned to the Captain our wish to get these poor people to their own island: He, with a readiness which does him the highest credit, offered immediately to touch at their island, and to take our boat in tow, that we might have an opportunity, should our boat return from this, to us, unknown land, to open a communication with the natives. We sent for Auura, the chief, and his wife, who were highly delighted with the prospect of returning, but he raised an objection to going to his land of darkness, unless he had some one with him to instruct him and his people. We were rather at a loss how to act; however, we immediately called the deacons, informed them of the circumstance, and desired them to enquire who would volunteer their services to go as teachers to these poor people.’—I. 501.

Two natives immediately offered their services. 'They were,' say the Missionaries, 'the very two we should have chosen, though we could ill spare them.' Their names were Puna and Mahamene. The time pressed—the new Missionaries had but the night to prepare themselves, as the brig was to sail early in the morning. 'Every member of the church brought something as a testimonial of his affection; one brought a razor, another a knife, another a roll of cloth, another a few nails; some one little thing and some another: we gave them all the elementary books we could spare, with a few copies of the Tahitian Gospel of Matthew. Thus we equipped them for this interesting little mission as well as our circumstances would allow.'—I. 502.

Captain Grimes took a boat in tow, according to his promise, in order to bring back intelligence to Raiatea. In little more than a month the Raiateans had the pleasure of seeing their boat return laden with the discarded idols of Rurutu! It also brought letters to Messrs Threlkeld and Williams from Auura, and from the native envoys.

'On the 8th July, a meeting of the chiefs and king was held, when Auura spoke thus: "Friends! this is my desire, and therefore am I come back to this land. This is my desire, let the Evil Spirit be this instant cast into the fire. Is it agreeable to you, king and chiefs?—shall we burn the Evil Spirit even now? shall we overthrow his kingdom? Let the government of these little lands become Jehovah's, and his alone, then my heart will rejoice through you. Behold! you thought I had been eaten up, in the depths of the sea, by the Evil Spirit; but, behold! I am not destroyed by him. Will it please you that we should all assemble together, at one place, and all eat together?"

'The king and chiefs answered thus: "It will entirely please us; * We are glad because of your saying, Burn the wild spirits in the fire."'

The king and chiefs having agreed to this proposal, and professed their readiness to listen to the new principles of Auura and his friends, he proceeded thus:—

'"I have one word more to say to you—These two men [the teachers] are chosen by the church at Raiatea. God caused the thought to grow in the hearts of the Missionaries, and, behold, they have sent them to teach us to read; because of their great love to us, these two are sent. The Raiateans think our land is a barbarous land; therefore do not ill use these men, but behave with the greatest kindness to them, and then it will be well."

'The king and chiefs answered—"It is quite agreeable to us."—I. 507.

The next day they put the truth of Auura's statement to the test, by all eating together, and of sacred food. The priests

predicted the death of any woman who should eat forbidden food, and it was agreed, that if this judgment should come to pass, they would adhere to the old system. The experiment being successful, they instantly proceeded to demolish the temples—a work which was effected that day. The results we have previously seen; and the latest accounts speak of the island of Rurutu as advancing in the course of civil and moral improvement.

We must pass over the remaining visits of our travellers in the South Sea Islands, though they are of the same interesting character. We must not, however, omit to notice the proceedings in the 'Parliament,' which was held in February, 1824, in the Windward Isles, for the purpose of settling a code of laws. The session of this Parliament lasted eight days. The draught of a code had, at their express desire, been prepared by Mr Nott. It consisted of about forty articles, and was now to be discussed. A short specimen of one of the debates is here given. It was on the question whether murder should be punished by death or banishment? After the principal chiefs had spoken,

'One of the *taatu rii*, or little men, a commoner, or representative of a district, presented himself, and was listened to with as much attention as had been given to the lordly personages who preceded him. He said: "As no one else stands up, I will make my little speech, because several pleasant thoughts have been growing in my breast and I wish you to hear them. Perhaps every thing good and necessary has been said already by the chiefs; yet, as we are not met to adopt this law or that law, because one great man or another recommends it, but as we, the *taatu rii*, just the same as the chiefs, are to throw all our thoughts together, that out of the whole heap the meeting may make those to stand upright which are best, whencesoever they come—this is my thought. All that Pati said was good; but he did not mention that one reason for punishing (as a Missionary told us, when he was reading the law to us, in private) is, to make the offender good again if possible. Now, if we kill a murderer, how can we make him better? But if he be sent to a desolate island, where he is all solitary, and compelled to think for himself, it may please God to make the bad things in his heart to die, and good things to grow there. But, if we kill him, where will his soul go?"'

Our voyagers reached New Zealand on the 15th of July. Here they had a narrow escape. The savage natives were unwarily allowed to come on board in such numbers, that on some accidental provocation, they seized, and were preparing to murder and devour the crew; and it was only by the seasonable arrival of a chief named George, that they were rescued from the impending danger. This was the same chief who, about

fifteen years before, had, with his followers, captured the ship Boyd, and murdered and devoured eighty-eight of her crew ! Now it pleased him to act the Deliverer, and he remained on board, in order to protect the ship during her continuance on the station.

They next sailed to New Holland, and we are here introduced again to a totally new state of society. The aborigines are a peculiarly degraded race, much inferior to their neighbours of New Zealand—having no settled abodes, no herds or flocks, no gardens or fields, but living on the spontaneous productions of the ground, and on such animals, birds, and insects as they can catch.

The visits of our voyagers to Java, Singapore, Canton, and Malacca, are replete with interesting matter ; but we cannot afford space to enlarge upon them. We shall close this article with some notice of their account of Madagascar ; part of which is extracted from a MS. journal of Mr Hastie, at one time British Resident at the Court of Radama, the sovereign. Mr Hastie was sent to Madagascar, to negotiate the abolition of the slave trade ; he afterwards remained with Radama as British Resident, gradually acquired his confidence, accompanied him in his journeys, and became one of his principal advisers. With such opportunities, it is much to be regretted that Mr Hastie has not given us a complete and detailed history of this remarkable person, and of the changes he effected in his kingdom. Radama faithfully executed the treaties into which he had entered with the British government, for the suppression of slave trading. ‘ He everywhere,’ says Mr Hastie, ‘ denounced the slave trade most firmly, both in exports and imports, and punished either with death.’ His power was absolute, and we have several instances of its cruel exercise, though at times his better feelings prevailed, and he could show a politic clemency. He was fully convinced of ‘ the benefits of British intercourse ;’—‘ attributed all he knew to the lessons he had received from the British nation and government ;’ and was the constant patron of the Missionaries. He made strict laws against theft and robbery ; and on one occasion signally upheld them, by forcing a chief, his ally, to return to a hostile chieftain every article of plunder his people had taken. He abolished the trial by ordeal, and many other cruel and useless observances of superstition ;—especially that of murdering all children born on certain unlucky days ; and was rapidly proceeding in the career of improvement, when his death suddenly took place in July, 1828.

The deputation had been met on landing by a letter of wel-

come from Radama, who provided them also with the means of travelling into the interior; and caused them to be attended by a guard of native soldiers, and to be received everywhere as his own guests. Their journey through the country was arduous; it being part of Radama's policy to make no roads. During this fatiguing journey, from which Mr Tyerman, in particular, suffered severely, they were farther dispirited by the intelligence of the alarming illness of Radama, and the probability of a bloody revolution in case of his decease. On the 21st of July, they arrived at the capital, where they were courteously received by command of Radama, who was, however, too ill to see them. A few days after he expired. And, on the 30th of July, Mr Tyerman was seized with apoplexy, and in spite of all the remedies that could be used, died almost immediately. After this afflicting loss, Mr Bennet was only anxious to leave Madagascar. He was not, however, allowed. During the period (from Sunday to Thursday) in which Radama's death was concealed, a violent political revolution was effected within the Palace: the heir presumptive, and many other persons of distinction, were killed; and finally, Ranavalano, one of the late King's wives, seated herself on the throne. Mr Bennet made several applications to this Princess for permission to depart; but her only answer was, 'I am mistress of the day when you may leave Tananarivo, and when it is come, I will tell you.' We think Mr B. is under some obligations to the arbitrary lady for giving him the opportunity of witnessing Radama's funeral, which proved to be an extraordinary display of barbaric pomp. It took place fifteen days after his death; during which interval, thousands of his subjects were employed in erecting a huge mound of earth, granite and wood, with a hollow crater at the top, in which the coffin was placed. The body meanwhile lay in state, in a palace called the Silver Palace, in which he died.

' This palace is named the Silver Palace, on account of its being ornamented, from the ground to the roof, by a profusion of large flat-headed silver nails, and plates of the same metal. The roof of this palace is so high that from the top of the wall to the ridge is as great a distance as from the foundation to the top of the wall supporting the roof.

' We found it covered from the roof to the ground with hangings of rich satins, velvets, silks, their native costly silk lambas, &c.; and all the vast roof was covered with the finest English scarlet broad cloth.

' In front of this palace had been erected a most splendid pavilion, surrounded by highly-decorated pillars, which were wrapped round with various coloured silks, satins, &c. The pavilion was ten feet

square, raised on pillars, also richly ornamented. A platform of wood was thrown over upon the pillars ; and above this platform hung, supported by one transverse pole, an immense canopy, or pall, of the richest gold brocade, with stripes of blue satin and scarlet cloth ; the whole bordered by a broad gold lace, and finished by a deep gold fringe. All the arrangements were in good taste, and formed together a most brilliant spectacle.'—II. 555.

The next day was the interment.

' At the foot of the mound had been standing most of the day the large and massy *silver coffin*, destined to receive the royal corpse ; this coffin was about eight feet long, three feet and a half deep, and the same in width ; it was formed of silver plates, strongly riveted together with nails of the same metal, all made from Spanish dollars ; *twelve thousand dollars* were employed in its construction. About six in the evening this coffin was, by the multitude, heaved up one of the steep sides of the mound to the top, and placed in the tomb or chamber. Immense quantities of treasure of various kinds were deposited in or about the coffin, belonging to his late Majesty, consisting especially of such things as during his life he most prized. *Ten thousand hard dollars* were laid in the silver coffin, for him to lie upon ; and either inside, or chiefly outside, of the coffin, were placed or cast all his rich habiliments, especially military ; there were eighty suits of very costly British uniforms, hats, and feathers ; a golden helmet, gorgets, epaulettes, sashes, gold spurs, very valuable swords, daggers, spears (two of gold), beautiful pistols, muskets, fowling-pieces, watches, rings, brooches, and trinkets ; his whole superb side-board of silver plate, and large and splendid solid gold cup, with many others presented to him by the King of England :—great quantities of costly silks, satins, fine cloths, very valuable silk lambas of Madagascar, &c.

' We were fatigued and pained by the sight of such quantities of precious things consigned to a tomb. As ten of his fine favourite bulls had been slaughtered yesterday, so six of his finest horses were speared to-day, and lay in the court-yard near the tomb ; and to-morrow six more are to be killed. When to all these extravagant expenses are added the 20,000 oxen, worth here five Spanish dollars each (which have been given to the people, and used by them for food during the preparation for, and at the funeral), the Missionaries conjecture that the expense of the funeral cannot be less than *sixty thousand pounds sterling*.'

Soon after this ceremony was concluded, Mr Bennet was ordered to accompany a body of 700 soldiers to the coast, from whence he sailed to the Mauritius, and thereafter for the Cape. In that colony he remained four months. In March 1829, he embarked for England, and, as before observed, reached his native land in June ; after having accomplished one of the most varied, interesting, and instructive expeditions, of which we have any record.

ART. V.—*Jury Trial in Scotland, Improved, by being Extended : A Letter to the Lord Chancellor.* By a Member of the Scottish Bar, 8vo. Edinburgh : 1832.

THERE is no department of law in which the people have a more immediate interest than in that of Evidence ; simply because no man can tell whether any thing that occurs, or may be supposed to occur, to him, may not come to form the subject of what might be to him a most important discussion. We can never, or at least very rarely, select the evidence of the scenes in which we are engaged, but must constantly be doing, or suffering, in circumstances, where we are dependent for truth entirely upon the accidental presence, observation, and recollection, of persons we know nothing about. Nothing can be more distressing than to find the security on which we must rely from the presence of others, and which every man in private life thinks complete, unexpectedly converted into no security at all, by some antiquated or capricious judicial rule, excluding from courts aid, viewed as conclusive, or at least extremely useful, by all practical men. We are therefore anxious to direct the attention of our readers to certain defects in this department of our law, and which are important, because they every day obstruct justice, and are inconsistent with the safety of individuals, in as far as safety depends upon judicial truth.

There are many of the rules which must prevail in any system of legal evidence, the propriety of which is to be judged of according to some technical regulation or object, and not purely from their intrinsic accordance with the general principles of human belief. Of this description is a great number of the laws which prescribe the mode in which evidence is to be authenticated, and secured, and produced, and its different species applied to different subjects. The machinery, and the adjustment of the various sorts of proof, must always, to a great extent, be arbitrary and relative. But there are other rules which depend upon more fixed and universal dictates of reason ; and which are good or bad, precisely as they coincide with, or are repugnant to, the opinions of ordinary men, in ordinary affairs. The most striking example of this is to be found in the laws which determine the admissibility and inadmissibility of witnesses, or of the questions which may be put to them. Wherever we find persons or questions held incompetent by law, which are confidently resorted to by all men in their enquiries in prac-

tical life, we may be perfectly certain that the law is wrong. It may appear to be recommended by remote considerations, beyond the reach of the vulgar; but the mere fact that the mind may possibly credit the rejected testimony,—that, in disputed cases, it always wishes to consult it, and that it is conscious of uncertainty, and of the uneasy feeling created by the suspicion, that light, which might have been valuable, is excluded,—is of itself a demonstration that that testimony ought to be admitted freely into courts of justice. Any legal system of evidence is sound or defective, exactly according to the degree in which it gives effect to these common feelings, and to this common understanding, of the world.

The ancient law of Scotland was jealous of competency. It admitted almost nobody. Exclusion was the rule; admissibility the exception. Every human creature who could be supposed to have the slightest bias in favour of the party who called him, or against the party in opposition to whom he was called, was considered as contaminated; and instead of letting the contamination be detected and cleared off under the process of examination, he was altogether rejected. Servants, tenants, and all sorts of dependents, even where the dependence was reciprocal, were rigidly debarred from giving evidence, where the person who stood in need of their testimony was connected with them in any of these relations. Women and paupers also were excluded. These exclusions are not enforced now; because the reasons which made them plausible or necessary have ceased. They were the growth of a peculiar state of society. When servants were slaves,—tenants feudal retainers,—women doubly helpless from civil degradation, and from sex;—when fidelity to clanship was stronger than devotion to truth, and the law was too weak to repress private violence,—it may have been right, because it may have been agreeable to the fact, to presume that nothing but falsehood could be expected from such persons; and, therefore, it may not have been unwise to act on the general rule, that it was needless to examine those who could never be believed. The improvement of the country has made the admissibility of such witnesses safe, because it has made them credible.

But there is another class who are still kept under the ancient ban. It consists of certain relatives. By the existing law, all persons are presumed to be incapable of speaking truth, who stand to the party who asks them to do so, in a civil cause, in the relation of *father, mother, brother, sister, son, daughter*, either by consanguinity or affinity; or of *uncle, nephew, aunt, or niece*, by consanguinity. The general rule is, that all these persons

are incompetent; and this rule is so firmly fixed in the law, that in ordinary cases, the fact of relationship is all that requires to be stated, in order to have it enforced. It has often been attempted to create an exception in favour of a witness equally related to both parties. But it is settled that this does not impair the objection. Nor is it necessary, in order to have it applied, that the proposed witness should be related to all of the parties on whose side he is called. He is absolutely excluded, if he be related to any one of them. If there be a dozen of plaintiffs, or a dozen of defendants, the whole eleven are deprived (and necessarily, so long as the objection is recognised) of the testimony of every person of whom it can be merely stated that he or she is the father, brother, son, mother, sister, daughter, uncle, nephew, aunt, or niece of the twelfth.

The introduction of a law so incompatible with the business of life, would be incomprehensible, if it were not for some circumstances, which account for it, independently of the mere barbarism of the times in which it was first established.

In the *first* place, it was not the practice, at least it was not the general practice, to examine witnesses directly and publicly before the court where the fact was to be tried. There are some glimmerings of the personal examination of witnesses before the judges, and even before juries, in very remote ages; but within the period during which our modern practice was formed, evidence was, until the year 1816, generally taken upon commission. Now, it was so taken in a country where private force was almost always powerful, morality low, and the judicial authority very weak. In this situation, it was natural for judges, who did not actually see the witnesses, to establish certain preliminary tests by which their credit was to be appreciated. Where witnesses can be examined, and confronted personally, they may be admitted with great freedom, because they are sure to be corroborated or refuted, even by themselves, according as they are right or wrong. But where this advantage was withheld from the court, and every thing was made to have nearly the same appearance, by being exhibited in the lifelessness of written depositions, it was not extraordinary that the stream, from which the impurities could not be separated afterwards, should be attempted to be kept clear from the first. Falsehood could not be detected in the end, and therefore its probability was prevented at the beginning. Hence the tendency to exclude, by general rules affecting all suspected classes; so that the judges should only have the task of deducing the truth from the statements made, and not of discriminating the credit due to those who made them; which they

had scarcely any means of doing. And hence the intermediate invention of not altogether excluding, yet not altogether rejecting, but of admitting *cum nota*, as it was called; i. e. with a mark put upon the witness, that, after all, he was rather a suspicious fellow, and should not be rashly trusted. Where the persons who decide hear the evidence given, there is no need of any such technical mark, because every man makes it for himself. But this awkward symbol arose from the same causes that led to such wide exclusions. The object in both was, to filter the evidence out of court, and to let nothing but a pure *residuum* in.

In the *second* place, the rules under which this operation was to be performed were (as usual) very much the inventions of judges not thinking of the affairs of the world, or of civilians and technical lawyers addicted to subtlety, and bent upon defending and multiplying every maxim and distinction of their own creation. *Antiqua jurisprudentia aspera quidem tenebricosa et tristis; non tam in equitate quam in verborum superstitione fundata.* The law was not much relieved from the impracticable metaphysics of these persons, by the interference of monkish divines. The piety of these theological jurists made them reflect that there was nothing so precious as a soul; and then made them infer from this truth, that no human interest should be allowed to expose a thing so precious to risk; from which they came to this other conclusion, that wherever there was a reasonable fear of perjury, the individual supposed to be likely to commit it should be prevented from speaking, lest he should fall into that sin. Strange as it may appear, this *metus perjurii* is at this day one of the chief grounds for these exclusions of testimony. Our law does not allow a man to take care of his own conscience, but takes care of it for him. Hence one of the main reasons assigned for refusing to let these relations appear for each other, is, not that they wont speak truly—because if this had been the reason, the party calling them might have asked, with invincible justice, that he should be allowed to try the experiment, the failure of which would have been his loss—but that, if they should happen to commit perjury, it would be cruel in the law to have given them the opportunity. On no better reason than this, is it that a party, whose character or fortune is at stake, may be obliged to submit to the loss of them, contrary to justice, in order that a witness may not be exposed to temptation. He may have no inclination to commit the possible crime, and be a person whose station and character render the suspicion ludicrous; but still his very truth is prohibited to be heard, in order that he may not even have a pretence for putting his soul in jeopardy.

So far is this carried, that in some even of those cases in which the parties enter into the common and very useful judicial compact, by which the one agrees to refer the matter to the oath of the other, and to stand or fall by what he may swear, it is understood that the law will interfere, and prevent this arrangement, where the person referred to will be under a peculiar temptation, as in a question implying his own disgrace, to swear falsely. Not that the mere falsehood is of any consequence; because it is fixed that even where a party so referred to is convicted of perjury for what he swore on the reference, nevertheless his statement is conclusive of the civil interest. But it is the dread of the sin of perjury that is considered; and therefore, the party who chooses to let the conscience of his adversary decide the cause, and to take even his falsehood for truth, is denied a privilege that is open to every other litigant, and with which the country is quite familiar; because the law has a greater regard for the spiritual and future condition of a villain, than for the just and existing interests of an honest man.

The result is, that, according to the general rule, none of these connexions are admissible witnesses. The effects of this may be very easily imagined. Let any one think for a moment how much of his life is necessarily passed solely in the society of such relatives,—how naturally they are consulted in all his difficulties,—how confidently they are trusted in all his concerns. Let him then reflect that there is no one instant of his existence of which it may not, at the pleasure of another, be made material for him to be able to prove all the circumstances. And let him consider, lastly, how easy it is for a designing party to take advantage of any failure of evidence, and how extensively he may make this failure operate, by combining the person to whose case it particularly applies with others who require the testimony but cannot get it, owing to the company in which it has pleased an adversary to place him. Such a person will be enabled to feel the consequences of depriving him of the only proof which he can possibly possess, of any thing that he does, or says, or sees, or hears, or suffers, for at least three-fourths of his whole life. It amounts almost to isolation from the judicial world. Take an example. There was a civil trial a few years ago, in which it was important for a respectable shopkeeper, through whose hands a forged bank-note had passed, to prove that it had gone out of his possession accidentally, and without his knowing that it was forged. For this purpose he called his only clerk. But the objection was stated that his clerk was his nephew. It was sustained; and the man found, to his astonishment, that although sons and nephews are very naturally made

clerks, every merchant who trusts to such alone, is carrying on his business under a legal incapacity of proving almost any of his transactions. And this ground of rejection, it will be observed, is far less manageable than that of interest, which can, in general, be removed by a discharge. Cases like this occur every day. Not that, upon the whole, justice is not generally done, but that it is not done always, or easily. Parties are constantly obliged to have recourse to expensive and awkward substitutes for the direct testimony of which they are deprived; and unjust, provoking advantages, are much oftener successful than they ought to be.

It is needless to examine the grounds on which the objection is defended in our Books, because it is plainly indefensible. There is a Scotch statute, which prohibits persons from acting as *Judges* in the causes of certain relations; and it is said that it is from the analogy of this statute that our Courts anciently created the objection to these relations as witnesses. This is true in point of fact, but it affords no reason for adhering to the objection now. There may be little harm in multiplying exceptions to judges, because as many as are required can always be got. But the power of giving evidence is not a privilege of the witness, but the right of the party who requires truth. Witnesses cannot be multiplied at pleasure; and therefore every man whose interest depends on the proof of facts, is concerned in having every person who knows them qualified to testify. To ruin a party by not letting his brother tell what he saw, is but poorly compensated by telling him that his brother could not be his judge. Then as to the words *incredibility* and *metus perjurii*, it is plain that there is no sense in them. It is not the fact that relations cannot or will not speak the truth in each other's cases. Will anybody say, that every father or uncle who is examined in an English court commits perjury whenever his son or his nephew is a party? It is sometimes said that a Scotchman's blood is warmer than an Englishman's; but were it even so, the compelling them to practise veracity under the pains of perjury and exposure, even in the cases of their relations, would probably cool it. Nothing, however, can be more contrary to the fact, than that there is any thing in the character of our people which makes it unsafe to trust them on such occasions. Accordingly, are they not trusted every hour? Does any one, who is desirous to ascertain a fact in private life, avoid near relations? He may *appreciate* them; and no doubt their credibility, like that of any other narrator, must always be weighed both in private investigation and in public. But are they altogether systematically avoided, on the ground that experience

shows them to be so incredible, that there is never any thing to weigh? No human being acts, or could act, on this principle. Accordingly, even by the law of Scotland, all relations, except husband and wife, are admitted in each other's favour *in criminal cases*. A Brother cannot be a witness for a brother where the stake is a sixpence; but he can, where his life is in jeopardy. It is said that there are peculiar reasons for this in criminal law;—the principal one being, that public justice requires relations to be admitted *against* each other, and that this implies the necessity of admitting them in each other's favour. But can any thing justify the admission of a witness, *especially in a criminal case*, who is incapable of speaking truth? And if a witness can speak truth in a criminal case, how does he lose the power of veracity because the case happens to be a civil one? It is plain that his natural tendency must be the reverse. This one fact, *viz.* that the objection of relationship is found unnecessary or impracticable in criminal courts, is the simplest of all demonstrations, that it must be absurd in civil causes.

Nothing can show the mere inconvenience and capriciousness of the existing rule better, than the awkward struggles which courts have made to get quit of it. The cruelty of excluding what may be the only evidence attainable is so glaring, that nobody has courage to enforce the general rule always. An exception has been let in, in favour of those cases where there is what is called a *penuria testium*. This occasional indulgence where there is a penury, is held by some to be quite sufficient for all the exigencies of justice, and as a very happy combination of rule and exception. But, in truth, it is chiefly valuable as an acknowledgment that the rule is wrong. It may sometimes, in extreme cases, mitigate the strictness of the general maxim; but it affords no rational or adequate relief.

In the *first place*, it is not nearly extensive enough in its operation. It is not extended to cases in which there is a penury *in point of fact*. There must be a penury *in point of law*. The mere absence of witnesses from the transaction to be proved, will procure no relaxation of the rule. It must be an absence arising from some necessity inseparable from the case. There may be a *penuria testium* in questions of divorce, because the ordinary cause of divorce is naturally secret. But the law would acknowledge no penury in any case like that of the merchant and his bad note; because there was nothing in the nature of things to prevent him having a dozen of witnesses in his counting-house, if he chose, or at least one who was not his nephew. It is obvious, that *thus limited*, the exception can never remove much of the practical difficulty. In the *second place*,

the occurrence or non-occurrence of a penury, must, though it depends upon matter of fact, always be determined, as a condition preliminary to the admission of evidence, by the Court. This gives rise to a sort of parasitical suit grafted on the principal one; which last may be buried under the first. And as the existence of the penury resolves into a mere matter of opinion, it is impossible even to conjecture what the result may be. There is no occasion on which counsel are more completely at fault, than when they are asked, whether the Court will, or will not, hold that there is a *penuria testium*. In the *third* place, supposing these circumstances to be got over, what can be more absurd than the principle of the remedy? If relations be excluded because they are presumptively incredible, it is plain that their incredibility must necessarily *increase* in proportion as the absence of other witnesses diminishes the checks upon their falsehood. A case where there is a penury of other witnesses, is the very one in which they can go wrong with the greatest safety, and with the greatest effect. These are the very occasions on which, *according to the principle*, they ought to be altogether excluded.

Another example of what these impracticable interdictions of truth lead to, is afforded by a thing called *The Option*, which sometimes makes its appearance in our criminal courts;—a rare production, of which we can find no specimen in the museum of any foreign collector of legal curiosities. It is this. Relations, as we have said, are admissible for and against each other in criminal cases. But even here there is a conditional exception in regard to parents and children. They are neither *prohibited* from bearing evidence against each other, nor can they be *compelled* to do it; but the rule is, that they just do it or not *as they like*. We can scarcely expect to be credited in making this statement; and, therefore, we may quote the authority of Mr Baron Hume, who, in that part of his ‘Commentary’ which treats of evidence, says, ‘We will not *compel* the child to bear evidence against the parent, if he feel that just repugnance to such an office which may tempt him to commit perjury;—yet ‘is he a receivable witness, *if he be willing*.’ His exercising this discretion is called *The Option*. Now, the meaning of this option is, that a son is admissible against his parent, whenever he chooses to avow in open Court that *he has no objection* to be admitted. Can any thing be more evident than that this avowal ought to be a reason for *rejecting* him? Probable credibility is the only true criterion of competency. But the law, as it stands, permits a person to keep himself back, who, by the very act of doing so, evinces the possession of that moral sensibility,

which is the proof of his fitness to testify ; and it admits a monster, who, by proclaiming that he is not unwilling to assist in executing his own father, shows that no credit is due to him. If any thing could aggravate the absurdity of this, it would be the subsidiary rule which the inventors of the *Option* have been obliged to introduce in the case of children so young that they cannot exercise any legal discretion. It is held that they can, in no case, be witnesses against a parent. The principle of this is, that they are too young to be trusted to say whether they be willing or unwilling to come forward as witnesses ; yet, the next moment, these very children are quite competent to be examined for or against any body else. The result of this is, that they are old enough to instruct a Court by their evidence, but not old enough to determine whether they shall choose to hang their own fathers.

The only remedy for these follies is, to pass a statute, declaring that, except in the case of Husband and Wife, relationship shall be no objection to the competency of any witness. There are other two things which it would be as well to correct at the same time.

One of these is a rule against ever asking a witness what account he formerly gave of the transaction he has been speaking to. We are aware that the competency of such a question must often depend on circumstances ; and that it would require to be duly fenced by conditions and precautions. But, at present, the whole line of such enquiry,—almost every question whatever,—is excluded. We cannot admit that this rule is absolutely fixed ; because, although it is familiarly enforced, it rests upon no authority beyond that of careless practice. But, undoubtedly, the tendency is to exclude the whole investigation. It is vital to justice that this feeling should be corrected. The notion upon which it rests, is, that every witness should enter the Court *free*, as it is called ; that is, unrestrained, and at liberty to tell any story he pleases. If this merely saved him from being asked how he came to make any particular statement *before the examining magistrate*, it would be quite right ; because with us these examinations are not public, and it would never do to bring a witness into Court, who was fettered by a written statement said to have been made by him privately, and on compulsion, before any magistrate, however respectable. But our rule goes far beyond this. It makes the witness not only free in giving his testimony, but free of one of the best tests by which its falsehood may be detected. In the business of life, there is no such criterion of veracity as consistency of statement. Hence, the most common, just, and conclusive reason

for disbelieving the maker of a statement, is, that he made the very opposite one the day before. But a witness in a Scotch Court could not be asked, *in any form, or under any qualifications*, whether he had not said, or perhaps even sworn, the very reverse an hour before he is examined. The effect of this is, that one great criterion and check of falsehood is absolutely cut off.

The other point requiring reconsideration, is the useless, time-consuming maxim, that in every case all the witnesses must be examined out of the presence of each other. Mr Baron Hume mentions it in praise of our system, that “The witnesses are examined out of the presence of each other, *which obviates any risk of a combination against the prisoner*; and, after being examined and dismissed, *no witness can again be called on to explain what he has said, or to supply omissions.*” These seem to be very odd topics for commendation. We are aware that many of our countrymen have an idea that there is something magical in this separate examination of witnesses; but they are mistaken. There may be cases in which it may be useful; which the Court can always settle when applied to. But, in general, they should be confronted. Their being examined in presence of each other, instead of facilitating conspiracy, is the greatest possible impediment to it. Try this by the practice of ordinary life. Whether is it found that men err or falsify most when they tell their stories in the absence of those who can correct them, or when they see such persons standing before them, and know that they are to be asked next? The chief thing that agitates a false witness is the sight of true ones: and even though they be all false, still the very desire of all to coincide in the same tale, is almost sure to withdraw them from the naturalness of their own independent lies, into that circumstantial unity which is one of the best marks of concert. Yet, such is our present horror of one witness knowing what another has said, that if one of them, after being examined, were to go, even by mistake, into the place where the others were confined, this would be considered as a formidable, or more probably, as a fatal objection to all the rest, who would be thought to have been corrupted, or at least exposed to corruption, by this opportunity of communication.

We cannot close these few remarks on one branch of our law, which remote accidents have made defective, without stating that we adhere to the account we formerly gave * of the gene-

ral excellence of our system; and of the reasons which we had to be proud of it in comparison with almost any other code, and especially in comparison with that of England. Our opinion, indeed, upon this subject, has received the strongest possible confirmation since the article we refer to was published. Since then a great number of statutory changes have been made, and several more recommended by Parliamentary Committees, both in the laws of England, and in its system of deeds, and forms of proceedings. It is sufficient to refer to the various alterations which have been suggested or introduced in certain parts of pleading, in bankruptcy, in arbitrations, in the production of documentary evidence, and examinations on commission, and in the establishment of county courts. The extent and minuteness with which these improvements coincide with rules with which we have been long familiar in the law of Scotland, is remarkable. It is so remarkable, that a person not disposed to study the details of the recent English measures, but wishing to know what they come to, will, in general, be nearly quite safe in asking what the law of Scotland is, and in presuming that, in their principles and objects, they are henceforth to be the same. Not that the law of the one country could ever be merged in its details or its practice, in the law of the other; or that Scotland has been directly taken as a model for any thing English; but that there are certain departments of law, in which nations, pursuing the same objects, under the guidance of common sense, must in a great degree end in the same general results.

Yet it is while we occupy this proud position, that certain persons in our own country are smitten with the itch of legal innovation; and, at the moment when our principles and forms are virtually copied by our neighbours, are proposing to withdraw from our system the very things which they are adopting. It would be doing the projects we allude to far too much honour to examine them. They are the result of ignorance, often combined with selfishness. It is another proof of the sagacity of the eminent person who, as Lord Chancellor, presides over the law of the empire, that on the only opportunity he has had of intimating his opinion upon the subject, he has announced himself hostile to these shallow schemes,—declaring that, whatever amendment the law of England may require, he is not aware of much that the law of Scotland admits of.

ART. VI.—*Faust: a Dramatic Poem by Goethe. Translated into English Prose, with remarks on former Translations and Notes.*
By the Translator of Savigny's "Of the Vocation of our Age for Legislation and Jurisprudence." 8vo. London: 1833.

WHEN the patent was first taken out for distilling from the quartern loaf by collecting the spirit which evaporates during baking, a baker, whose honesty or science (we don't know which) was less than his mother wit, stuck up in his window, 'bread with the gin in it.' Translating is in this respect not very unlike baking. The world has been some six thousand years in discovering that a great part of the spirit necessarily escapes in the process, and that, of two rival methods, the one which professes to preserve the spirit most, runs the greater chance of being awkwardly and but half performed. The translator of a poem, has his choice whether he will employ verse or prose. Adopting the form of prose, he tells you plainly what you are to expect, nothing more than the substance honestly 'done into English.' Assuming the outward and visible signs of poetry, he too frequently hangs out false colours. He affects to give the thing itself. Yet so far from a ha'p'orth of gin being left in the manufacture, the whitening alum, and the other fraudulent cosmetics of the trade are generally substituted in its room. A prose translation, designed for a higher purpose than for the use or abuse of schoolboys, is a novelty in English literature deserving of attention on its first appearance. We must have a care, too, that under the necessities of a special case, there be slipped in no hypothesis of the abstract convertibility of prose and poetry. Otherwise our golden numbers, the bright expression of all that is most precious in our nature, might disappear as fast as their false paper representative multiplied on our hands.

We are indebted to the Greeks for most of what we yet know of the philosophy of literature. In their contempt for foreign genius, the notion of translating even a Roman, much less an Oriental, author, never occurred to them. If the Romans are never once mentioned by either Herodotus or Thucydides, we cannot be surprised to learn from Gibbon, that from Dionysius to Libanus, there is not a single Greek critic who condescends to name even Virgil or Horace. In questions of taste the Romans adopted every thing from the Greeks without enquiry or improvement. They imitated, however, more than they translated. Their performances in the latter line appear to have been by way of private practice in composition,—as, for example, in philosophy and eloquence; or in order to save

themselves trouble,—as in popular representations for the stage after they had got beyond borrowing actors from Etruria,—rather than from any liberal view of the object of translation. The connexion between the two languages is so close, and their corresponding metres go so well together, that in such a case the poetical original would naturally reappear in a poetical translation, on the mere imitative principle of all their literary proceedings. How little the Roman public cared that the beatific visions of Grecian imagination should be invested with the honours of the Roman toga, and receive among them ‘a local habitation and a name,’ is evident from the fact that there was apparently no Latin translation of Homer—certainly no good one. This is an omission which, looking at the number of experiments in our modern languages under their additional incumbrances, it is difficult to believe; yet, if there had been one, it must frequently have been alluded to, and the Iliad would naturally have become the favourite heroic ballad of a martial people. There is nothing in their writings to show that a thought was bestowed by them on the considerations, means, and limits which determine the selection and the practicability of nationalizing a foreign literature. Not a word is anywhere said, in the event of any such experiment, concerning the laws which govern the transmutation of ideas and expressions. St Jerome had the whole field before him—their theory and practice. Enumerating the most approved examples, and (as usual) extracting the rule from the precedent, he merely observes, ‘Hanc esse regulam boni interpretis, ut idioma alterius linguæ, suæ linguæ exprimat proprietate: quod quidem et Tullium in Protagora Platonis, et in Oeconomico Xenophontis, et in Demosthenis contra Æschinem oratione fecisse convincimus, et Plautum, Terentium, Cæciliumque, eruditissimos viros, in Græcis comœdiis transferendis.’* It is unlucky that we have

* St Jerome had occasion, in his own defence, to consider the alternative of literal and free translations. In another letter, which, from its express doctrine upon this point, is entitled *De Optimo Genere Interpretandi*, he again names the above-mentioned translators, and appeals to their practice as his authority for the course which he had pursued. Horace might have taken his very expression ‘nec verbum verbo,’ as he did the rule, from the preface which Cicero prefixed to his version of the two speeches of Æschines and Demosthenes. Jerome mentions the case of Homer as the criterion even in Latin, of the absurdity of a literal translation. If any body should think he can thus transfer the grace of one language into another, St Jerome adds, ‘Homerum ad verbum exprimat in Latinum. Plus aliquid dicam. Eundem suæ

no opportunity of comparing these celebrated specimens with their original text. Whatever credit we may assume for masterly workmanship from the hands of master workmen, it will not be the less true that the Romans never studied the principles of translation. As an art, they left it the blank they found it.

On the restoration of letters in the middle ages, this was not a matter on which any great refinement was for the first time likely to exist. In point of fact, no questions were asked. The smallest and poorest donation, if it was but supposed to come from the wardrobe of classical antiquity, was worshipped as a relic, in whatever form it might be presented. Thus the early literature of England swarmed with translations. But how easily our worthy ancestors were satisfied upon this head may be as easily understood by the compliment which Drayton appears to have conscientiously paid to Chapman, the first translator of the real Homer into English :

‘ Others againe there lived in my days,
That have of us deserved no less prayse
For their Translations, than the daintiest wit
That on Parnassus thinks he high’st doth sit,
And for a chair may ’mongst the Muses call
As the most curious Maker of them all :
As reverend Chapman, who hath brought to us
Musæus, Homer, and Hesiodus,
Out of the Greeke ; and by his skill hath rear’d
Them to that height, and to our tongue endear’d,
That were these poets at this day alive
To see their books thus with us to survive,
They’d think, having neglected them so long,
They had been written in the English tongue.’

All the world knows the epigram by which the concluding conceit was afterwards transferred to Pope’s success in modernizing the toilet of the old Grecian troubadour. Few persons perceived that the skill and perfection of the artist could only make him more elaborately and gloriously wrong. English taste

‘ in linguâ *prose verbis* interpretetur : videbis ordinem ridiculum et ‘ poetam eloquentissimum vix loquentem.’ This declaration is in accordance with the distinction much more deeply laid in the very foundation of some languages, for instance the Greek, than in that of others. Homer translated into prose Greek, would fare worse than into prose English. How inconsistent is this with the positive hypothesis of Mr Wordsworth ! what would Varro have thought of it—who in his work, *De Lingua Latina*, sets apart a special chapter to treat of words which have been manufactured by the poets ?

had certainly improved in many respects during the interval which elapsed between the days of Chapman and of Pope. It is evident, however, from the revival of this extravagant piece of flattery, that we had made comparatively little progress in a just estimate of the first merit, and indeed duty, of a translator.

Not that we were in this respect more ignorant than our neighbours. In the battle of the books which was for a time so fiercely fought between the champions of ancient and of modern genius, the latter seem never to have been daunted by the consideration that a modern version was not an adequate medium through which a competent judgment could be pronounced on the intrinsic merit of an ancient author. To mention the French only: Dubos, to be sure, was clever enough to perceive that a translation must be inferior to its original; but so little did he guess of the most important elements on which the excellence of a translation depends, and of the nature of the approach towards his original which a translator might achieve, that he was bold enough to say that the French already possessed as good translations of Horace and Virgil as could possibly be made. This, too, it must be observed, was said with reference to the appropriate skill which had been manifested by the translators, and not on any comparison of the respective materials with which they and their successors would have to work. De Lille thought differently; and justified his dissent in the most effectual manner in the case of Virgil.

We may safely ask, How, on this point, could these elder times be otherwise than ignorant? The general problem of translation involves and mainly turns upon the most delicate questions which can arise concerning language. For the expression of as much as is at all secret and indefinite in our mysterious nature, language is a subtle, variable, and most imperfect instrument, even in the commonest cases in ordinary life. Part of the poet's business is to heighten upon, refine, and complicate the task, which this feeble instrument has everywhere daily to perform. The difficulties are infinitely increased, when we are called on (as in translation) to replace the shades of poetical thought and feeling, as they have been sketched out in one language, by their precise and animated verbal representative, conveyed through another, and perhaps altogether differently constructed organ. In case the obligation of completing a metrical resemblance is superadded, the difficulty must, in most instances be raised to an absolute impossibility. Different arts are dependent in different degrees on the perfection and manageableness of their instruments. Now, language, or the means by which our sensations, thoughts, and feelings, are communicated,

is an instrument of very artificial mould. If Babel had not broken it up into different forms, mankind would have probably found its ambiguities even more embarrassed than at present, from the necessity of calculating the different values of precisely the same form of words under different circumstances of civilisation. We are at least now put upon our guard. If we do not bear in mind that the medium is vague and arbitrary at best,—one, in which a corresponding equivalent is not to be expected even in the case of neighbouring and contemporary nations, much less in nations which have little or no resemblance to each other,—it is our own fault. Europe has too recently acquired a just conception of what is implied in language, as significant of the national character and manifold peculiarities of those who use or used it, to have yet adequately applied the test of philosophical criticism, necessarily arising out of these considerations, to the exigencies of translation. Consequently, nothing can be more meagre than our ‘*Essays on Translation*,’ and all the admonitory notices formerly taken of this department of literature. The great and characteristic difficulty is entirely overlooked in them.

In this point of view, it is a serious misfortune, that while our critical knowledge concerning language, as an instrument, has been forming, the instrument, of which we have the command, may itself have been undergoing insensible but decisive changes. That gradual revolution which takes place in the speech of all, except stationary, communities, may be of a kind to have disqualified it for a competent discharge of the undertaking to which we may want as translators to apply it. This will depend on the nature of the task required. Suppose it to be a version of Homer. The languages of nations at contemporary or analogous periods of civilisation are naturally in a great degree akin. But, as a particular society advances from the picturesqueness of its early feelings and habits, it carries its language forward with it; and the affinity, which before existed, will progressively disappear, under the influence of new relationships crowding in upon every side. Lucretius was the most of a Greek by character of any of the Roman poets; but (independent of that personal coincidence) can there be a question, that the Latin of his day was a more suitable trumpet for the voice of Homer, than the gilt whistle which it had become by the time, as well as in the hands, of Seneca? The French of Froissart and Montaigne is more Homeric than the French of the Court of Louis the Fourteenth. The same is no less true of the English of Elizabeth and James, compared with the English of to-day, out of whose stamp the image and superscription

seem to be almost worn away. On the occasion of fasts and thanksgivings, his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury is instructed to prepare for the people a form of penitential prayer, or a song of gratitude. The fear of Cholera before our eyes cannot prevent our feeling, in the difference between these lugubrious compositions and the liturgy itself, that our language is no longer the same. In case we have degenerated from the excellence of our ancestors as much in actions as in speech, sackcloth and ashes are too good for us. A portion, however, of the inferiority in this particular instance, seems to be volunteered. If the object is to convince the gainsayers, by comparison, of the beauty of the form of prayer as by law established, we can assure his Grace's chaplains that they may write their best, and be under no alarm lest they should bring the ancient and regular service into disrepute. The lovers of the English language owe the Church of England an obligation which they never can repay. Only let them think what would have been our loss, if the translation of the Bible had been delayed till the present age.

When people are once aware how very rare a thing a successful translation must ever be, from the nature of the case, they will be more disposed to admit the prudence of lessening the obstacles as much as possible. There will be no lack of difficulties to surmount, (of that the French school may rest assured,) after removing out of the way every restraint that can be spared. If the very measure of the original can be preserved, the delight with which our ear and imagination recognise its return, add incomparably to the triumph and the effect. Many persons, however, are prepared to dispense with this condition, who, nevertheless, shrink from extending their indulgence to a dispensation from metre altogether. But it is really the same question which a writer and his critics have to determine in both cases. If the difficulty of the particular metre, or of metre generally, can be mastered without sacrificing more on their account than they are worth, they ought undoubtedly to be preserved. What, however, in any given case, is a nation to do, until a genius shall arise who can reconcile contradictions which are too strong for ordinary hands? In the meanwhile, is it not the wisest course, to make the most favourable bargain that the nature of the dilemma offers? Unless the public is absurd enough to abjure the literature of all languages which are not universally understood, there can be no member of the public who is not dependent, in one case or another, upon translations. The necessity of this refuge for the destitute being once admitted, it follows that they are entitled to the best that can be got. What is the best? Surely that in which the least of the

original is lost—least lost on those qualities which are the most important. The native air and real meaning of a work are more essential qualities, than the charm of its numbers, or the embellishments and the passion of its poetic style. The first is the metal and the weight; the second is the plating and the fashion. This is one of those underhand truths which, where it has gained ground, has been as yet acted upon in fact, rather than acknowledged in principle. From the impracticableness of their language as an organ of poetical expression, the French seem early to have been driven to the necessity of its adoption. A people who, by the admission of their most national writer, has not *la tête épique*, and of whose poetry M. Bourbon said long ago, that the reading it was like drinking water, would appear to themselves, whether justly or unjustly, to be losing less by this tame expedient, than if they had been accustomed, in poems of native growth, to the effervescence of sparkling champagne. The time, however, is, we think, at hand, when reluctant critics must submit to openly, and universally recognise, the nature of the dilemma which the problem of translation offers, and the truth of the only principle on which the balance of advantages and disadvantages can in such a case be rationally struck.

Mr Hayward's own example may now be added to the precedents on whose authority he relies in behalf of prose translations. He says he was encouraged to make the attempt, by hearing that Mr C. Lamb had remarked that he had derived more pleasure from the meagre Latin versions of the Greek tragedians, than from any other versions he was acquainted with. The sense and object of the original is at least directly conveyed in them; which is more than can be said of Potter. It is plain also Goethe must have approved of his experiment. In the first place, the author of *Faust* was so dissatisfied with our only previous version, (the metrical one by Lord Francis Leveson Gower,) as to tell Dr Granville that it was 'as the author of *Faustus travesti*, and not as the translator of Goethe's *Faustus*,' that the noble translator could have obtained any share of popular applause. But further, Goethe has borne personal testimony to the specific and powerful influence which translations in prose may exercise upon the poetical character of a nation. 'We Germans had the advantage, that several significant works of foreign nations were first translated in an easy and clear manner. Shakspeare translated into prose, first by Wieland, then by Eschenburgh, being a reading generally intelligible, and adapted to every reader, was enabled to spread rapidly, and produce a great effect. I honour both rhythm and rhyme, by

‘ which poetry first becomes poetry ; but the properly deep and radically operative,—the truly developing and quickening,—is that which remains of the poet, when he is translated into prose. The inward substance then remains in its purity and fulness, which, when it is absent, a dazzling exterior often deludes us with the semblance of, and, when it is present, conceals.’ The experience of English literature is certainly very limited in such translations. Two instances, however—and from not very tractable languages, the Hebrew and the Gaelic—have rendered us competent and familiar judges of the probable success with which such a plan might be more extensively pursued.

Up to the point, and with the limits which we have mentioned, we are the advocates of prose translations. But we are desirous of guarding ourselves against being implicated to the full extent of Goethe’s apparent statement. The improbability in most cases—in some, the impossibility that the poetry of one language can be translated into the poetry of another, except by the exercise of a discretion in which the most characteristic features of the original are in danger of being paraphrased away,—is an inherent difficulty which may often force us into prose as the least of two evils. Poetical reconstruction is clearly unadvisable, as often the substance must be sacrificed by it to the ornamental forms. To the truth of the doctrine so stated, we give in an unconditional assent. But if the above paragraph is at all near the truth, when it declares, that by ‘ rhythm and rhyme poetry first becomes poetry,’ the surrender of them must, under all circumstances, be an irreparable loss. The real and the tinsel must be kept distinct. Our business is only with the first : it alone can be worth transferring. We deny, in the case of genuine poetry, that rhythm or rhyme constitute ‘ a dazzling exterior,’ by which the real poetical principle is in the least concealed. On the other hand, a proposal to melt down the currency of the muses, because counterfeits are abroad, and because, forsooth, there are in the land simple folk, who otherwise will be putting up with nonsense upon the credit of harmonious numbers, is still more unreasonable. Such people need not meddle with these matters. If they do, they may be conscientiously left in their agreeable delusion, or intrusted with the drudgery of making their own prose for their own protection. Mankind is not called upon to halt in the march of their enjoyments till the fools come up. Wherever poetry and prose of equal merit can be got from a translator, we are all for poetry. We only say, from the nature of the case, that this cannot always happen ; and that unless it does, we prefer good prose to bad poetry—the prose of our psalms to the melo-

dies of either Sternhold or Brady—the prose of Mr Hayward to his predecessor's rhymes.

The following passage from Mr Wordsworth's preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* is also prayed in aid by Mr Hayward: 'It would be a most easy task to prove, that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise, that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose when prose is well written.' Since the particular case of translation is thus mixed up with and supported by reference to a formal theory on poetry in general, it becomes necessary to say a word or two more, in order not to be misunderstood. Truth has not only to fear the caricatures of enemies. It loses its cause almost as frequently from the zeal with which friends pursue their triumph, even into their adversaries' strongholds, and insist on the ease with which they can prove more than is consistent with the experience of mankind. A great part of the opposition which Mr Wordsworth's poetry has had to encounter, is the consequence of the extent to which he has reduced this theory to practice. Of course, he attributes the indifference or alienation of the public to the dulness and corruption of the popular taste, which glitter or stimulants can only excite. In our opinion, the slowness with which his works have made their way up to an influence and a reputation which their beauties were sure of ultimately commanding, is most naturally accounted for by the weary length to which, passage after passage, a doctrine of this sort systematically entertained must often throw its shade. This is the more unfortunate, since, in whatever proportions nature and art hold a poet in partnership between them, Mr Wordsworth is far too good a workman to have had an interest in quarrelling with his tools. In order to verify the fact for the purpose with which it is applied, it will not be enough to open a volume of poetry and transpose a page of it. There will be always, in point of fact, in a poem of any length, a number of verses, and good verses too, which differ in nothing from prose but in the collocation of the words, without any body laying it down as a rule that this ought to be the case. Of the chance of bad and neutral verses, nothing need be said. Lord Byron, in his defence of Pope, asks where is the poem with ten good lines together? Besides, the alternate indolence and bustle in which every one lives at present, encourage slothful and rapid reading. We like to feel sure that there are plenty of passages on which the mind may either go to sleep, or hurry over them at its pleasure. Readers, as well as writers, have of late

displayed an evident tendency to return in literature to the irregular habits of our forefathers, who required nothing from the greater part of a poem than that it should be a string to hold a few brilliant passages together. For the sake of these, they waded through the whole as patiently as many an amateur will sit out the recitative merely for the air which follows. The infirmity of our nature, which continued excellence fatigues, calls for some indulgence of this description. But the narrower the compass within which it can be restrained, the better. The necessity exists also, much more in some kinds of poetry than in others—more, for instance, in narrative and dramatic, than in lyrical composition. The single paragraph quoted by Mr Hayward reads a little suspicious. But it affirms no universal proposition. On the principle, *expressio unius est exclusio alterius*, quite the contrary. To be sure, we are left to guess, what is included and what excluded. A reader of it by itself, would nevertheless imply that there was another portion, which, when summoned to undergo this test, might plead the privilege of its order. He would like to know, in what respect these privileged exceptions differed from the rest. In their case, he would ask to what non-descript condition was the residuum reduced, which, on taking away the metre, had not the good fortune to become prose, although, according to common intent, and Mr Wordsworth's apparent admission, it would have ceased to be poetry by the change? Mr Hayward must wish to know what he is to do with it.

Mr Wordsworth, however, does not really leave him in the supposed dilemma. For, provided the subject be of a poetical cast, it is an article of faith, according to which the Lyrical Ballads have been composed, and which it was the purport of the preface to defend, that good prose may be made good poetry by adding metre to it, and that the most elevated poem would become good prose, when the metre was removed. For what follows? Mr Wordsworth proceeds to declare, 'I do not doubt ' that it may be safely affirmed that there neither is nor can be ' any essential difference between the language of prose and ' metrical composition.' 'This is good news for prose translators. But whence then the fact that few great poets have succeeded as prose writers? Notwithstanding his theory, what a difference between his own power over the prose and the poetry composition of our language! If this be so, whence, too, can arise, in respect of diction, the difficulty (for which Mr Hayward claims an allowance, to which few will think the undertaking does not entitle him) of reducing verse into even *readable* prose. The difficulty is not peculiar to the versified coxcombray of Darwin—it belongs to verse generally—the simple and manly verse

of Goethe. If the language of the two not only is, but must be the same, transcribers and translators would have nothing more to do than to knock off the verse-fetters by a transposition of the words.

It was sufficient for Mr Wordsworth's personal object to have proved that there was no universal inconsistency between the language of poetry and of prose; and that on every occasion words which are most natural and suitable to it, might, when skilfully selected and applied, answer also the purposes of the poet. We hate to hear of *schools* in a thing so universal as poetry. We would have heartily joined with him, therefore, if he had confined himself to exposing the partial pretensions of certain schools by which poetry, as well as philosophy, had been made, both in subject and expression, a field for sophistical science and theatrical display, instead of being brought home to the bosoms and hearts of men. There are critics, we agree, who have wandered from the end and means of poetry quite as widely as logicians and school-divines ever lost sight of the principle and the aim of reasoning or reason. Instead of this, Mr Wordsworth preferred building a school-room of his own, of which he himself was to keep the key. His practice is at times very defective, and from causes directly attributable to his theory. But our main objection to it, as he has propounded it, is to its exclusiveness. We quarrel with him, not so much for what he admits as for what he proscribes. We bow to him as in the presence of a great poet, and would have given a good deal up to him out of reverence and for peace. But the sacrifice of nearly the whole race of preceding songsters at his altar, is a hecatomb on which we dare not venture. Like Mr Bentham in philosophy, he sees so straight that he takes one view only. The concession that they are right themselves, is also in neither case enough: you must allow them (beyond the wants of their arguments) that every body else is, and always has been wrong. Thus Mr Wordsworth informs his readers that to entirely enjoy his poetry, they must give up much of that which they have been in the habit of enjoying, and that 'our judgments concerning the works of the 'greatest poets, both ancient and modern, will be far different 'from what they are at present.' This is not the way to conciliate persons who, like ourselves, love all the poets. We can state on our own experience, that he puts the penalty of admiring him higher than the truth. Otherwise, a dish of nightingales' tongues—those tongues which, from our youth upwards, have doubled our joys, and charmed away more than half our sorrows—is more than we could have afforded to bring with us as the terms of admission to his table.

Mr Wordsworth's censure is confined to what are comparatively the accessorial and instrumental parts of poetry—diction and metre. And it is against its usual diction, much more than against its usual metre, that he directs his reasoning. The argument necessarily, however, includes metre. By so doing, it seems to us to share the fortune of all such arguments as prove more than their author is desirous of proving. The groundwork of his error, appears to lie in treating poetry as being universally and solely an imitation of nature. He is unwilling, in its case, to concede any thing to the same auxiliary considerations, which, nevertheless, nobody ever thinks of disputing in painting, when it is viewed as a work of art. The colouring in a good picture is often as unlike nature as the style of any poem. This appeal to nature constitutes the whole *gist* of the argument, as far as we can follow it through the rather poetical mode in which it is delivered. Now, in this way of looking at the question, there is surely a great inconsistency (however Mr Wordsworth may fight it off) in the compromise with which we find him so complacently retaining metre. Its charm is certainly not underrated by him, when he states, that the self-same words, metrically arranged, will be repeated a hundred times with pleasure, where they would be repeated once in prose. Yet, if the authority of real life is to leave for us in the arts, only the power of selection not of addition, where are we to draw the line? According to this objection, a speech in blank verse even, much more one in rhyme, from Quintus Curtius, whilst he is standing before the gulf, ought to be as inadmissible (since it is as misplaced and unnatural) as an opera *pas-seul*, performed on the same occasion. The objection is put forth on the abstract principles of our nature. We answer that, abstractedly speaking, there can be no distinction broad enough to justify the permission of so artificial an accompaniment as rhyme, which may not also justify the use of a style different from that of the society in which we live. The most curious reason Mr Wordsworth assigns for employing metre, is one which it is difficult to reconcile with the whole course of his argument. But whatever weight it may be thought to possess, it is clear that poetical diction, to which he so much objects, may be equally entitled to the benefit of it. According to Mr Wordsworth, a principal justification of the use of metre consists in its tendency to recall the reader to his senses, and remind him that it is all *made believe*. The nearness of the approach to reality might otherwise create too painful an impression. Mr Wordsworth must excuse us for stating, that throughout his criticism there is no sign that he has given a hundredth part of the attention which the

fact deserves, whether philosophically or practically considered, to the variety of associations on which the influence of language may depend. Gibbon has observed, how very interesting a work might be written on the single point of the connexion between language and national character. Many of its associations must evade the most sagacious critical research. But enough may be discovered, whence we can infer, that to admire in the representations of poetry, a word or a construction, which we should not admire in prose or in real life on the actual occurrence of the imaginary event, will not be always a servile superstition. Dogmatism in the maintenance of the present theory is especially unreasonable. Since, if the form of poetical worship, which it seeks to exterminate, be a superstition, it is one which forms, by Mr Wordsworth's own account of it, the greater part of the history of poetry, according to the experience of all ages, and in every quarter of the globe. The few sentences in which he explains historically how this superstition happens to have arisen during the earliest times, is thoroughly unsatisfactory. So much so, that we feel neither regret nor surprise, that his limits have never, either at the first or since, permitted him to trace philosophically the weak principle in human nature—the sort of original sin—which betrayed poetry into the fallen state, in which alone, by his own confession, it is ever known to have existed. We repeat, that it is the exclusion, and not the admissions, from the temple of the Muses which we think the most objectionable part of the *spirit* of Mr Wordsworth's system. Our apprehensions of mischief from the *words* in which part of the hypothesis is promulgated, look to a very different quarter. From his own use of his theory, there is comparatively little to fear. When he fails, the injury will hurt only himself. As often as he turns into poetry what would be prose in the hands of other people, we feel only so much the more obliged to him. The converts of whom we are afraid, are men most of whom he would disown—writers who, working on the letter in opposition to the meaning of his instruction, would reverse its application, and put too much poetry into their prose. At the worst, the colloquialness of a mistimed, and therefore affected, simplicity, is less offensive than unseasonable flights and factitious ornaments. We had rather see 'Macbeth' acted in Quaker clothes by the Society of Friends, than 'As You like It' got up by a set of milliners' apprentices, or 'Hamlet' performed by a company from St Luke's.

What is the essence of poetry; how far is metre an indispensable condition; whether, in the analysis of the constituent elements of poetry, nature has put any and what limits to the

diversity of conventional rules by which our feelings and habits may be controlled?—these are points where mere authority can bind us down no further than to great caution in coming to a positive conclusion, upon a subject completely covered over with opposite opinions. It is evident, however, that we shall be safe in holding that no one rule can equally apply to things so distinct in character, though comprehended under a common name, as all that is included in, and lies between, the two extremes of didactic and lyrical poetry. There is a difference also at different periods of society. The eloquence and even the legislation of barbarians speak with the inspiration and put on the form of verse. Although the distinction was afterwards so forcibly marked, yet we are told, in consequence of the fact that the earlier Greek historians had been also poets, the first who wrote histories in prose introduced no alteration into their style beyond omitting the measure. Again, what is true in one language may be false in another. For instance, we cannot open a dictionary without perceiving that, as the ancients distinguished between the language of gods and men, so they had two sets of words, and a strictness or license of construction, for prose and poetry, to a much greater extent than has been maintained in the vocabulary of modern nations. The presence of mere versification was not considered sufficient to raise the conversational tone of comedy to the rank of poetry. Plato and Demosthenes were thought to approach nearer to it by right of their elevated style. Nevertheless, while Cicero speaks of the poet and the orator as brothers of the half blood, he yet makes Anthony observe that the poet, in spite of the connexion, had a language of his own. *Poetas quasi aliâ quâdam linguâ locutos.* It is a language which we know the greatest orators, Cicero for example, have scarcely been able to lisp—certainly not for want of being acquainted with what half an hour over the rules of prosody would teach them. We could name some of the greatest speakers and writers of modern times, who have had little understanding, taste, or pleasure in any thing worthy of being called poetry; and which, as such, was winding round, and forming the brightest part of, the existence of many of their much weaker brethren.

In our opinion Mr Wordsworth understates the variance which can legitimately obtain in the concurrent language of prose and verse. On the other hand, it must be admitted that Gray overstates it as egregiously, at least in the usage of our living dialects. A comparison between the speeches of his own Germanicus and those of Shakspeare's Richard the Third, was hardly ground enough for a general proposition. Yet upon not much more extensive induction of particulars, Gray felt autho-

rized to affirm that the language of poetry is never the language of the age. In reply to Gray, as in reply to Mr Wordsworth, we refer to the fact. Open the writings both of former and of contemporary poets. The affirmation, when so tested, undoubtedly will turn out presumptuous enough. A true poetic style will, we believe, notwithstanding, be generally found impregnated with something which, under its highest pressure, can throw out a stronger flame and more ethereal emanation than the most vivid colouring of real life. It would take more time and thought than we have at present to bestow to try to convey to the mind of another part of what we are sure we have felt, and we think might be made intelligible under the character of a poetic style. It certainly does not consist in inoculating poetry with Euphuistical verbiage, and in altering names (as 'beauteous' for 'beautiful') into some more dressy synonyme. We mention 'beauteous,' since, although it is honoured among Mr Wordsworth's favourites by frequent usage, we not only never heard it in our lives, except out of a book, but because its resemblance to its natural namesake is too close not to immediately remind us, on the use of it, that we have got into artificial ground. Purely artificial words of this kind are objectionable for the same reason as scented snuff—they spoil the flavour. They have no claim to be kept up, because they are to be found among many similar experiments in the workshop of those great writers who had the hammering of our language into use, whilst it was yet lying in molten masses in the forge. There is also a sort of traditional diction and even cadence, as well as a second-hand imagery and sentiment, which must now be as jealously avoided as the frippery of an old clothesman, or the finery let out by the night for masquerades. Imagination has no more patience with these 'printed forms,' than love with *billet-doux* transcribed out of the 'Complete Letter-Writer.' To apply this to translations. The negative command which proscribes from a translation, whether in verse or prose, these gaudy or threadbare dresses, is short and easy. The positive part of the lesson,—what is the poetical cast of sentence and expression, which, in a poetical version, will best replace the original—or what are the facilities and resources by which prose can best compensate for the loss attendant on the dissimilitude of its phrase and manner,—is a long and arduous question. In this the critic can do little more than point out the conflicting dangers. When he buckles on his armour to contend against them, the artist must principally minister unto himself.

In the translation of a poem into prose, the choice of diction and the arrangement of the construction afford room for the ex-

ercise of infinite art and diversity of judgment. The other question—that of metre—by the supposition has been summarily disposed of. We should know, however, what we lose, whether directly or indirectly. With this view it is proper to distinguish between the case of original composition and translation. The direct importance of metre remains in both: the indirect only in the former. In the slight attention which it has been thought worth while to bestow on varying the versification, and perfecting the harmony of the mongrel dialects of modern Europe, verse in itself is rendered nothing as a test, and is become less important even as an element of poetry. Still, however little we may make of it as a direct source of pleasure, even though it be eked out by the cap-and-bell supplement of rhyme, we think, that in all original poetical writings, it is most desirable to insist on its adoption. In the several cases where the use or disuse of metre can be brought into debate, if we are to know what we are about, we must enquire in each what are the advantages, direct and indirect, and also what are the disadvantages arising from its use. A debtor and creditor account of this sort will enable us to see our way. In original composition, whatever may be the language, the pleasure immediately springing up from the presence of metre is a fact of universal experience. There is no denying the fact. With respect to the cause of it, (man being sensitivo-rational only,) the pleasure appears to be primarily organic, but in its higher moods to be principally dependent on association for its growth and influence. The negative use of an external symbol, like metre, consists in its serving to prevent confusion between the two great classes of composition, which are materially different in their ordinary object and in their style. On the supposition that they are distinct, writers and readers have an interest in being saved from going wrong respecting them. This is incidentally but powerfully accomplished wherever a distinct instrument distinctly recalls to the mind the nature of the work over which it is engaged. The loss which is at any time undergone, in consequence of sacrificing, for the sake of metre, any other excellences whatever, is, in original poetry, next to nothing. Not only could Pope express himself more readily in verse than in prose, ‘lipping in numbers, for the numbers came;’ but Dryden, one of the greatest masters of the whole wealth of the English language, was often helped even to a thought by the mechanism of rhyme. The same scale of considerations applies to translations. Whatever may be the language from and into which the transfer is to be made, the accompaniment of metre must be always a source of real positive enjoyment. But, in the case of

translation, the negative protection, which metre may be also the means of affording, has been by the supposition already secured in the composition of the original; whilst the loss which the general cargo would sustain in consequence of all that may have to be thrown overboard, in order to save the piano, will be often far more than any piano can possibly repay. On comparing the degree of damage, which the metrical originals of different languages must respectively suffer by translation, either into any substitutable metre, or at once into simple prose, the balance will vary according to the perfection to which the original metres have respectively been brought.

We undervalue in no case whatever the deduction from his influence to which a poet, whether creating or translating, must submit by foregoing versification. He stands, by doing so, with one foot beyond the magic circle. But on passing the history of different languages in review, it is plain that, in our living mongrel dialects, the rescue of the harmony, or rather of the measured melody contained in modern verse, will afford the salvors a comparatively poor remuneration. It may humble our literary vanity, and correct our impressions, to be reminded of the immense interval at which we stand, in this respect, from the union of linked power and sweetness which the classical languages combined. This was far from being the result of accident or climate. The science and effects of sweet sounds are with us almost entirely confined to the study and technical application of a single art within its own comparatively unmeaning province, instead of being diffused throughout the whole range of human converse, on all the occasions where speech is used. Ancient and modern times differ in nothing more than in the susceptibility of the ancients to music generally—in the place which they assigned it as a necessary part of all education—and the fact that the metrical difference between verse and ‘numerous prose’ turned only with them on the species of *numerus* required. Their ears must have been kept in tune like a musical instrument, for the different gradations of effect and harmony suited to the business in hand. Thus the sustained tones of oratorical declamation were expected to keep nearer to the musical recitative of the tragic drama than the unaccompanied dialogue of comedy; since the comic actor, although bound to rules of his own, yet, as a part of those rules, had to sink the rhythm and measure of the *senarius* more towards the tone of ordinary conversation. What then must have been expected of their poets; and what the loss in their rhythm, as in their diction, on descending into prose!

Some acquaintance with the ancient writers on criticism can

alone enable us to form an idea of the consequence which the Greeks and Romans attached to rhythm ; and of the minuteness with which they studied its effects, and practically enforced their rules. There was no fear, if they relaxed a moment from their strictness, of a mistake between the structure of their poetry and their prose. The distinctions kept progressively getting more strongly marked. When Crassus observes that the enunciation of his mother-in-law, Lælia, reminded him of Plautus, it is thereby intimated that the delivery even of comic actors had become, in the age of Cicero, much more elaborate than in former times. As far back as the evidence of Donatus may be supposed to carry the titles which are prefixed to the plays of Terence, there is evidence of the popular consideration paid to the artist who arranged the declamation even of a comedy. He was a person of sufficient importance to have his name presented to the public together with that of the poet and principal performer. Oratory went a step higher. Who could believe at present that the harangues with which Caius Gracchus stirred up the populace and almost the stones of Rome to mutiny, were modulated by the flute of a musician standing at his back ? Cicero disdained such an accompaniment, only because an orator ought to know this branch of his art too well to want any such assistance. In some of the Grecian cities, the crier who recited the laws on their publication, appears to have been attended by a harper. In the olden time when our statutes were promulgated at the County Courts, nobody would have thought of providing further attendance than the bellman. But in their ordinary conversation the elocution of the ancients was governed by strict rules, both of intonation and measure. Accent would determine the first ; quantify the second. Our delivery, consequently, differs from theirs, as music, confined to the notation of Guido of Arezzo, which determined only the key, would differ from music played according to the improved notation introduced by John de Meurs of Paris, (1350, A. D.,) by which time also was determined. At present our pronunciation trusts to accent entirely, and that quite in the rough. And what was it that the ancients understood by accent ? In their classification they recognised eight distinct degrees, according to some grammarians, and ten according to others. Their notation of time was as accurate. It appears, in speaking, to have been almost as accurately marked as in our professed music. Quintilian says, that ‘ the very children ‘ know a long syllable has two ^{*} durations, and a short syllable but ‘ one.’ Incomprehensible as these refinements, when taken into the practical part of life, must sound to modern ears, they must satisfy every body that the ancients would have felt a deprivation

on the loss of metre altogether, or a shock on the interchange between usual and unusual, regular and irregular, rhythms, to a degree of which in our persons we can have no idea. We can be no judges of it in our own language; still less in theirs, which we are no longer able even to pronounce.

The positive sacrifice incurred by the surrender of any of our modern metres is certainly far short of theirs. This (supposing the point of poetical diction to be in the particular case arranged) is all in favour of our prose translators. They have no personal concern in the remaining and secondary question. Nevertheless it is one, as to which all original poets, who have an individual interest that the poetical character should be distinctly recognised, ought, on their own account, as well as on that of the public, to have some deference for classical authority. The ancients were protected by the genius of their language against confusion. They nevertheless thought it advisable to keep up the visible barriers of a definite metrical prosody between poetry and the highest kinds of prose. It is most incumbent on us to take heed that nothing should be said or done which can tend to the removal of these ancient landmarks. Poetical prose is to the full as bad as prosaic poetry. Our approbation of prose translations, like Mr Hayward's *Faust*, proceeds on the intelligible principle, that where a desirable end can only be obtained by choosing between two opposite evils, it is the part of wisdom to choose the least. It is perfectly compatible with a disclaimer of the fallacy that prose and poetry may change backwards and forwards without injury to the character of either. The danger, if it comes on us, will not come in the form of sentences of systematic and balanced cadences. That attempt has failed in stronger hands than are likely to try it now. On that side, our language, in the ruggedness of its materials and structure, holds ample security. But there are other things in the art and object of poetical composition—its arrangement, transitions, sentiments—and imagery, which are in themselves more flexible, and liable to a more mischievous abuse. Caution against a misconception of the separate provinces where they are employed, seems to be specially necessary at the present time, when works, called works of imagination, have alone attractions for the reading public. The doctrine is sure, in its utmost misapplication, of partisans. In the hands of 'the intense school,' once regularly reduced to practice, it may find a place some few years hence in an English essay *De Causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ*. French critics were alarmed by the precedent of *Telemachus*. But the timidity of their language has the advantage of keeping errors of this kind within narrow bounds. With us, if once more 'every flowery

'courtier writes romance,' many an amateur will probably be seduced by the brilliant temptations of that hermaphrodite species of composition beyond the faults of the *Arcadia* or of *Apuleius*.

Thus much we have thought it necessary to suggest, on one hand, in justification of the present experiment; on the other, by way of limitation on some of the general statements by which the experiment is prefaced. We are quite aware that prose can on many occasions do the best part of a poet's work. The prose of some of Hamlet's speeches are instances of the success with which it may be to the full as highly wrought, float on as harmonious numbers, and wing as magnificent a flight, as the proudest verse. Still we are by no means sure of the effect of a whole play, even thus splendidly adorned, and should tremble at the precedent of its triumph. We have discharged our conscience from all responsibility for the irregularities of genius, and the hallucinations of rhapsodists, in case the advocates of imaginative and variegated prose were to surmise an inconsistency between our approbation of a translation, like the present, and any future censure on themselves. Our admiration of the imperial supremacy of Bishop Taylor's universal genius does not completely dazzle us to his defects. The poetry of his style, though real poetry, sometimes raises us too far off the ground, and bears us into a chariot of more pictorial and starry glory than is a becoming vehicle for the prose of even the Shakspeare of Divinity. Burke's comet-eloquence would have diffused both stronger light as well as heat, if it had carried less of a poet's train with it, and if the train had been studded with fewer peacock's eyes. Worse taste and less genius soon take up the parable. They give us the spots in the sun—without any thing of the sun besides. By the melting of their waxen wings, we are dropt at once from the Icarus-heaven into a limbo like Hervey's *Meditations on the Tombs*.

The sum of our observations, briefly capitulated, amounts to this: Versification, if in itself not a necessary element of, is always a great support, and may be on other accounts a necessary condition to, poetry. Whilst modern languages do not make it a source of as much direct gratification as it is, or rather as it was, in the case of the classical languages, we want it more than they did for the sake of the indirect advantages of its check. The difference, in this point of view, between original composition and translation is, that in translation the object of versification, comprised under the head of the indirect advantages, is comparatively no longer needed; and that the new considerations which the characteristic difficulties attendant on translation introduce, must be of sufficient weight, in a great majority of instances, to turn the scale.

Mr Hayward has married two wives, who have no great affection for each other—law and literature. When he translated Savigny's Essay, he must have been well aware, that although an English lawyer's admission to the bar is termed his *call*, it is no very profound or spiritual affair; and that nowhere in Europe are there less lively symptoms of the 'Vocation of our age' to Jurisprudence than in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn. The vocation to German literature is, however, rapidly spreading among us. The translations of Niebuhr, Müller, Boeck, and Heeren, must make our scholars feel thoroughly ashamed of the routine of the pigmy circle they have hitherto almost all been treading. Given up to politics and novels, and looking at literature, like any other trade, for its selling price, we have let the Germans get as much a-head of us of late in the higher ranges of classical learning, as the French in those of abstract science. Mr Hayward has been disposed on the present occasion to try the pulse of the public with a much lighter matter. Every body has heard of Goethe's Faust. There can be little fear that English readers will be so incurious as not to avail themselves of this their first opportunity of really knowing something about so celebrated a performance. The task is executed with a completeness which realizes what the Germans understand by the edition of a book. The translation has run the gauntlet of a considerable circle of private friends. It is prefaced by a criticism on the manner in which his predecessors have acquitted themselves of their perilous undertaking; while a long line of explanatory notes, collected from a host of commentators, and from a pretty extensive hearsay, brings up the rear. That England should be the place where, for the first time, Faust is published with notes, is a freak of fortune which nobody could have expected.

Madame de Staël's work on Germany, and the visible necessity of infusing new blood into a literature, the powder out of whose curls had been scarcely shaken by a revolution which shook the world, have carried the advanced posts of the French literati at last across the Rhine. There are no less than three French prose translations of Faust, including in the number a spirited paraphrase by M. le Comte de St Aulaire. The omission of Goethe's writings, or at least of Faust, from the compliment of an Italian version, is not so surprising as that Schiller's plays, (especially 'Mary Stuart,' by Moffei,) the works of Klopstock and Gesner, and, most of all, that the principal German publications on jurisprudence, should have found, and continue to find, translators during the alternations of torpor and of agitation through which it has been the fortune of Italy, especially for the last fifty years, to pass. We are far from being entitled to

throw a stone in reproach at this unoccupied niche, inasmuch as we have no other translation of Faust ourselves than the poetical version by Lord F. L. Gower, itself of no older date than the year 1824. The principal part of Mr Hayward's particular criticisms is taken up with exposing its mistranslations. His Lordship may now see reason to think (whatever he thought at the time of our review of his work) that our distrust of his disqualifications was expressed in the spirit, not of severity, but of forbearance. So far from ostracising noble authors, under the cynical feeling in which Selden called it folly in a lord to print, we honour the love of letters displayed by them, and respect the manliness which steps down from the pedestal of station into the literary arena. Mr Hayward has thought it necessary to prove in detail the truth of our general assertions, on account, he says, of the suspicion which attaches to the censure of a 'party Journal.' We should be ashamed of the implication, were we conscious that our political prepossessions bias our literary judgments. A real lover of poetry would as soon think of caring about the politics of his mistress, as of troubling himself a jot whether a poet is Whig or Tory. No demand was ever made of Scott, but that he would go on to instruct, and comfort, and delight mankind. He must be, indeed, a wretched creature who has not learned that genius bloweth where it listeth. God forbid, we should ever ask, when we approach their shrine, in what political cradle may have been nursed those favourites of Heaven, on whom the spirit of inspiration comes. In two fragments of Faust, especially in that of 'Mayday night,' Shelley has given a splendid proof that he, too, as well as Coleridge, was born to translate from the German. Their own thoughts are often not sufficiently defined. But in command of flowing and gorgeous language, they are unrivalled among our modern poets, and deal with words as Rubens or Paul Veronese with drapery and colours. Let others only give them the personages and the order of the procession—there seems no limit to the folds of brodered and stately expression in which they can array them forth.

The object with which Mr Hayward commenced his present translation was, that of proving to a certain number of literary friends, that they yet had nothing from which they could form an estimate of Faust. With this view he states, that he has always endeavoured to convey the precise meaning of Goethe, and that this is done with an almost exclusive reference to the precise meaning of the words. We have read the translation with great pleasure, and feel confident that it will fully answer the purpose for which it was thus designed. It is true, that a small portion of the whole is all that we have compared with the original. But, as far as our comparison reached, no rival construction has oc-

curring to us, with regard to which we were disposed to deny the translator his claim to be credited with the supposition, that he might have 'weighed and rejected it.' There are, however, occasional words and turns of phrase, to which we should feel a difficulty in extending the same presumption.

We will not be tempted to take up the cudgels even of St Jerome in the long-standing battle betwixt free and literal translation. The precise meaning of a word, much more of a passage, and of an author, Mr Hayward would at once agree, must be understood to mean something different from a version nominally English indeed, but prepared upon a principle not much higher than the dog latin of drunken Barnaby. A drawing copied against the window, in losing the freedom of the touch, is no longer a resemblance. The question, how far in translation a meaning is best secured by adhering to the exact form of the original expression, must be always a question of circumstance and of degree. It is a point not of law but of fact. In a case of this kind, so little can be anticipated 'in the books,' (as lawyers say,) that general rules are valuable only as hints pointing out where the *nucleus* of the dilemma lies. In the instance before us, what is the most that the two contending theories can lay down? One will say,—'make your translation 'as German,' the other, 'as English as possible.' But what is implied by 'possible?' Whatever system the opposite parties may espouse, (if they must espouse one,) supposing them to work to any practical purpose, they must come to a compromise in the end. The compromise can only be fairly settled on terms which will so far put both parties out of court, as to leave, in their respective translations, no evidence of the conflicting theories, of which they set out with being the partisans. If a translation is left so German as to be inaccessible to, or unreadable by, the English reader, it is no translation. It is still a dialect of German. We could name among our writers more than one who, when not translating, yet write in something very like a Germanic variety of their own inventing. We have not seen Mr Des Vœux's version of Goethe's Tasso. But Goethe was far too conversant with the inalienable rights of every language, to trench on the prescriptive indigenous independence of our English tongue. He saw that the demand, which the German side of the supposed hypothesis supported, was fully complied with. *Je me lisois moi-même dans la traduction.* He left the advocates of the English faction to ascertain whether Mr Des Vœux 'a conservé les règles et n'a pas trahi le génie de sa langue. Je n'en suis pas juge; peut-être le trouvera-t-on un peu trop Allemand.'

The most splendid example which can be imagined of a failure,

from falling into the other extreme, is the example of Pope. His translation is English all over; unfortunately not only in the words, but in the turn given to the sentiments and thought. Instead of saying, *J'y me lis moi-même*, Homer would undoubtedly honestly assign over the entire property and interest in it to Pope.

Mr Hayward has announced his leaning towards the former of these two systems, with rather a greater latitude of expression than we approve. The terms of adjustment, however, which he proposes, are more than equitable. He will hear of few complaints wherever they are realized. For while, on one hand, he holds that a translator may put his readers to severer terms than we think he is entitled to exact; on the other hand, he intimates that the complete performance of his duty will place them in a more favourable position than, according to our opinion, it is within the wand of any translator that they shall be placed. He faces the difficulty from the patriotic wish of naturalizing some of those pregnant forms of expression which consist of 'phrases and compounds where nothing is wanting to make an Englishman perfectly *au fait* of them, but to think out the full meaning of the words. In all such cases, I translate literally, in direct defiance of those sagacious critics, who expect to catch the spirit of a work of genius as dogs lap water from the Nile, and vote a German author unreadable unless all his own and his country's peculiarities are planed away.' Translation may be granted to be one of the most natural sources whence we should look for an addition to the wealth and felicities of a language. Among many other instances, Chapman, by his version, was perhaps the first to enrich the poverty of our infant speech with the compound epithets of the Greeks. But, if this enterprise is to succeed, it must be gone about with a much higher idea of the nicety of the operation, than merely asking one's self whether a reader can 'think out the full meaning of the word.' Transplanting a strange word requires as much consideration as the transplanting any other exotic. Besides, a meaning, which requires to be thought out, may stop a reader as much as the necessity of resorting to his dictionary. Our translator proceeds to say, 'my theory is, that, if the English reader, not knowing German, be made to stand in precisely the same relation to Faust as the English reader, thoroughly acquainted with German, stands in towards it—i. e. if the same impressions be conveyed through the same sort of medium, whether bright or dusky, coarse or fine—the very extreme point of a translator's duty has been attained.' Our objection to this theory is briefly its impossibility. An English reader who does

not know German, cannot for this purpose be placed upon a level with one who does. An acquaintance with the original language puts us in connexion with a thousand sympathies, the key to which can be given by no other means. Nor would a freer use of the liberty, which he has above assumed to be the privilege of a translator, have aided him towards realizing this expectation. On the contrary, it would have thrown him back. For, the moment a reader was arrested in his onward course,—obliged to draw up, and to think out the meaning of an expression—there may be the commencement of a new philological enjoyment for him, but—the poetical enchantment is dissolved, and we have got back again into our week-day world.

Mr Hayward's system appears more in his mode of viewing and stating the general question than in his practice. Not only does his good sense prevent him from any startling aberrations, but he has not gone the length which we think a translator from the German ought to rejoice in so favourable an opportunity of going. We mean, in reverting to the word from the Anglo-Saxon, rather than to its colleague from the Norman-French, wherever the double origin of our language offered him a choice of expression. In many instances it is out of the question, from the stain of degradation which was impressed as deeply on portions of the Saxon speech as of the Saxon race. In learning German, we first learn that words suffered the *villanous judgment* under the Norman domination, as much as men. However, we take our revenge in some measure at present. For, where this objection does not apply, the preference of the word of Saxon root over the correlative derivative, is part of the secret charm of our most vernacular and idiomatic writers. It is much more than the græcisms of Horace; or the archaisms of Spencer and Milton. Compare a page of the Bible with a page of Johnson. A translation like this of *Faust*, is the proper occasion for a further extension and vindication of the right. Pope knew the effect, without perhaps having thought much about the cause. He went back as far as his dislike of black-letter critics let him suspect there was any thing to learn.

' Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright through the rubbish of a hundred years;
Command old words which long have slept to wake,
Words which wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake.'

We will not dwell on verbal criticisms—but with this feeling we would not have rendered such words as *drang* by 'intuitive' 'longing,' or *durch dringen* by 'permeate.'

Mr Hayward has informed us of another theory of his, which

also we must do him the justice to say, that we should not otherwise have discovered him to hold. 'There can be no dispute, that when a word is avowedly used in a double sense, the irony or other allusion will be lost, if the double sense is not transfused into the translation. Thus, in the prologue in heaven, where Mephistopheles in his first speech takes up the compliment which had been paid by the Archangels to the creation, on account of its always continuing the same, and ironically connects it with the same quality in man, we should have kept up the *doppell-sinn*, and translated *wunderlich* 'wonderful,' instead of 'odd.' But Mr Hayward carries the doctrine of a translator's duty, in preserving all the possible meanings of his original infinitely further than so puerile a truism. His severe morality will accede to no other limitation than the incompetence of the English language to follow out the multiplied meanings which can be raised by the versatility of the German idiom, in the hands of a writer skilful to bring forth all its diversities of refraction. Four meanings are mentioned as a thing not at all extraordinary even in Faust. In a few remarks, which appear to us to be as correctly thought as they are allowed to be happily expressed, M. de St Aulaire has alluded to the peculiar difficulty which this *embarrass de richesses* imposes on an adventurer bold enough to translate from the elastic and exuberant German into the precise and pellucid French. He observes, that 'if it is possible to maintain that a vagueness of expression may be the means of producing a great effect in the hands of a great poet, it must be absurd to attribute any advantage whatever to a vagueness in the thoughts. The obligation to *think clearly* belongs to the nature of things; it is alike imposed on poets of every country and every age. The obligation to *write clearly* is especially imposed upon French writers. If that which presents no meaning is not language, that which presents many meanings is not French.' On this account, over and above sundry passages, he has left out two whole scenes; because they were perfectly unintelligible to him, both in their language and their object. An admission to this extent is a remarkable proof of the extremes to which national taste and character may fly off in opposite directions, in nations separated only by a running stream. M. de St Aulaire is allowed to have rightly decided on not emptying out the dregs of his dictionary on what after all he did not pretend to understand. With regard to the passages which admitted of several interpretations, he dealt with them as follows: 'In this case I considered that before every thing else, it was my duty to write French. I made it a rule not to allow any of the uncertainties which I found in the original to

‘subsist in the translation, and I subjected the whole to a clear and definite expression of the sense which I selected.’ Upon this, we have no fault to find with criticisms which proceed no further than to hint that the almost inevitable conclusion from such observations is, that it is impossible to translate Faust—or indeed as far as the observations are of general application, German—into French. The next step, however, is more than we can take. It is one which we doubt whether Mr Hayward himself, or any other translator, has ever actually taken.

Mr Hayward says, that one of the highest triumphs of a translator, in a passage capable of various meanings, is to shadow out them all. In reply to this, our first remark is, that his own practice, according to his own account of it, is inconsistent with his rule. In the course of his enquiries, he says, that ‘he has not unfrequently had three or four different interpretations suggested to him by as many accomplished German scholars, each ready to do battle for his own against the world.’ What then? Does he say, that he has attempted to shadow out them all? So far from it, he insists—we dare say, with justice—that readers who may miss their favourite interpretation in his version of any passage, are bound to give him the credit of having wilfully ‘rejected it.’ But as to the principle: In all works of art, no mischief can follow from intrusting the artist with merely as much discretion as implies the possession of that degree of taste and common sense, without which he must be thoroughly incompetent for his work. Wherever a word or sentence is capable of several meanings, the ambiguity must operate either as a beauty or as a defect. There can be no difficulty in telling which. Nor does it make any difference for this purpose, whether the ambiguity arises from the general nature of the language, or is attributable solely to the author. In the few instances where an uncertainty of this kind is a beauty, it is of course a translator’s business as much to give the double, as in other instances to give the single meaning. In the great majority of cases where the uncertainty is a defect, an obligation on the tailor to preserve the patches and the spots of the pattern coat, (especially spots of this nature,) strikes us as a very Chinese proceeding. To avoid these blemishes is not to falsify; it is simple justice towards an original of any merit. If a final general effect, which comes nearest to the truth, is the proper test of verisimilitude, translations like portraits must fall short in so many respects of their originals, (owing to the limited resources of their art,) that a happy and judicious selection of the best expression is in every sense the best likeness. This, we are satisfied, is in both instances the true triumph of the artist.

Painters have given up the chase after mixed expressions. It is only in rare exceptions that a writer is not bound not to place his reader between a cross fire of this description. A variety of meanings, left under ordinary circumstances in the words, is to all practical intents and purposes equivalent to none at all. When we once come to being unintelligible, the nonsense of a sage, as far as other persons are concerned, is in no wise more valuable than the nonsense of a fool. Can there be a difference (and, if so, can that difference be a merit?) on the part either of the German language or of German authors, that they should require a greater latitude in this direction than any other nation, whether of ancient or modern times? What is the use of language? Surely everywhere, but in diplomacy, to be understood. Humble grammarians have made idioms and beauties out of the inaccuracies of the classical text of a dead language. It is a further and a worse step for contemporary critics to back up authors in juggling with the understandings of their readers on the sense of what they write. We honour the name of Goethe; but before we can let his opinions or feelings dictate to our own, we must be able to make out, in every case, what his opinions and feelings are. Words into which too much or too little meaning has been put, are only words. And quite as little is to be gained in poetry as in either philosophy or theology, by allowing ourselves to be paid in words, and to be silenced by the authority of the sayings of a master.

There is a story, in the notes, of Hegel's obscurity, the moral of which is closely connected with the passion for a crowd of meanings smothering each other. The philosopher once proposed a toast at a public dinner—it must be supposed early in the day—which the toastmaster, after several consultations with him, was obliged to decline giving out, from not being able to understand a word of it. This comes of holding in honour the talent for darkening a meaning, or showing indulgence to being mysterious on subjects which appeal by their nature to all the instructed portion of mankind. For instance, there may be, we agree, a good deal of what is, nevertheless, sufficiently intelligible *secundem materiem* in German metaphysics, which Madame de Staël could not comprehend even *en peu de mots* or many. But with reference to the 'Natural Daughter,' or any dramatic composition founded upon rational principles, and executed in a rational manner, the expression by any bystander of a doubt (p. 280), whether she could comprehend Goethe, fully justified her in replying, '*Monsieur, je comprends tout ce qui mérite d'être compris : ce que je ne comprends n'est rien.*' Mr Hayward admits that there are some few meanings in Faust, which all reasonable

persons confess themselves unable to unearth—or (as he corrects himself) to unheaven. Can they, then, be called meanings? The lovers of the vague ought to take warning that this result is the natural consequence of advertising for a multitude of meanings. We come at last to none at all. The temptations held out by this apotheosis of the obscure, are more than either dullness or genius can be expected to resist.

Whoever addresses his fellow-countrymen in any form whatever, enters into an honorary engagement that he means to be understood. There is not one rule for words spoken, and another for words written. The engagement implies, that every passage of a work shall by itself have an accessible meaning. Not only that—so must the entire work, when it is contemplated as a whole. According to the subject and the circumstances, a great difference will exist on the degree of understanding and information which a writer is justified in assuming beforehand in his readers. ‘Fit audience and few,’ is sometimes a condition inherent in the subject, and in the only possible mode of treating it. But whenever a conditional limit on the number and nature of his audience is demanded by a poet, and when his requisition is made to rest on the single point that he means to be unintelligible, except to a chosen few, this is a limit, the grant and use of which must be strictly watched; unless, to be sure, men mean to be made April fools of by their own consent. It is blindman’s buff rather than criticism not to consider it to be a serious defect in a poem, in case it is fairly chargeable with the imputation of leaving its intelligent readers in the dark concerning its object and design. Yet this appears to be the actual condition in which a great part of the German public are wandering up and down in regard to the *Faust* of Goethe. What, however, is the most remarkable feature in the case is, that in this Goethe does not seem to be the person to blame. His offence cannot be put higher than that he has exercised his undoubted right to keep his own counsel amid the hubbub, and laugh silently in his sleeve. The fault is not with the author, who has neither made nor affected any mystery about his work; but with a public, who have found a market for a shelf-full of commentators and dreamers on its meaning. And upon what occasion? The working up anew of an old dramatic story by one of themselves, a next door neighbour. Shakspeare is described, in the dialogues of the dead, to express even in the next world his astonishment at the ingenuity which his petty race of verbal commentators had displayed at making out a meaning, where either his own carelessness, or the printer’s, or the course of time, had rendered it obscure. But Goethe has infinitely the

advantage of his great predecessor. The scale on which his commentators, under the encouragement of a credulous public, have proceeded, has been of far more gigantic magnitude, and in a much more marvellous direction. He has had the pleasure, too, all the while, of being a living bystander quietly looking on. It is this passion for mystification which, more than any thing else, impedes the usefulness of German literature, and frightens sensible people from venturing into its Hesperian garden. An apparent proneness to assume that the meaning which lies on the surface can be only a superficial exoteric meaning—a constant endeavour to *rosicrusianize* every subject, and to see further into a millstone than the nature of a millstone will allow—must secure a perpetual succession of enthusiasts, charlatans, and dupes. The whole field of literature becomes covered over with Doutserswivels, who, under the guidance of gleams which are revealed only to the initiated, waste their lives and talents in looking for hidden and visionary treasures.

Mr Hayward says, that the following passage (which he extracted from a critical notice in some German journal, of a work by M. Rosenkranz) may be taken 'as a fair sample' of the light in which Faust is constantly considered in Germany. 'The various attempts to continue the infinite matter of Faust where Goethe drops it, although in themselves fruitless and unsuccessful, at least show in what manifold ways this great poem may be conceived, and how it presents a different side to every individuality. As the sunbeam breaks itself differently in every eye, and the starred heaven and nature are different for every soul-mirror, so it is with this immeasurable and exhaustless poem. We have seen illustrators and continuers of Faust, who, captivated by the practical wisdom which pervades it, considered the whole poem as one great collection of maxims of life: We have met with others who saw nothing else in it but a pantheistical solution of the enigma of existence; others, again, more alive to the genius of poetry, admired only the poetical clothing of the ideas, which otherwise seemed to them to have little significance; and others, again, saw nothing peculiar, but the felicitous exposition of a philosophical theory, and the specification of certain errors of practical life. All these are right; for from all these points of view, Faust is great and significant; but, whilst it appears to follow these several directions, as radiations from a focus, at the same time it contains (but for the most part concealed) its peculiar, truly great, and principal direction; and this is the reconciliation of the great contradiction of the world, the establishment of peace between the real and the ideal. No one who loses sight of this, the

' *great foundation of Faust, will find himself in a condition—we do not say to explain or continue, but even to read and comprehend the poem.* This principal basis underlies all its particular tendencies—the religious, the philosophical, the scientific, the practical; and for this very reason is it, that the theologian, the scholar, the soldier, the man of the world, and the student of philosophy, are all sure of finding something to interest them in this all-embracing production.' So much for the general design. The characters are, it seems, not flesh and blood, but personifications; the cipher of whose hieroglyphic, Dr Hinrichs (p. 218) has been fortunate enough to detect. The Doctor is of opinion, that Faust represents philosophy, and Wagner empiricism or experimentalism;—philosophy being Germany, and empiricism the rest of the world. Looking among human compositions for the counterpart to this 'devilish tragedy,' Jean Paul (p. 73) expressly states, that it resembles the 'Divine Comedy' of Dante; with which Mr Hayward afterwards (78) adds, that 'it is constantly associated by critics.' Surely these three several illustrations dispute the palm of absurdity with each other. Can any thing be more fantastical than the discovery, that the peculiar scope of Faust is the reconciliation of 'the great contradiction of the world,' whatever that may be? Whoever got up from its perusal, and felt that it had established peace between the thoughts that wander through eternity, and the poor realities of life? The precise contrary appears to us a much more maintainable proposition. We could fancy that many of its believing readers have for a time been made by it less contented with their own share, both of the real and the ideal. We see no reason whatever, why Dr Hinrich's philosophical allegory on the personages, should not be equally predicated of the Hamlet and Horatio of Shakspeare. So Falk finds out a second meaning in the 'beggar's broth' of the witch's kitchen. We wish that he would analyse, on the same principle, the contents of the caldron in Macbeth. With regard to Jean Paul, and the critics, Goethe's genius had, we allow, both more depth as well as more sides to it than that of Voltaire, whom it has been the fashion to flatter with the epithet of universal. But he had much more in him throughout, of the specific artist-character of Voltaire, than of the firm and vigorous reality breathed through the patriot soul of the exiled bard of Florence. Work for work, there are scenes in the Pucelle, which are much more akin to Faust, than any canto, we might almost have said any line, in the 'Divine Comedy.' Critics who look upon the entire piece as an enigma to be solved, ought to be capable of tying and untying for themselves the riddles on the Brocken; of which Goethe is

reproached for saying no more, than that they form a part of the amusement of the Devil on Mayday night. It is not to be wondered at, that in a chaos of compliments and conjectures of this class, Goethe chose to keep his secret (if he had any) to himself; and that he should not be known to have spoken with approbation of any of his commentators, excepting Dr Schubart. How low this absurdity is brought down into the practical part of life, may be imagined from the following advertisement. M. Hensler, (p. 282,) Professor of Medicine at Wurtzburgh, proposes a course of lectures in which he will treat of university-science, and university-life in general, more especially of medicine, and the most favourable method to be followed for its study, according to Goethe's Faust. It can make little difference whether such lectures are grave or gay. Whoever remembers the tone of Goethe's academical satire, and especially his instructions for a physician, will not be surprised (in case they are made the text for lectures) at the scenes which a German university occasionally presents—a secession of students to some *Mons Sacer*, or discipline preserved by a troop of horse.

There is less excuse for these exaggerations and refinements, when they are so perfectly gratuitous, as in the case of Faust. The legend of the Devil and Dr Faustus, was one of the coarse popular creations of the middle ages, when God and man walked together more familiarly than in our politer times. It had at that period one meaning only, and that was a meaning which those who ran could see. From time to time, scholars were found who, bedeviled by the madness which vanity, seclusion, or the fumes of an indigestible learning, can create, did not disdain the credit or discredit of an intercourse and bargain with the Evil One. This was the imputation with which the church and the populace blackened the very name of the arts and sciences, throughout the long struggle of reviving learning. 'The mighty line,' for which Jonson celebrated the rash and epicurean Marlowe, is stamped on his play upon this subject. It seems to have been acted with great success. The character of Faust was performed by Allen, the founder of Dulwich College, habited in a surplice with a cross upon it; Mephistopheles appears to have worn the dress of a Franciscan friar. From the regular stage it descended to the puppet-shows, and after having passed through the hands of Lessing, came into the possession of Goethe. He has the glory of having cast it over again, and made it his own for ever. Humble as may seem this pedigree, there is Goethe's own authority for the fact, (p. 215.) 'The remarkable puppet-show fable of Faust found many an answering echo in my breast. I too had ranged through the

‘whole round of knowledge, and was early enough led to see its ‘vanity.’ Nor is there any ground to suppose, either from internal evidence, or external testimony, that the great poet had any leading moral in his drama beyond the exhibition of that particular view of human life and character; which, in the person of Faust himself, from its origin had always accompanied, and in truth constitutes the tradition. The only difference is in the extent of his conception of the capabilities of the subject; in the boldness and variety of his illustration; and in the beauty of his poetry, which has in it every thing of enchantment that a magician either could give or could desire.

The importance of the variations introduced by Goethe into the ancient fiction cannot be overrated, when they are regarded as an addition to its dramatic effect; but they indicate no intentional departure from the impression which, in its former state, it was calculated to convey. His play opens, after the example of Marlowe, with Faust musing in his study, and discarding the sciences one after another till he fixes his choice on magic. The considerations by which Faust is tempted are pretty much the same in both pieces. The sale to the Devil is completed on the same terms—four-and-twenty years, ‘in all voluptuousness,’ with the obedient service of Mephistopheles, ‘to give him ‘whatever he shall ask.’ The personal moral begins therefore the same; nor is there any thing to alter it in the subsequent changes of the character and plot. It is true, Goethe has made wonderful improvements in the scenic character both of Faust and Mephistopheles. With the exception of a short tour of speculative gratification, and an interview with Helen, (no Margaret, but a paltry classical *εἰδωλον*,) Marlowe’s Faust immediately puts off the student’s softened and meditative nature, and goes through the rest of his adventures in the humour of a vulgar-minded foolhardy conjurer. He is satisfied that ‘his ghost be ‘with the old philosophers,’ provided that, with a fiend for a serving-man, he can display his power in annoying the Pope, in astonishing the Emperor by the sight of his ‘stout progenitors,’ and in raising the laughter of horseboys by alehouse tricks. On the other hand, Goethe’s Faust retains his entire, however perplexed, humanity, instead of sinking into a mere showman or Michael Scott. He continues to be a human being, who has the misfortune to have sought, in the tumult of the senses, refuge for a jaded and disappointed mind, and an overwrought and bewildered spirit. The personal interest is principally centred in him to the last,—as a mortal tempted beyond his strength—as the party whose hopes and fears are staked on the dreadful issue; yet

who nevertheless remains keenly susceptible to the misery which he is bringing upon others, and fully aware of the crisis on which he stands. In comparing the Mephistopheles of the two poets, Marlowe's demon is a poor half-penitent creature, of whom one cannot conceive how he ever got into Lucifer's rank and file—who merely comes when he is called, and does as he is bid—such a devil as Wagner might make, were he to be damned. The German Mephistopheles, whose word blights every thing on which it falls, is a far different person. He has been raised by Goethe into a character as important as, and the memory of which descends more deeply into the very marrow, as it were, of one's mind, than, that of Faust. Retsch's outlines were not wanted to picture out a countenance, of which every reader must have provided himself with some living representative. He is a duplicate of the Devil with whom God holds parley in the book of Job; whom God permits to remain on a certain sort of terms with Him, and with whom He leaves a certain degree of permitted power. The poet, however, is personally responsible for the character with which he has invested Mephistopheles—and for presenting him as the Iago Devil, with the arch-fiend's mock for ever on his countenance—the tempter ere the accuser of mankind. Goethe has made the most of the new mask in which he has brought out this old performer. But he is guilty of beginning with a needless impropriety, since it is connected with no poetical advantage or application. He goes out of his way to put into the mouth of God a preference of the cold scoffer—*of the hater of pathetic and exalted language*—over all the other unbelieving spirits. This is an uncalled-for violence to human feelings; since, assuredly, every human being must feel, for instance, that the ridicule of Voltaire is less excusable than the declamation of Rousseau. One pities Burns, when in his madness he says he is trying to form himself on the character of Milton's Satan; whilst a creature, (whether human, or above or below humanity,) which was formed, or forming itself, on the character of Mephistopheles, could be only looked upon as so much meddling, malignant, and disgusting vermin.

This new adaptation of the two characters is combined with a new and endless variety in the plot. Faust and Mephistopheles, the master and his man, afterwards set out to hunt in couples through society. A companionship, far short of a quarter of a century, must furnish the travellers with every kind of material, natural and supernatural, infinitely beyond what can be crowded within the framework of a single play. It is evident, by the passage quoted (276) from Schiller's correspondence,

that this demand of 'a totality of matter' was felt both by Goethe and Schiller to be one of the difficulties attending the beating of so wide a cover. Every form of social life and sentiment might be put up in succession. Faust was accordingly not a composition to be regularly begun and ended. It remained on the anvil to be taken up by snatches, and at long intervals; being written between 1765 and 1769—first published in 1790, and the enlarged edition of it in 1807. Goethe, when asked about it by his friend Zimmerman, the physician, whilst visiting at Weimar, brought out a bag full of scraps of papers—*Voilà mon Faust*. In a plot of this kind, each scene may be read in the same way as it was written; and every part of it by itself will be found to be in great measure entire. But to whatever length it may run, the whole can, by its nature, be nothing but a fragment after all. So Goethe, who liked neither prefaces with the public, nor explanations about his works, even to his most intimate companions, expressed himself to Schiller. In this sense, even Goethe's posthumous continuation must leave it a fragment still.

Faust, before Goethe took it up, was an old worn-out tapestry painting. We admire, as much as any one, not only the more than original brightness which he has given to the colours, but the skill with which he has breathed over its leading figures a poetical and living interest which they never before possessed. These figures are no longer so much necromantic machinery: they are actual and striking characters, for whom he has acquired a boundless space and movement by his magnificent enlargement of the canvass, and by the splendour and fertility with which he has filled it up. It is not the less true that all this excellence is independent of any change in the principal features, or at least in the principal impression of the story. Into whatever untried varieties of being Faust and his Vizier-slave may pass,—whether they are carousing in the wine vaults of Leipzig, stealing into Margaret's chamber, or careering on the top of the Blocksberg,—still the moral disease, under which he is suffering, and the pain which it inflicts on him, remain the same. They are more developed; but, both in their cause and in their consequences, they are what they were already whilst he was yet sitting over his books. The novelty, in this respect, is only in the circumstances under which the case is presented to our view. But the whole legend, old or new, is one, in which it appears to us that there can be no great mystery,—mystify it as we may. It must be more or less the history of every human, certainly of every thoughtful and susceptible being. Mr Hayward has done all that can be

necessary to show how far *Faust* was the inward revelation of Goethe himself. The view of a German student's life; the satire on the routine of college lectures; the sneer at logic, law, and medicine, are verified as the expressions of his own personal experience. He even so far betook himself to magic, as once to go through a course of alchymy with a Miss Von Klettenberg. Margaret's dread of Mephistopheles is borrowed from the mischief an ill-looking friend, whom he took a-courting with him, and whom he christened Mephistopheles Merks, did him in a love adventure of his own. The fluctuations, or rather the stormy waves in which Goethe's mind for a length of time was driven to and fro until it was vexed almost into a whirlpool, may be imagined from the fact that the Bible and Spinoza were his two favourite books; and that he was wont to take counsel from them by turns. It may help us to a guess also on the light in which he himself regarded *Faust*, if we remember that he looked upon it as the original of Byron's *Manfred*. Now no doubt ever has been started as to what *Manfred* means.

Every one, or alas ! almost every one, is aware, how soon the mind, by fretting against the prison bars, may break its aspiring pinions, and beat itself to pieces. According to the spirit in which it is approached, the tree of knowledge bears on all its branches wholesome food, or dangerous and forbidden fruit. In learning, as well as in all acquisitions, and all enjoyments, the great paramount, while concurrent, lesson is, not so much the best means of adding to their extent, as the best means of really using and enjoying what we are already in possession of. In the degree that we are sceptical and restless, ambitious and curious overmuch—that we jump at more than we can reach to, and then sulkily take up with less than we could get—that we place our standard in the clouds, and our practice in the dust,—that we prefer seeking comfort for our cares, whether reasonable or unreasonable, in business and distraction, in the ball-room, the dice-box, or the bottle, in selling the better part of our nature into slavery to the worse—we are all of us *Fausts*, after our own fashions. It is an old story. Solomon, the wise Egyptian king, might be almost passed off as the original of *Faust*. He went through apparently the whole course—the humbling malady, the still more humiliating relief. In their books of magic they seem alike to have found as little for their peace, as in the other promises of an equally deceitful learning. The unsatisfactoriness of human knowledge, however, appears to be the vanity of vanities, on which the sage Eastern monarch, and the Wittenberg professor, will lecture the world in vain. The sentiment which is

breathed into the celebrated love-song of the Royal Preacher is the pendant to Faust's passion for Margaret. A genuine and generous attachment might have placed happiness, by means of the affections, once more within the reach of the melancholy author of Ecclesiasticus. But the presence of 300 wives and 700 concubines, deprived him of even that contingency. Mephistopheles, the caustic and cynical voluptuary, could have wished for no better allies. If an overgrown library can produce a surfeit of knowledge, an overstocked seraglio will more certainly bring on an atrophy of the affections. When reason, feeling, and conscience are ill at ease, to fall back upon sensual indulgences for a remedy, is to take a roll in the gutter by way of a medicated mud-bath.

We must conclude abruptly—but not without thanking Mr Hayward for the pains which he has taken in the collection of his materials—and in congratulating him on the success which always attends labours, which are labours of love.

ART. VII.—1. *Scheme for a Graduated Property Tax.* Pp. 54. London : 1832.

2. *Suggestions for the Relief of the Public Burdens.* Pp. 37. London : 1833.

CONSIDERING the extent to which taxation is carried in this country, it is not surprising that many crude and abortive schemes should be put forward for lessening the severity of its pressure, and rendering it more conducive to the public interests. But, with few exceptions, these schemes have made little impression. The Government and the public have had sense enough to perceive, that no part of a real national burden could be defrayed by any sort of juggling; and it seems now to be universally admitted that, excepting in as far as relief may be obtained by a diminution of expenditure, it can be sought for only in the substitution of new and less objectionable taxes, for some of those already in existence; or in the introduction of such modifications into the present scheme of taxation as may serve to render it less injurious, without diminishing its productiveness.

We confess that the last appears to us the most likely method of benefiting the public. So far as experience may be relied on in a matter of this sort, it goes to show that the expectations of those who anticipate considerable advantage from a

transference of taxes, have, for the most part, been disappointed. Our present system of taxation seems, in its leading principles, to be well devised. There cannot, indeed, be any doubt that the duties on several articles are carried to an oppressive extent—to such an extent as to be decidedly less productive than they would be, were they lower; and that others ought to be wholly repealed. But these defects are not of the essence of the system; they result entirely from the mode in which it is applied in particular instances, and might be effectually obviated without making any change in its principles.

We are not, however, sure that this is the opinion most commonly held by well-informed persons. A notion seems to be very generally diffused, that it would be advisable to repeal a considerable portion of the existing taxes, and to substitute a tax on property or on income in their stead. Those who advocate a measure of this sort have some plausible reasons to allege in its favour. The repeal of taxes on commodities, it is contended, would, in so far, save the generally heavy expense attending their collection,—would put an end to smuggling and adulteration, and would prevent capital and industry from being forced into artificial channels; while, by obviating the necessity of granting drawbacks on the exportation of goods subjected to duties, it would obstruct fraud, and facilitate commerce. That these, and that several other advantages, which will readily suggest themselves, would result from the substitution of *fairly assessed* direct for indirect taxes, seems, at first sight, abundantly obvious. After all, however, this is a matter in which we have only a choice of difficulties. Supposing that the substitution of a tax on property or income, in lieu of the whole or of a portion of our present taxes, had the effects now stated, it may still, we think, be satisfactorily shown, that the change could not be made without producing other and far more serious evils than those it would redress. But as this is a subject of great practical interest, involving the determination of several very important and rather difficult questions, we shall take the liberty briefly to state the principles which ought, as it appears to us, to be kept in view in coming to a decision upon it.

We labour under a very great difficulty in attempting to institute any comparison between the indirect taxes at present in existence, and the direct tax for which it is proposed partially to commute them, from the want of any precise information with respect to the latter. It is argued generally, that it would be good policy to repeal several of the existing taxes, and to substitute in their stead a tax on property or income. These, how-

ever, are by no means convertible expressions. A tax on property is materially different from a tax on income; and there is the greatest room for difference of opinion as to the properties and incomes that should be subjected to such taxes, and the mode in which they should be imposed. On all these points the most discordant notions are entertained; and, as many of those that are most popular seem to be inconsistent, not only with all sound principle, but even with the security of property, it may be proper shortly to enquire into the mode in which a property and an income tax should be assessed.

I. Dr Smith lays it down, that the subjects of every state ought to contribute towards the support of government, ‘as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities; that is, *in proportion to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the state.*’ Of the soundness of this principle there can be no doubt; but when we propose acting upon it, many serious difficulties present themselves. Shall we take the properties of different individuals as evidence of the revenue they enjoy? Shall we estimate the value of different sorts of property by the *same* standard; and subject the owner of a capital of L.1000 to the *same rate* of taxation as the owner of a capital of L.10,000 or L.100,000? Or, supposing income to be directly assessed, how are we to proceed? Are we to tax the incomes of professional men as heavily as those of landlords or capitalists? and is the same proportional deduction to be made from incomes of L.100 or L.500 a-year as from those of L.1000 or L.5000? These are not questions of easy solution; and yet it is indispensable that we should have our minds made up as to the course we are to follow with respect to them, before we are in a condition properly to discuss the question as to the comparative advantage or disadvantage of direct or indirect taxation.

If the choice lay only between a tax on property and a tax on income, we incline to think that the latter ought to be preferred. It is, indeed, quite impossible to ascertain incomes with any thing like accuracy, or to tax them fairly after they are ascertained. But whatever errors might be made in their estimation and assessment would be at least equalled, and probably exceeded, by those that would be made, were it attempted fairly to tax the property of individuals. Let any one fancy himself appointed to value the property of some one of his neighbours engaged in agriculture, or in any department of trade or manufactures, and a very little reflection will satisfy him that the task is one of the utmost difficulty. Suppose, for example, that it

were required to estimate the stock of an individual engaged in farming. In this case, the property to be valued is mostly all obvious, and it might be supposed that there would be little difficulty in the matter; and yet, in point of fact, the difficulties would be all but insuperable. In the first place, no two individuals would form the same estimate of the value of any article; and, in the second place, how are they to decide as to what is to be deemed stock, and what not? Is all that is upon the farm in the month of March or the month of August to be deemed stock, and subjected to taxation? and, if not, what deductions are to be made at each period to arrive at the true amount of stock or farming capital employed? Suppose that a field has been recently limed, marled, or otherwise manured, at a heavy expense,—is the worth of this improvement to be taken into account in estimating the farmer's stock? And if this question be answered, as we think it ought to be, in the affirmative, how is the value of those manures to be ascertained that have been recently ploughed down, and incorporated with the soil? Were an attempt made to calculate the stock of any individual engaged in trade, the difficulties would be much greater. It is to no purpose to propose referring to books; for, were they used for such an object, it would be the easiest thing in the world to construct them so that they should yield no information, or such only as was false and misleading. In fact, it would be found that, in nine cases out of ten, nothing better than the declarations of the parties concerned could be obtained; and we look upon every system of taxation as radically vicious, that sets the interest and the duty of individuals at variance—that tempts them to balance between the loss of property and the commission of perjury.

But admitting that it were possible, which it obviously is not, to form a tolerably fair estimate of the property possessed by individuals, its adoption as a standard by which to determine the amount of taxation would be singularly inexpedient. It is necessary to look as well at the practical operation as at the abstract justice of a principle. Apparently, nothing can be fairer, supposing the property of individuals were known, than to tax them proportionally; and yet few things would in reality be more mischievous and unfair. If income be assumed as the criterion by which to apportion taxation, there is an inducement to conceal its amount; but a tax on income will not tempt any one to employ inferior instruments or processes in carrying on any employment. This, however, is the inevitable effect of a tax on capital or property. The moment such a tax is established, every one attempts to escape or to elude the severity of its pres-

sure, by concealing a portion of his property, or employing it in some underhand manner. Those engaged in industrious occupations, endeavour to carry them on with the least possible amount of capital. Such as are not poor, counterfeit poverty. Inferior machinery and inferior cattle are employed. An indisposition is generated to lay out fresh capital in works or improvements, seeing that it will be taken as an evidence of increased wealth, and will consequently expose the parties to additional taxation. The object under such circumstances is not to appear rich, but to appear poor; and the reality too often corresponds with the appearance.

Pauper videri vult Cinna, et est pauper.

The history of the *taille*, as it existed in France before the Revolution, strikingly exemplifies the truth of what has now been stated. The *taille* was intended to be a tax on the profits of the farmers; and it was assessed according to the amount of the capital they employed in cultivation. They were in consequence tempted to employ as little capital as possible, and were deterred from making any considerable or expensive improvement. It is not easy to exaggerate the injury done to the agriculture of France by this system. All who made anything by farming were anxious to withdraw to some other business; at the same time that agriculture drew no recruits from the other classes. Not only, therefore, did the *taille* hinder the greater part of the capital generated on the land from being laid out upon it, but it turned from it all the capital that had been accumulated in other employments. Considering the long period to which France was subjected to so odious a tax, the wonder is not that her agriculture was in a very depressed and backward state at the Revolution, but that it was so far advanced as it really was.

Although, therefore, it were true, and it only is so under peculiar circumstances, that if the capital employed by a farmer or manufacturer could be ascertained, it would afford a pretty good criterion of his ability to bear taxes; it is also true, first, that it is next to impossible to determine the amount of capital belonging to any individual; and, second, that supposing it to be determined, it would be most unwise to adopt it as a standard of taxation. Under the pretence of equality, taxes proportioned to the property or capital of individuals are, from the impossibility of ascertaining its amount, about the most unequal that can be imagined; while, from their pernicious influence on industry, they become the most prolific sources of poverty and dissatisfaction.

No doubt, however, it will be said that we mistake altogether the views of those who propose that a tax should be laid on property; that it is not meant such a tax should be universal; but that it should be laid exclusively on the properties of landholders, fundholders, and mortgagees; and that when restricted to them, it could not have the effects now anticipated. We contend, however, that the limitation of the tax in the way now stated would be an act of the most flagrant injustice, and that its operation would be still more destructive than if it were extended to all sorts of property. It is absurd to suppose that land is held by those only who have withdrawn from active life; it is often purchased as a means of profitably investing capital; and cultivated as much on mercantile principles, as if the property had been embarked in a cotton mill.

Suppose two individuals have each L.5000, and that the one vests his money in land, the other in a ship; we ask whether any thing could be more unjust than to tax the capital of the former, and to allow that of the latter to escape? Would this be making all classes contribute to the wants of the state, 'in proportion to the revenues they respectively enjoy under its protection?' It has been said in vindication of this inequality, that the properties are of a different description—that the land will last for ever, whereas the ship will be speedily worn out. That this is the fact is true; but it is also true, that while the land will not yield more, probably, than L.200 a-year to its owner, the ship will, at an average, produce L.500 or L.600, or more; and by accumulating the surplus a sum will be provided amply sufficient to replace the ship when she is worn out. Insurance effectually provides against all risk of loss by accident; so much so, that the capital vested in a ship or a cotton mill may be rendered substantially as lasting as if it were vested in land.

The greatest possible misconception prevails with respect to the owners of land. The holders of great estates, the Buccleuchs, Northumberlands, Rutlands, Devonshires, &c., are but few in number. They, however, engross the attention of the careless observer, and prevent his fixing his eye on the mass of obscure, petty landowners who make up the great bulk of the class. The land belonging to opulent proprietors bears in fact no sort of proportion to that which belongs to persons of middling and very small fortune. Nothing can be a greater mistake than to suppose, as is generally done, that the landowners are an extremely opulent, and an extremely indolent body. These may be the characteristics of a few individuals amongst them; but it would be quite as wide of the mark to affirm that they are generally applicable to the entire class, as that they

are universally applicable to the classes of manufacturers and traders. We have been at some pains to make enquiries upon this point, and we are convinced, that if the landlords of England and the master manufacturers be compared together, the latter will be found, speaking generally, to be the richer, but hardly the more industrious of the two. In the greater number of English counties, property is subdivided to a far greater extent than is commonly supposed; and there are few that lead a more laborious life, or are more under the necessity of abstaining from luxurious indulgences, than the owners and occupiers of small landed properties.* It would not be difficult to show that the entire landed rental of England and Wales is, at this moment, rather under than above *thirty millions*. Now, as this falls to be divided among, *at least*, 200,000 proprietors, it gives to each an average annual income of L.150 a-year. And seeing that a few have much more, it follows, that many must have a good deal less. However little conversant with general statistics, those acquainted with the situation of the 'statesmen,' or small landed proprietors of Cumberland and Westmoreland; the yeomen of many of the midland and southern counties; the copartners of Lincolnshire, &c., will be ready to admit what has now been stated. In extensive districts of Lincoln, the smaller class of properties vary from 1 to 50 acres. Arthur Young, in his survey of the county, says, that their proprietors are very happy; but their happiness would seem to be rather peculiar, for he adds, that he was told '*that the little proprietors work like negroes, and do not live so well as the inhabitants of the poor-houses.*' — (Survey of Lincoln, 2d edit. p. 20.)

We are very far, however, from insinuating that this should be considered as any thing like a fair representation of the general condition of the smaller class of proprietors in England. But assuredly there are few classes to whom persevering industry, and the most rigid self-denial, are more indispensable. Indolence or extravagance would speedily sink them to the condition of labourers. It is only, in fact, by unremitting exertion and economy that they preserve their place in society and bring up their families.

Even though the landlords had been generally as rich and luxurious as they are imagined, or at least represented to be, by the vulgar herd of politicians, the plan for laying exclusive taxes on their property would have been too grossly partial

* Land is not nearly so much subdivided in Scotland; but even here it is much parceled in some districts.

and unfair to have met with much approbation. But when, instead of being rich, the great majority of landlords are either poor, or in but very indifferent circumstances, the iniquity of the proposal becomes still more glaring. To suppose that it could be established by law, would be a libel on Parliament; and to suppose that such a law, if enacted, would be submitted to, would be a libel on the people of England. Many of the richest of our merchants, bankers, manufacturers, shipowners, traders, &c., do not possess a single acre of land; and is it to be endured that the property of such persons should enjoy a total exemption from that direct taxation which is to fall with its full weight on the individual struggling to support himself and his family on some 5, 10, 50, or 100 acres of land? We should mistake altogether the character and feelings of Englishmen, if we could imagine such enormous injustice would be tolerated for a moment.

It is a still greater mistake to suppose that funded property is generally held by the *fruges consumere nati*, or by those who take no active share in industrious pursuits. The very opposite proposition would be a good deal nearer the truth. Every one, we suppose, will allow, that those engaged in the business of Banking and Insurance have a fair claim to be ranked amongst the industrious classes; and yet the capitals of bankers and of insurance companies is principally vested in the funds; so that a tax on the latter would really be a tax on the property of some of the most useful and industrious classes of the community. It ought also to be kept in mind, that a large amount of funded property is always held by those who have had capital thrown on their hands which they have not been able to employ in any active pursuit, and which they have vested in the meantime in the funds for the sake of the interest. A tax on the funds would tempt many such persons to keep their idle capital at their bankers, or in their strong box; it would do an injury to the industrious classes without securing any corresponding advantage to the state.

But this is not all. Those who are so very fond of indulging in declamatory invectives against the fundholders, and who endeavour to prejudice them in the public estimation by representing them as ‘leviathans of wealth,’ either know nothing at all of the matter, or speculate upon the ignorance of their readers. The truth is, that the great majority of fundholders, like the majority of landholders, are persons of very slender means. The facility of vesting small sums in the funds, and the circumstance of none of the London banks allowing interest on the balances in their hands, has occasioned an immense influx of small depo-

sitors to the funds. The official statement for 1830 shows that the total number of *half-yearly* warrants issued to receive dividends at the Bank of England is about 275,000; and of these, no fewer than 83,609 were warrants to receive sums under, and not exceeding, L.5! Above 42,000 warrants were at the same time issued for sums under, and not exceeding L.10. It is, perhaps, still more singular, that only 161 warrants were issued for sums of L.2000 and upwards. It will be observed, too, that the dividends due to the Equitable and other insurance companies, to the Banks of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and to a multitude of other associations, are all paid upon single warrants, as if they were due to so many private individuals; whereas they are really paid to the managers of the institutions in question, merely because they act as factors or trustees for a vast number of other persons to whom they are distributed.

Let us hear no more, then, about the propriety of taxing the funds in order to get at 'the overgrown fortunes of the 'monied class.' At best this is but a robber's pretext. But the statements now made, and which it is impossible to controvert, demonstrate that a tax on the funds would fall principally on the lower and middle classes. It would, without materially abridging the comforts of the rich, aggravate, in no ordinary degree, the difficulties of the industrious part of the community; and unless the tax were extended to *all* other descriptions of property, it would be an undisguised breach of the public faith.

But suppose that we are wrong in the previous statements—that all the land, funds, and mortgages of the empire are held by rich individuals not engaged in business, and that they may be, not unjustly, burdened with an exclusive tax—the effect would, notwithstanding, be the same. National poverty, bankruptcy, and revolution must ever be the inevitable result of all attempts to lay the public burdens on particular classes. What is the object that all industrious persons have in view? What inspires them with courage to undertake, and with resolution to overcome, the most irksome and laborious tasks?—the hope that they may be able to realize a fortune in land, funds, or mortgages. But were the state, in its fancied wisdom, to enact that these sorts of property should be exclusively loaded with a heavy direct tax, it is as clear as the sun at noon-day, that either the process of accumulation would be effectually checked, or, which is perhaps the most probable result, the accumulations, when made, would be carried to foreign countries, where taxes were imposed on some less partial and oppressive principle. We leave it to others to decide which of these consequences would be most injurious. It is sufficient to know that either

would be fraught with irremediable ruin. If we are to have a property tax, it must be made to affect all who possess property. It is not easy indeed to exaggerate the mischievous consequences that would flow from such a tax; but they would certainly be inferior to those that must follow any attempt to assess it exclusively on the property of particular classes.

II. A tax on income would be free from some of the inconveniences now pointed out; but others are inherent in it that ought, as it appears to us, to forbid its adoption, except as a last resource, when money must be raised at all hazards. From a variety of causes, which, as they will readily occur to the reader, it is useless to specify them, property or capital, though engaged in industrious undertakings, may not yield any profit to the proprietor for a long period. While this untoward state of things continues, a tax on income would not affect its possessors; their capital would continue unimpaired; and when the peculiar circumstances that rendered it unproductive were obviated, it would yield as large a revenue as ever to its owners, and consequently furnish as large a tax to the state. But a tax on property would operate very differently. It would affect capital, whether it was productive of profits or not. The ship freighted by a solvent, and the ship freighted by an insolvent merchant;—the field in fallow, and the field in wheat;—the furnace in blast, and the furnace out of blast,—would all be subjected to the same equal, or rather most unequal, tax. The stock of all individuals, when it happened either to be employed unproductively, or not employed at all, would be diminished by a tax on property. It would frequently fall, where no tax ought, if possible, ever to fall, on capital, without giving the contributors any opportunity of defraying it out of revenue. Suppose two manufacturers or agriculturists possess each property worth L.10,000; that the one employs it so as to yield a profit of ten per cent; while, owing to a decline in the demand for the produce raised by the other, a failure of crops, or some such circumstance, his capital yields him no profit; what should be thought of the justice of a tax that pressed equally on both individuals? Such must constantly be, in innumerable instances, the operation of a tax on property. It would not be very far from being as often proportioned to the disability, as to the ability of those on whom it is laid.

A tax on income would be free from this inconvenience. Those who had no income, or who had their capital so employed that it afforded no profits, would escape the tax. In this respect, therefore, it would have a decided advantage over a tax on pro-

perty; but in most other respects they seem to be very much on a par.

An income tax is apparently the fairest of all taxes. It seems to make every one contribute to the wants of the state in proportion to the revenue he enjoys under its protection; while, by falling equally on all, it occasions no change in the distribution of capital, or in the natural direction of industry, and has no influence on prices. It were much to be wished that any tax could be imposed having such effects; but we are sorry to be obliged to state that none such has hitherto been discovered; and that those who expect such effects to follow the imposition of a tax on income, will be very much disappointed. We admit that an income tax would have the supposed effects, were it possible fairly to assess it. But the practical difficulties in the way of its imposition are not of a sort that can be overcome. So much is this the case, that taxes on income, though theoretically equal, are, in their actual operation, the most unequal, oppressive, and vexatious of any that it is possible to imagine.

The difficulties in the way of assessing income are of two sorts:—1st, the difficulty of ascertaining the amount of the annual revenue of different individuals; and 2d, supposing that amount to be known, the difficulty of laying an equal tax on incomes derived from different sources.

1. It would be useless to dwell at any considerable length on the first of these heads. Incomes arising from the rent of land and houses, mortgages, funded property, and such like sources, may be learned with tolerable precision; but it neither has been, and, we are bold to say, never will be, possible to determine the incomes of farmers, manufacturers, dealers of all sorts, and professional men, with any thing like even the rudest approximation to accuracy. It is in vain to attempt to overcome this insuperable difficulty by instituting an odious enquiry into the affairs of individuals. It is not, indeed, very likely that any people, not altogether enslaved, would tolerate, in ordinary circumstances, such inquisitorial proceedings; but whether they did or did not, the result would be the same. The investigations would be worthless; and the commissioners of an income tax, like those of a property tax, would in the end have nothing to trust to but the declarations of the parties. Now, mark the operation of the tax: it would fall with its full weight upon men of integrity, while the *millionaire* of 'easy virtue' would wellnigh escape it altogether. It would, in fact, be a tax on honesty, and a bounty on perjury and fraud; and, if carried to any considerable height—to such a height as to render it a prominent source of income—it would undoubtedly ge-

nerate the most barefaced prostitution of principle, and would do much to obliterate that sense of honour that is the only sure foundation of national probity and virtue.

2. But supposing it were possible (which it plainly is not) to get over this fundamental objection, and that means have been devised for ascertaining the incomes of different individuals with something like tolerable precision, we should have made but a very small progress towards the assessing of the tax. On one point, indeed, there can be no difficulty. Property taxes ought undoubtedly to be laid on all sorts of property, and income taxes on all sorts of income. But the question immediately occurs, whether the tax should be of the *same magnitude* on all sorts of income? And if this question be answered in the negative, we have next to enquire into the principle on which distinctions are to be made.

Those who affirm that an income tax ought to be laid equally on all incomes, from whatever source derived, contend that the hardship of such a proceeding is not real, but apparent. According to them, the incomes of lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and other professional men, must always bear a certain relation to the incomes of the other classes of the community; but if the former were not taxed to the same extent as the latter, this relation would be subverted; the condition of professional men would be relatively improved; and it is alleged that, under such circumstances, there would be a greater influx of members into professional businesses, whose competition would depress the incomes of those engaged in them, so as to place them once more on a level with landlords, capitalists, &c., on whom the full weight of the tax is supposed to fall. On this ground it is contended that the tax ought to be made to *press equally on all incomes*; and that there is no injustice in making the same deduction from the fees of a lawyer or physician, as from the rent of a landlord, or the profit of a capitalist; for, supposing that the former were partially or wholly exempted from the tax, he would be as much injured by the greater competition that would grow out of such exemption, as by being subjected to the full amount of the tax.

These statements, though in some degree true, are in the main fallacious. Professional fees, when once fixed, are not easily altered. Notwithstanding the heavy fall of rents and profits since the peace of 1815, the fees of professional men have not materially varied; nor did they vary materially during the previous period of depreciation. We doubt whether the imposition of a peculiar tax, of a moderate amount, on professional incomes, or their total exemption from such tax, if laid on incomes arising from other sources, would have any sensible influence on

fees. If it were very heavy, it might, and most probably would, at the long run, affect them to a greater or less extent; but its operation could not be in any case immediate; and unless the tax exceeded all reasonable bounds, there is but little ground for thinking that it would ever materially affect them.

But suppose it were really true that professional incomes always vary at the same time, and in the same degree, as other incomes, this would not justify the laying an equal tax on them all. A landlord receives L.500 of rent, and an attorney or an apothecary makes L.500 a-year by his business. But although the income of each be, at present, the same, their ability to pay taxes is materially different; for the income of the first arises from a comparatively lasting source, whereas that of the latter is dependent on his life, and on his health. And hence, in order to lay the same burden on both parties, we must calculate the *present value* of the income enjoyed by each, and lay the same tax on it; or, which would come to the same thing, we must deduct from the income of the professional man such a portion as would effect an insurance on his life for a sum equivalent to the present value of his income, and assess the tax on the remainder.

This is the only way in which, supposing incomes to be known, it is possible fairly to tax them. In point of fact, however, it would be all but impracticable to proceed in this way. Suppose, to illustrate the principle, that a clergyman is 40 years of age, that he has an income of L.1000 a-year, and that it is required to decide how much he should contribute to a tax of ten per cent on all incomes considered as perpetuities. Here we are met at the very outset by the difficulty of deciding as to the standard by which to estimate A's expectation of life. If we take the Northampton table, we shall obtain a certain result; if we take the Carlisle table, we shall have another; and if we take Mr Finlaison's table, we shall have a third result—all differing widely from each other. But suppose that the Carlisle table is selected,—A's expectation of life will be 27.61 years. Having got thus far, we have next to decide upon the rate of interest at which the present value of A's annuity or income is to be estimated. Every body knows that the answer to the question we are endeavouring to solve, depends materially on the assumed rate of interest; and there would be endless disputes as to which should be fixed upon. In the event, however, of 4 per cent being selected, the present value of A's income would be L.16,500, yielding a perpetual revenue of L.660: so that he ought to contribute L.66 to the tax.

This is the way in which taxes on income must be assessed, if they be imposed with any pretensions to fairness. It may be

objected, perhaps, that the fundamental supposition on which the income is valued and the tax imposed, viz., that A, being at present 40 years of age, will live $27\frac{1}{2}$ years longer, is quite gratuitous; that it is merely an average rule deduced from observations made on a large number of individuals; and that, for any thing we can affirm to the contrary, A may die to-morrow. But all this may be admitted without impeaching the principle laid down above; for the difference between A's actual income of L.1000, and the corresponding perennial income of L.660, that is, L.340, will, if accumulated for $27\frac{1}{2}$ years, at 4 per cent, produce L.16,500: And an insurance office would transact with A on this footing, or on one not very different.

These statements show how taxes on professional incomes ought to be imposed; and they also show how very difficult, or rather how *impossible* it would be, fairly to assess such incomes;—even if there were any means of learning their amount with so much as an approach to precision. It is to no purpose to talk about establishing uniform rates of deduction. Unless wholesale injustice is to be perpetrated, all uniformity in cases of this sort must be rejected. Each case must be judged of separately. The income of two lawyers may be the same; but if their *ages differ*, they cannot be taxed to the same amount without trampling on every principle of justice; nor when interest is four per cent, is the tax to be the same as when it is three or five per cent.

But it is said that this difficulty of taxing professional incomes is a good reason for exempting them wholly from the tax, which should fall only on the incomes of those possessed of real property. We take leave, however, to dissent entirely from this conclusion. The difficulty of assessing professional incomes is a sufficient reason for rejecting an income tax altogether; but it is assuredly no reason for making it partial, and consequently unjust and oppressive. Professional men contribute to taxes on commodities. And if these be repealed, and an income tax, from which professions are exempted, be imposed in their stead, an obvious injustice will be done to the other classes, who will be saddled with the whole of a burden of which they have hitherto borne a part only, and which should press equally on all ranks and orders.

Were professional incomes exempted because of the difficulty of fairly assessing them, the principle of exemption would require to be carried a great deal farther; for many incomes derived from real property are quite as evanescent as those of professional men, and must be computed in the same manner. It is needless to revert again to the proposal for exempting the owners

of cotton or flax mills, ships, warehouses, houses, &c., from taxes laid on the property or incomes of landlords, fundholders, mortgagees, &c. No such exemption would be tolerated, or can be thought of, for a moment. But in assessing the incomes of the owners of ships, mills, and similar property, most of the difficulties would have to be encountered that make the taxing of professional incomes so impracticable. An estate, abstracting from the buildings and improvements made upon it, may be regarded as a lasting source of revenue; but a ship, a house, a mill, &c., are all perishable; and before the latter can be taxed in the same ratio as the former, the degree of their durability must be determined, and the income arising from them reduced to a perpetuity. Suppose, for example, that a tax of ten per cent is imposed on revenue arising from lands, funds, and mortgages, and that it is required to lay an equivalent tax on income arising from houses, shops, warehouses, mills, ships, canals, and such like property: in this case, we should be obliged to begin by estimating the present value of the shop, mill, ship, or other property yielding the revenue proposed to be taxed; having done this, we should next have to estimate the probable duration of such property; and then, in order to get the nett or *taxable income*, we should have to deduct from the gross income such a sum as would suffice, being accumulated at the ordinary interest of the day, to replace the shop, mill, &c., when it was worn out. If an income tax is to be imposed on fair principles, and made to press with the same severity on all classes according to their ability to bear it, such is the mode in which it must be laid on. But the difficulties in the way of such a course, are almost as great as those in the way of taxing professional incomes. There would evidently be great room for doubt, evasion, and fraud, in the valuation of the property; and though this were got over, how is its probable duration to be ascertained? The power to determine a point of this sort could not be intrusted to officers; for, if so, it would open a door to every sort of corruption and abuse. Neither is there any sort of standard to which it is possible to refer in estimating durability, seeing that it must vary in every case from a thousand local and almost inappreciable circumstances.

Although, therefore, it were conceded, that taxes on income are, in principle, the best of any, the above statements are sufficient to show that that circumstance ought to go for little in the way of recommending them. It is a very trifling consequence whether a tax be theoretically good or bad; it is in a practical point of view only that we have to deal with it; and however well it may look in demonstrations on paper, if it be

impossible fairly to assess it, it ought without hesitation to be rejected.

Even as applied to the rent of land, an income-tax is in many instances grossly unfair. Two estates yield the same rent; but one is naturally very inferior to the other,—its deficiencies having been balanced by the execution of expensive improvements. Where, then, would be the justice or the policy of laying the same tax on the rental of both estates? A third, or perhaps a half, of the rent of the one, really consists of the interest of capital laid out on improvements, most of which are as little durable as either shops or cotton-mills. Hence the obvious injustice of laying the same tax on the rent of an improved, as on that of an unimproved estate; and yet you could adopt no other criterion; for all the tax-collectors of the empire, even if they were assisted by as many farmers, would not be able to resolve the rent of an improved farm into its constituent parts;—that is, to separate what is really paid for the natural and inherent powers of the soil, from what is paid for the capital laid out on improvements.

It is unnecessary, we think, to say more on this branch of the subject. We have seen, in the first place, that it is not possible to acquire any accurate information as to the magnitude of the incomes enjoyed by some of the largest and most important classes; and we have next seen, that though such information were obtained, the sources whence different incomes arise are so very various, and so very different in their degrees of durability, that all attempts to impose on them an equal income tax, must prove utterly abortive. An equal income tax is a desideratum which is not destined ever to be supplied. After the Legislature had done all that could be done to make it equal, it would be grossly unequal. To impose it only on certain classes of incomes, or to impose it on all incomes, without regard to their origin, would be alike subversive of every principle of justice. Nothing, therefore, remains but to reject it altogether; or, at all events, to resort to it only when money must be had at all hazards—when it is better that injustice should be perpetrated, than that the public treasury should be empty. An ‘unreasoning necessity’ of this sort, and nothing else, can ever justify either taxes on property or on income.

It is no answer to what has now been stated, to tell us that an income tax was submitted to without much murmuring during the late war, though as high as ten per cent. None will pretend to say that it was not then in the last degree unequal; and that while an individual who happened to possess a farm worth L.50 or L.100 a-year was taxed to the full amount, multitudes of

opulent merchants, manufacturers, &c., escaped with comparative impunity. But the severity and unfairness of its pressure on the occupiers of land, was perhaps its most striking feature. The act imposing the tax proceeded on the supposition that all farmers realized a profit equal to *three-fourths* of their rent, and taxed them accordingly ! Thus, the occupier of a farm for which he paid L.1000 a-year, was supposed to have an annual income of L.750, and was assessed in the sum of L.75 ! To dwell on the ludicrous absurdity and gross injustice of such a proceeding would be a good deal worse than useless. Every one knows that the rent paid by a farmer is no index of his profits. They are, for the most part, greatest when the rent is least, and least when the rent is greatest. But the most obvious principles, and the plainest suggestions of common sense, were equally disregarded in the imposition of the income tax; and, in consequence, it proved ruinous to many thousands of individuals. Practically, however, it was not so destructive as might have been supposed; but this was owing wholly to accidental circumstances, and not to any foresight or sagacity on the part of its contrivers. The continued rise of prices and rents during the greater part of the war, and particularly during the period of the depreciation from 1808 to 1814, concealed in some degree the partial nature of the principle,—if we may so call it,—on which it was imposed, and materially mitigated its injurious influence. Subsequently, however, to the heavy fall of prices at the close of the contest, most farmers, far from making any profits by their leases, were obliged to pay a portion of their rents out of capital. In this state of things it was impossible longer to tolerate the flagrant injustice of the mode in which they had previously been assessed. This circumstance, indeed, contributed more than any thing else, to occasion the abolition of the tax; and it was readily admitted, even by its most zealous advocates, that in the event of its being continued, it would be necessary either to exempt farmers from the burden, or to assess it on their real, and not on their supposed profits.

But the rise of prices was not the only circumstance peculiar to the war that contributed to render a large proportion of the people comparatively insensible to the unjust and oppressive nature of the tax. Much must be ascribed to the excitement and dangers of the contest. When Napoleon was at Boulogne, marshalling his victorious legions, and pointing out the route to England,—when national independence and every thing that men hold dear were at stake,—few thought of the magnitude of the sacrifices they were compelled to make. But what had this state of things in common with that in which we

are now placed? Hannibal being no longer at our gates, there is not so much as the shadow of a pretence for submitting to an unfair system of taxation. The exigencies of the war, and the necessity of raising a revenue, *coute qui coute*, may in some measure excuse, though it cannot justify, the principle on which the income tax was assessed. It is at all times the first duty of Government to lay the public burdens equally on *all* classes proportionally to their means of bearing them. That this duty has been sometimes neglected, or but imperfectly performed, is surely no reason why similar neglect and carelessness should be submitted to in future. Inequalities that might have been overlooked or disregarded at a former period, would now be felt to be altogether intolerable.

Owing to the practice of remitting or drawing back the duties laid on commodities consumed at home, when they are sent abroad, absentees get their revenues transmitted to them free from taxation, and consequently avoid contributing their share to the public expenditure. Some stress has been laid on the supposed influence of an income or property tax in obviating this inconvenience. In truth and reality, however, it would not obviate, but immeasurably increase it. Nine-tenths of the absentees from England resort to other countries because of the greater cheapness of living, and in order to avoid our comparatively heavy taxes. Except in so far as they escape, by this means, bearing their fair share of the public burdens, their absence is quite immaterial; and considering the small proportion which the revenues of the absentees bear to the revenues of the resident population, there is no ground for thinking that the burdens of the latter are sensibly increased by the absence of the former. But supposing an income tax, or a tax on property, were imposed, the result would be widely different. Owing to the unconquerable aversion which every one has to make a direct payment to the tax-gatherers, such a tax, even though it were not really so heavy as the indirect taxes repealed in consequence of its imposition, would be universally regarded as a far more intolerable burden. The motives to absenteeism would thus be very much strengthened; while, as no individual could any longer expect to escape taxation by going abroad and leaving his property behind, he would *carry it along with him*. Under such circumstances absenteeism would be really injurious, and would deserve all the vituperation with which it has been loaded. It is plain, therefore, that instead of obviating the considerable evil complained of, the imposition of a tax on income or property would aggravate it a hundred fold. It would be opening the bung-hole that we might stop up the spigot.

It was, no doubt, contended, in a recent debate in the House of Commons, that this result would not take place;—that no one could sell land or stock in order to go abroad, except at a price reduced proportionally to the tax; and that, consequently, they would gain nothing by such a proceeding. Our respect for the House of Commons will not allow us to believe that its members were sensibly influenced by reasonings of this sort. Were there nothing in the empire but land and funds, there might be some appearance of foundation for the statement. But there are such things as manufacturing and commercial capital. At present, too, manufacturers and merchants vest their savings, or their entire fortunes, if they be about to retire from business, in some sort of fixed property—that is, in land, funds, or mortgages. But the instant a tax is laid on property or income, a check will be given to this practice. Instead of immediately drawing on their correspondents abroad, they will in future instruct them to invest a part, or probably the entire produce of the sales of their goods, in foreign property; so that the country will speedily witness the decline of that mercantile stock which has for a lengthened period employed, fed, and clothed the greater number of its inhabitants. Nor is this all. The property of a landlord is not to be measured by the value of the land he possesses. Capital must be laid out upon it, otherwise it will produce nothing. Now it is clear that the imposition of a property or income tax will check or diminish such outlays; and will make a considerable part, if not the whole, of that money be expended in France and the United States, that would otherwise be expended in Kent or Surrey.

It would be uncandid not to acknowledge that the scheme for substituting taxes on property or income in the place of taxes on commodities, has been approved by many individuals of great integrity. They have been deluded by the apparent fairness of the measure; and have not reflected on the insurmountable difficulties that oppose its being carried into effect. But the general favour which the project enjoys is owing to its having been recommended by a very different class of persons. The former patronise it because they erroneously believe that it would introduce equality into taxation; while the approbation of the latter is given to it avowedly because it is not to be equal,—because it is to be made to press with greater severity on the higher than on the middle classes, and on the latter than on the lower. The popularity of property and income taxes depends wholly on their involving a *plan of graduation*; and the demagogues by whom they have been held up as infallible specifics for all sorts of grievances and distresses, patronise them on the

single ground of its being possible, by their means, to throw the greater part or probably the whole of the public burdens on the wealthier classes. A fair income or property tax, supposing it could be assessed, would be the most unpopular of all taxes; but were the machinery once set in motion, it might be easily perverted to purposes that would ensure its popularity; and might, indeed, be made a means of forwarding objects wholly subversive of the security of property.

It is not to be denied that there is something exceedingly plausible in the scheme of graduation. A tax, say of L.10, is said to be more severely felt by the possessor of a property, or of an income, worth L.100, than a tax of L.100, or L.6000, by the possessor of a property, or of an income, of L.1000, or L.10,000; and it is argued, that in order fairly to proportion the tax to the ability of the contributors, such a graduated scale of duty should be adopted as would press lightly on the smaller class of properties and incomes, and increase according as they became larger, and more able to bear taxation. We take leave, however, to protest against this proposal, which is not more seductive than it is unjust and dangerous. No tax is a just tax unless it leave individuals in the same relative condition in which it found them. It must, of course, depress, according to its magnitude, all those on whom it falls; and it ought to fall on every one 'in proportion to the revenue he enjoys under the protection of the state.*' If it either passes entirely over some classes, or presses on some less heavily than on others, it is imposed on an unjust principle. Government, in such a case, has plainly stepped out of its proper province; and has assessed the tax, not for the single legitimate purpose of appropriating a certain proportion of the revenues of its subjects, adequate to meet the public exigencies, but that it might, at the same time, regulate the incomes of the contributors;—that is, that it might depress one class, and elevate another! The toleration of such a principle would necessarily lead to every species of abuse. That equal taxes on property or income will be more severely felt by the poorer than by the richer classes, is indeed undeniable; and the same may be said of every imposition which does not subvert the subsisting relations among the different orders of society. The hardship in question is, in fact, *one of the evils of poverty*; and to attempt to alleviate it by adopting such a graduated scale of duties as

* That is, of course, supposing all revenues reduced to the same denomination, or to perpetuities.

has been proposed, would really be to impose taxes on the wealthier part of the community, for the benefit of their less opulent brethren, and not for the sake of the public revenue. Suppose that such a principle is established, and observe the consequences to which it would lead. If carried to its full, and indeed legitimate, extent, it would sanction the imposition of twice the rate of duty on an income of L.500 a-year, as on one of L.250. And it would fully justify the exemption of all incomes below L.400 or L.500 a-year, from the burden of taxation, till all those above them were reduced to the same level! We think better of the humbler classes of our countrymen, than to suppose they are so ill-informed as to imagine they would be benefited by such a system. Injustice on the part of individuals, is confined within a very limited sphere, and is proportionally innocuous; but when committed under the sanction of law, and enforced by the public authority, it becomes in the last degree destructive. Suppose a graduated income or property tax were adopted: can any one believe that the fortunate, the frugal, and the industrious, would be so eager to accumulate a fortune, when the principal consequence of their parsimony would be to enrich, not themselves, but the tax-gatherer? Should such a tax be imposed, it is some consolation to know that the rapacity of despotism will defeat its own object. The savages described by Montesquieu, who, to get at the fruit, cut down the tree, were quite as good financiers as the advocates of this graduation. Should this destructive principle be adopted, there would not be another cotton-mill erected, another furnace put in blast, another ship launched in the British empire. Every man would make haste to escape the impending confiscation; and America, France, Holland, and the Netherlands, would rise upon our ruins, and be enriched by the arts and capital that injustice and oppression had driven from England. Those who imagine that the poor can derive any real benefit,—that they can be otherwise than deeply injured by the confiscation of the property of the rich, or by subjecting the latter to peculiar taxes,—are fitter for bedlam than for the House of Commons. Not only would graduated taxes on property or income be unproductive; but the destruction of capital, and the paralysis of industry they would infallibly occasion, would speedily render every other tax unproductive. The rich would become poor, while the poverty of the poor would be increased, and be made perpetual: the coffers of the exchequer would be exhausted, and the means of filling them would be annihilated for ever.

Let it not be supposed that the principle of graduation may be carried a certain extent and then stop.

‘ *Nullus semel ore receptus
Pollutas, patitur sanguis, mansuescere fauces.*’

The reasons that made the step be taken in the first instance will impel you forwards. Having once given way—on what pretence can you stop till you have seized upon all that belongs to every man above L.500 a-year? And should this not be enough, as would very speedily be the case, why should you not take all that belongs to every man above L.300 a-year, before you allow any tax to fall upon those possessed only of that income? The moment you abandon the cardinal principle of exacting from all individuals the *same proportion of their income or of their property*, you are at sea without rudder or compass, and there is no amount of injustice and folly you may not commit.

After all, whatever may be the demerits of a tax on income, and they are inferior only to those of a tax on property, it might be submitted to, could not a revenue be raised by any less exceptionable means. Fortunately, however, we are not reduced to this miserable dilemma. Were we involved in war we might be obliged to tolerate a tax on income, notwithstanding its inequality, and the perjury and fraud inseparable from it; because of the absolute necessity of raising a revenue. At present, however, we have not to deal with any such imperious principle. Very little is required to render the existing scheme of taxation as unobjectionable as any scheme can possibly be that is calculated to raise so large an amount of revenue. An ‘ignorant impatience’ of what is established may lead us to subvert this system, in order to establish an income or a property tax in its stead; but if we do this, it requires little sagacity to foresee that we shall have reason bitterly to regret the change.

Such of the existing taxes as are really objectionable, either in principle, or in the mode in which they are assessed, might be repealed or modified without materially impairing the productiveness of the revenue. We have not space at present for entering into the practical details involved in this branch of the subject; but we shall resume its consideration at an early opportunity. In the meantime, however, we may observe, that we do not think, notwithstanding the outcry against them, that the house and window taxes are by any means so objectionable as has been represented. They produce about L.2,500,000 a-year; and we doubt whether, were they repealed, it would be possible to raise so large a sum by any less exceptionable means. The real ground

of their unpopularity consists in their forcing individuals to make a direct payment to the tax-gatherers. When a tax is laid on any article in the hands of the manufacturer or merchant, it is mixed up with its price; no separate demand being made on the buyer for the duty, he forgets its existence, and regards the article as being in itself the full equivalent of what is given for it. But the assessed taxes do not admit of this deception; and hence it is that L.10 paid on their account seems a more grievous burden, and is more objected to, than L.100 paid upon tea, wine, sugar, &c. But for this, they would be very unexceptionable taxes. We deny that they are, at present, either oppressive in amount, or vexatious in the mode of collection. It is true that the house in which a man lives, its value, and the number of its windows, are not always fair tests of his ability to pay taxes. Neither is the duty imposed on the presumption that they are such. Certain taxes are laid on different descriptions of houses, carriages, &c., as on other commodities; it being left to individuals to choose which they shall make use of. Those who cannot afford a house with thirty windows may take one with twenty; in the same way that those who cannot afford claret may resort to port. If an individual live in a more expensive or better house than he can properly afford, he will, of course, expose himself to an extra amount of taxation; but this is plainly his own fault; he should accommodate himself to his circumstances; and those who will not do this would not escape getting into the Gazette though the assessed taxes, or, indeed, all taxes, were repealed.

But admitting this to hold as to those who are not obliged to reside in any particular place, or to 'keep up appearances,' it is contended that it will not apply in the case of shopkeepers and professional men, who must, whatever be the cost, establish themselves in well-frequented streets. That such persons feel the tax severely we have no doubt; but it is by no means so clear that they would derive an equivalent relief from its repeal. Rents in all the best situations in London and other great towns, are, in fact, monopoly rents. Before a tradesman takes a shop in the Strand, Fleet Street, or Cheapside, he calculates the amount of house and window taxes he must pay, and frames his offer accordingly. But does he suppose that he would get the house and shop for the same sum were these taxes repealed? The higgling of the market has, no doubt, adjusted his profits nearly upon the same level as those realized by others of his class, whose houses are less valuable, and their taxes proportionally lower. In the event, therefore, of their being repealed, he would, for a short time, or during the currency of his lease,

be in a better situation than his neighbours; but the moment it expired, the latter would come into competition with him, and would offer the landlord as much additional rent as would serve once more to equalize their profits, or to place them nearly in the same relative situation as before the repeal of the tax. Those tradesmen who are themselves the owners of the houses in which they reside, would, of course, be materially benefited by the repeal of the house and window taxes. We understand, however, that these are a comparatively small number; and though we do not pretend to say that it would not also be advantageous to the others, we contend that the advantage would be but trifling, and not such as to balance the probable injury arising from the loss of revenue.

The assessed taxes are free from several of the more formidable objections that lie against most taxes on expenditure. Houses must be valued in order that the local burdens may be assessed, and their windows are easily counted. Hence the house and window taxes require no officious interference with the concerns of any individual; they have the quality essential to all good taxes, of not being easily evaded; they occasion no variation in the price of any article; they do not affect the distribution of capital or the trade of the country; they give no encouragement to smuggling; and they are cheaply collected. In all respects but one—that of concealing the sacrifice they oblige individuals to make—they seem to have most of the qualities incident to a good tax. Their defect consists in the want of disguise. In dealing with government, every one is anxious to be juggled out of his money.

It is perhaps true that the assessed taxes are in some instances carried too far; and that abatements might be advantageously granted to certain descriptions of occupiers. But nothing has yet transpired to satisfy us that they are imposed on erroneous principles, or that they ought to be repealed in preference to many other taxes.

A prejudice has been raised against the assessed taxes, from its being believed that they are unfairly assessed—that they are made to press with their full weight on the lower and middle classes, while the nobility and gentry enjoy a nearly total exemption from the burden. But notwithstanding the confidence with which this statement has been put forward, we are bold to say, that it is destitute of any good foundation. It is certainly true, that not a few of the middle class of inns and hotels pay a larger amount of house-duty than is paid by some of the most splendid baronial residences. No one, however, not entirely ignorant of the principle on which the duty in ques-

tion is imposed, could honestly affect surprise at this circumstance. The house-duty is wisely regulated, not by what a house costs, but by the rent which it actually fetches, or which it would fetch were it let. Eaton-hall is believed to have cost the Marquis of Westminster the greater part of a million; but, notwithstanding this immense outlay, we venture to affirm, that the meanest shop in the meanest street in Liverpool would bring a greater rent than this celebrated mansion, and would, consequently, be fairly liable to a greater amount of house-duty. The fact is, a mansion of this sort would not let at all: we believe, indeed, were the noble owner of Eaton-hall going abroad, or getting tired of it, he would not be able to prevail on any gentleman to live in it, and to keep it in repair, without paying him a pretty considerable sum. Now, this is not a solitary instance, but the actual situation of ninety-nine out of every hundred great houses in the empire. We happen to know of an estate recently sold, the house and gardens of which cost L.95,000: the purchaser, who bought the estate for an investment, took them at a valuation, and they were valued at—L.5000! We do not, therefore, believe that there are any good grounds for saying that the assessed taxes are unfairly levied. The house-duty being a tax on the rent of houses, how can it be levied when no rent is paid?—when no indifferent individual would occupy the premises unless enticed by a considerable bonus?

On the whole, therefore, we believe our readers will agree with us in thinking that the clamour against the assessed taxes is, in a great degree, unfounded. It would be easy to point out several other taxes, which, while they are less productive, are far more injurious to the public interests. We admit, however, that there are none so unpopular; and though not the only, nor even the principal circumstance to be attended to, popularity ought never to be lost sight of in deciding as to the taxes most proper to be repealed or modified.

But the outcry against the assessed taxes is absolute wisdom compared with that which has been raised against the malt duty. On this point we trust the Government will concede nothing. The malt duty produced, during the year ending 10th October, 1832, L.4,976,695; and we unhesitatingly affirm, that it is not possible to point out or to devise a tax productive of so large a sum, that is in all respects so unobjectionable. Previously to 1822, the duty was 28s. 8d. a-quarter, and it is now 20s. 8d.; but we should err egregiously if we supposed that this is the only reduction that has been made. The beer duty, which produced about L.3,600,000 a-year, was really a malt duty. Malt is not directly made use of. More than *four-fifths* of all that is

made in Great Britain, is intended to be, and is actually converted into beer; so that the duty on the latter was to all intents and purposes a duty on malt. Instead, therefore, of its being true that the tax on malt has only been reduced from 28s. 8d. to 20s. 8d., it has, in point of fact, been reduced from about 45s. to 20s. 8d, or a good deal more than 50 per cent! The consumers of beer, and consequently of malt, have good reason to be, and *are*, perfectly satisfied with this reduction. They do not complain of its price being excessive; and, if they did, the complaint would be so obviously unreasonable that it would not merit the least attention. But, say the landlords, if the malt tax be struck off, more beer, and, of course, more barley, will be consumed. No one doubts this; neither does any one doubt that the abolition of the duties on sugar, tea, coffee, &c., will occasion the consumption of more of those articles. But there are other considerations, besides the increase of consumption, that must be attended to. Unless provision be made for an expenditure of about *fifty millions*, national bankruptcy must ensue. Hence the absolute necessity of making a firm stand against all reckless and inconsiderate attempts at reduction. Instead of coming forward with motions for a repeal of the malt tax, let honourable gentlemen bring forward a motion for depriving the public creditors of a portion of their just claims. There would be sense at least in a project of this sort. If injustice is to be committed, let it be done openly and fairly, and not under the miserable pretext of relieving the public burdens, or of increasing the amount of the currency.

Most part of the clamour raised against the mode in which the stamp-duties are assessed, is quite unfounded. It is contended, that, because a receipt stamp for L.20 costs 1s., a receipt stamp for L.1000 ought to cost L.2, 10s., and that because it only costs 10s., the interests of the rich are consulted at the expense of the poor. We believe that those who have so ostentatiously put forward this statement are as well satisfied as we are of its futility. By far the greater portion of the largest incomes are expended in paying comparatively small accounts. But, suppose it were otherwise, and that the tax is imposed on the principle contended for, it would only increase still further the burdens of the poorer classes; for tradesmen are too glad to get payment of their accounts to think of charging their customers with the expense of the receipt for the money. The legacy-duties, as at present arranged, are more open to objection: those payable on small sums ought, we think, to be reduced, and those payable on larger sums to be increased. But we must reserve the discussion of these, and other important matters, for another occasion.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Treatise on Burning Instruments, containing the Method of Building large Polyzonal Lenses.* By DAVID BREWSTER, LL.D. F.R.S. Edinburgh: 1812.
2. *Memoire sur un Nouveau Systeme d'Eclairage des Phares.* Par M. A. FRESNEL. Paris: 1822.
3. *On the Construction of Polyzonal Lenses, and Mirrors of Great Magnitude, for Lighthouses, and for Burning Instruments; and on the Formation of a Great National Burning Apparatus.* By DAVID BREWSTER, LL.D. F.R.S. (Edin. Phil. Journal. 1823. Vol. viii. p. 160.)
4. *Saggio di Osservazioni, &c., or an Essay on the best Means of Improving the Construction of Lighthouses; with an Appendix, which treats specially of their Illumination by Gas.* By the Chevalier G. ALDINI, Member of the Royal Institute of Science, Belles Lettres, and the Arts, at Milan. Milan: 1823.
5. *Rapport contenant L'Exposition du Systeme adopté, par la Commission des Phares, pour éclairer les Cotes de France.* Par M. de ROSSEL, Contre-Amiral Honoraire, et Membre de l'Institut. Paris: 1825.
6. *Account of a New System of Illumination for Lighthouses.* By DAVID BREWSTER, LL.D. F.R.S. Edinburgh: 1827.

GREAT BRITAIN has, by universal consent, been placed at the head of the maritime nations of the world. To this noble pre-eminence she is justly entitled, whether we regard her in her naval power, or in her commercial greatness. Though occupying nearly the site of the *Ultima Thule* of the Roman world, —and though withdrawn almost to the icy verge of the Arctic zone, she is nevertheless the focus of civilisation and of trade; and foreign nations, however remote, and states, however barbarous, derive the light and the heat of their industry, either from its direct, or its reflected radiations. By her manufacturing skill she has long been the workshop of Europe; by her commercial enterprise she embraces in her gigantic grasp the whole circuit of the globe; and by means of her colonies in every quarter of the world, she has become the emporium of a universal commerce.

Though Great Britain is indebted for many of these advantages to her insular position, as well as to the bracing temperature of her high latitude, yet these auspicious peculiarities have been less favourable to the developement of her commercial resources. Beset on one hand by shifting sandbanks, and on an-

other by rapid currents ;—bounded here by lofty and rugged rocks, and indented there with irregular firths and inlets ; exposed on all sides to the severities of a rigorous climate, and to the dangers of a tempestuous sea,—she presents no inviting exterior to the less skilful, or the less adventurous navigator, and is more apt to scare than to allure the ‘timorous sail’ of less boisterous regions.

Thus intrenched amid her wild shelves and bold headlands, and enthroned in the fogs and tempests of her variable climate, we might have expected that Great Britain would have put forth all the resources of her genius, and all the liberality of her wealth, to welcome the seafaring stranger to her shores,—to guide him through the mazes of her navigation,—and to light him homeward through the thick darkness of her Cimmerian winter.

Wherever individual humanity has had free scope in the discharge of such duties, a generous sympathy has been exhibited ;—lights and beacons everywhere offer a safe entrance to our harbours ;—life-boats, and seamen, reckless of danger, are everywhere stationed for the rescue of the perishing mariner ; and humane societies are everywhere organized, to make the latest struggle for the unhappy sufferer. But individual sympathy, however deep and wide be its current, can flow only in a limited channel. The great safeguard of human life on our coasts,—the lighting up of our reefs and headlands,—has been necessarily intrusted to Public Boards, possessed of great wealth and extensive jurisdiction, and capable of organizing a general system, and adapting it to the peculiarities of our coast and climate, and to the varying wants of navigation and commerce.

The important and responsible duties involved in such a trust have been committed by Great Britain to three separate Boards ; in England, to the ancient corporation of the Trinity House ; in Scotland, to the Commissioners of Northern Lights ; and in Ireland, to the Ballast Corporation of Dublin.

The Trinity House was founded in the time of Henry VIII. Queen Elizabeth recognised it as ‘a company of the chiefest and most expert masters and governors of ships, incorporate within themselves ;’ and she conferred on them the offices, rights, and emoluments, of buoyage, beaconage, and ballastage. King James I. and Charles I. granted them a charter of confirmation ; and James II. constituted them into a body corporate and politic, by a charter at this moment in force. In virtue of this charter, the corporation consists of a master, deputy-master, four wardens, eight assistants, and seventeen elder brethren ; eleven of whom are either noblemen, heads of departments in the

Government, or celebrated Admirals, and twenty are retired Commanders, from every branch of the merchant service. In none of these charters does the power of erecting lighthouses appear to be mentioned, but this privilege was justly supposed to be included in the direction 'to commune on the conservation, 'good estate, and wholesome government, maintenance, and 'increase of the navigation of the realm.'

Previous to 1680, no grant of any lighthouse was made to the Trinity Board, excepting the poor one of Lowestoff. Notwithstanding their undoubted right to such grants, the ministers of former times conferred them upon certain high officers of Government, *as a remuneration for services*, and upon other less meritorious personages, who happened to be the relatives, or the parasites, of the reigning monarchs. Even these powerful interests were sometimes overruled, and other individuals obtained from Parliament specific grants, in defiance of the power of the Crown, and of the privileges of the Trinity House.

By such means many of the lighthouses of England fell into the hands of private individuals, and were handed down to their successors without any restrictions. The natural consequence of this system of corruption was such as might have been expected. The proprietors levied their tolls with Jewish rigour, and left the ships which they robbed to find their way through the darkness which their glimmering lights had only rendered more visible and perilous. The lessees, too, of the Trinity House, took advantage of their leases, and refused to adopt those obvious improvements which the Corporation had introduced into their own lighthouses. To such an extent was this infamous system tolerated, that Captain Cotton, who had been fourteen years deputy-master of the Trinity House, assures us, it 'occasioned the loss of many ships, many lives, and much 'property;' and he adds, 'that the details of these losses would 'excite the most sensible commiseration and regret.' From this severe censure, however, we must except the proprietors of the Orford and Dungeness lighthouses, Lord Braybroke, and Mr Coke, whose readiness to improve their lights entitle them, to use the words of Captain Cotton, 'to the gratitude of every 'seafaring character, and of the nation at large.'*

The lighthouses of England are erected and maintained by means of a tax or toll on all ships that pass any lighthouse.

* Memoir on the Origin and Incorporation of the Trinity House. London: 1818.

This tax varies in different lighthouses from $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per ton to $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ton, and yields a revenue far greater than what is required for the purpose for which it is levied.

The Lighthouse Board of Scotland was established by Act of Parliament in 1786, for the purpose of lighting the Scottish coast. This Board consists of his Majesty's Advocate and Solicitor-General for Scotland, the Lord Provost and eldest Bailie of Edinburgh and Glasgow, the Provosts of Aberdeen, Inverness, and Campbellton, and the Sheriffs-depute of the maritime counties of Edinburgh, Lanark, Renfrew, Bute, Argyll, Inverness, Ross, Orkney, Caithness, Aberdeen—to which Ayr, Fife, and Forfar have been added on the authority of another Act.

The Scottish lighthouses are maintained by a toll of $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ton upon all British vessels, except King's ships, and 3d. per ton upon all foreign vessels that may pass any one of them; and this tax is not increased, even if the vessel should pass several or all of the lighthouses.

The lighthouses of Ireland were originally placed under the Board of Customs of Dublin; but in 1810 they were confided to a new Board, composed of the principal merchants of Dublin, under the name of 'The Corporation for improving and preserving the Port and Harbour of Dublin.' The Irish lighthouses are maintained by a general toll on the tonnage of all vessels entering any Irish port, whether those vessels have derived any advantage or not from the lighthouses.

It is somewhat curious, and not uninteresting, to observe the variety of legislative wisdom which Great Britain has introduced into her Lighthouse Code. In England, the lighthouses are intrusted to sailors and noblemen; in Scotland, to our Sheriffs or county Judges, and to the chief magistrates of burghs; and in Ireland to merchants and bankers. The sailor, exercising the justice of the Judge, demands payment only for the light which he dispenses; the Sheriffs, influenced by the generosity of the sailor, allow the mariner who passes one lighthouse to pass every other gratuitously; while the wealthy merchants compel the poor navigator to pay for all their lighthouses, even though he has been lighted by none of them!

But notwithstanding this singular diversity in the composition of our Lighthouse Boards, and in the manner in which they deal with their objects, there is one feature in which the family likeness has been sedulously preserved. The Legislature has carefully excluded from them men of science, opticians, and engineers,—the only classes of persons who were pre-eminently qualified for the office; and the Boards themselves, true to the parent spirit which was breathed into them, have, we

believe, never on any one occasion called in the aid of theoretical or practical science to assist them in their vast and responsible undertaking. The consequences of this system have been such as might have been predicted. *The optical apparatus of British lighthouses displays none of the improvements of modern science*; their lights are too feeble to penetrate the hazes and fogs of our murky climate; and the methods by which they are distinguished from each other are of the worst and the most inefficient description.

Had this imperfect system originated in want of funds, or in a too rigid economy in the management of them, the public might have lent a deaf ear to all suggestions of improvement; but the very reverse of this has been the case: the Lighthouse Boards are among the richest in the kingdom; and the same causes which have led to their optical failure, have operated still more powerfully in occasioning the most extravagant expenditure.

It is of some consequence to enquire into the causes which have produced such injurious effects; and in doing this with that freedom of speech which a question of humanity, as well as of public economy and interest, imperiously demands, we must declare, once for all, that we make no reference whatever to the individuals of whom our Boards are composed, and that it is the system only to which our animadversions are applicable. The members of the Trinity Incorporation have shown the greatest zeal in rectifying the fatal abuses in which the English lighthouse system has been involved; and the Scottish Commissioners, with whose characters and conduct we are best acquainted, have managed the trust committed to them with a diligence and fidelity in which they have not been surpassed by any other Board.

I. The first cause of the imperfect state of our lighthouse system, is the improper constitution of the Boards to which it has been intrusted. The Legislature itself has by its own acts sanctioned this opinion. If the retired commanders of merchant vessels are the best managers of English lighthouses, the Scotch and Irish Boards should not have been deprived of their services. If our Sheriffs and chief magistrates were peculiarly qualified for the task, the lighthouses of Ireland and England should also have enjoyed the benefit of legal and judicial aid. The proper constitution of a Lighthouse Board is clearly indicated by the nature of the duties which it has to discharge. The judicious distribution of lighted beacons in reference to the wants of navigation and commerce, is a naval problem which naval men are best qualified to solve. The erection and main-

tenance of large and expensive watch-towers, resting often on precarious foundations, and exposed to peculiar impulses, is pre-eminently the business of an engineer: and the invention and construction of optical combinations for deriving the greatest useful effect from a given quantity of light;—for refracting or reflecting it into a column sufficiently dense to penetrate surrounding fogs; for combining revolving lights of different intensities, and altering the colour or constitution of the condensed beam for the purpose of distinguishing one lighthouse from another,—are duties which the scientific and the practical optician are alone fitted to discharge. Hence it is obvious that a Lighthouse Board should be composed of scientific naval men, of scientific engineers, of men of science possessing a theoretical and a practical knowledge of optics, and of gentlemen of legal knowledge and habits of business. Under such a Board we should not only have the best and the most scientific system of lights, but from the real knowledge which would be brought to bear upon every matter under consideration, a substantial economy would be introduced into all their concerns.*

That these opinions are well founded may be inferred from the constitution of the Lighthouse Board of a neighbouring people, whose anxiety to turn to a national use all the resources of science, has been long acknowledged by the rest of Europe, and who have surpassed all other nations in the construction and management of their lighthouses.

M. Fresnel informs us that previous to 1822, there had existed for many years a Lighthouse Board in Paris. ‘whose members were chosen from among the most distinguished scientific characters, and the Inspectors of the Royal Corps of Roads and Bridges.’ And we find from Admiral Rossel’s report on

* The following fact mentioned by Captain Cotton, Deputy-Master of the Trinity House, is a memorable example of what may be expected from an unscientific Board. ‘Soon after the adoption of the argand lamp, the discovery of illumination by means of gas was communicated to the corporation, who, still thinking it their duty to carry the improvement of their system to the utmost practicable extent, were induced, on the representation of an old scientific man of the name of Champion, to engage in further experiments under his management. By this they obtained from the vapour of coal a more brilliant and powerful light, forming a column six feet in height and six or eight inches in diameter; but the uncertainty of its duration, inability to regulate the supply, and various difficulties which the projector could not remove, opposed such objections to the plan as to render the abandonment of it necessary, after an expenditure of FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS.’—*Memoir*, p. 75.

the distribution of lighthouses in France, that in 1825 the French Lighthouse Board was thus composed:—

L. BECQUEY, Director-General of Roads, Bridges, and Mines.

DE ROSSEL, Rear-Admiral, Member of the Institute.

E. HALGAN, Rear-Admiral.

DE PRONY, Inspector-General of Bridges and Roads.

ARAGO, Member of the Institute.

SGANZIN, Inspector-General of Bridges and Roads.

ROLLAND, Inspector-General of Naval Constructions.

TARBE DE VAUXCLAIRS, Inspector-General of Bridges and Roads.

MATHIEU, Member of the Institute.

FRESNEL, Member of the Institute, Secretary to the Board.

We are not minutely informed of the constitution of the Lighthouse Boards of other maritime states, though we know that they have no resemblance to those in Britain; but we can inform our readers, that in 1827, experiments were instituted by order of the Emperor Alexander, and carried on by the Russian Academy of Sciences, in reference to the introduction of modern improvements, of which we shall presently give an account.

II. The second cause of the inefficiency of our lighthouse system is, that the Commissioners perform their duties without any remuneration. The brethren of the Trinity House are, to a certain degree, an exception. They receive salaries out of the funds of the corporation, but they are too small to form an adequate compensation for the duties which they are called to discharge. The Commissioners of the Scottish Board, and we believe those of the Ballast Corporation of Dublin, receive nothing whatever for their labour.

Amid the profuse distribution of the public wealth, which till lately characterised the British Government, a pitiful economy was often displayed in devolving gratuitous labour upon irresponsible individuals; or upon public functionaries who were remunerated by the State for other services. The Board of Trustees and Manufactures, the Board of Fisheries, and the Lighthouse Board in Scotland, were all organized as if the nation had been bankrupt, or unable to pay for the labours of its public servants. In the case of the Lighthouse Board, such an arrangement was particularly vicious; but as the Sheriffs-depute received salaries from Government, as the judges in ordinary of their respective counties, they were made the victims of this illegitimate economy, and saddled with duties wholly without the sphere of their usual occupations. Our English and foreign readers may require to know that a Sheriff in Scotland is a

practising barrister, who performs all the functions of a judge within his county. Occupied with his professional labours in the Court of Session, and assisting in the decisions of his local substitute, it is impossible that he can afford a due consideration to those multifarious objects on which he is called to decide. The obligation to act as a commissioner, and the official importance attached to it, may command his occasional diligence and ardour; but the most experienced of the commissioners, who have generally the greatest professional employment, cannot possibly find time for the deliberate exercise of their judgment, even if their previous education and habits had fitted them for the task.

The necessary consequence of such a state of things is, that all important business is devolved upon the officers whom they employ; and, if they happen to unite the various kinds of knowledge which are requisite, they will, like other good despots, discharge the functions of their autocracy with more advantage than if they had wielded a divided sceptre. The misfortune, however, of such a devolution of duties is, that the ruling agent is irresponsible to the public; that he is intrenched behind the shield of a numerous board; and shifts his responsibility with the varying current of public opinion.

If the Commissioners were paid, as all useful servants of the State ought to be, a new kind of responsibility would be laid upon them; and we should find them investigating all the measures of their trust, and *studying all the subjects connected with it*, as if they were managing their own private affairs, and advancing their own professional knowledge. In place of being losers by such liberality, the public would economise the funds of the Board, and would introduce an efficient and business-like system into every department of the service.

III. Another cause of the imperfection of our lighthouse system, arising from the preceding cause, is, that the various contracts for supplying the machinery and optical apparatus are not thrown open to public competition. Under the peculiar constitution of our Boards, it would have been wise to have offered a premium, as is now done in many public works, for the best plan of fitting up the optical apparatus of any individual lighthouse. Men of science, and practical opticians and engineers, would have entered the arena of competition, and valuable ideas would have been elicited in this rivalry of intellect.

But if this was too great a deference to public opinion, it was the bounden duty of our Boards to open to general competition the construction of the various parts of the mechanical and op-

tical apparatus,*—such as the parabolic reflectors, the brass fountain lamps, the sliding lamp carriages, the frost lamps, the squares of plate glass, the frame for carrying the reflectors, the train of revolving machinery,—and the *thousand-and-one items* which are employed to scrub the faces of the silvered idols which are still worshipped in this country with such heathenish devotion. Had such a wise step been taken, we should have had the artists of Sheffield and Birmingham, of London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, employing all their genius and skill in supplying the most simple, the most effective, and the cheapest articles for the public service. It will be said, indeed, as it has been said, that the art of *hammering parabolic reflectors from a flat plate of silvered copper* is to be acquired only by long practice, and that few persons are capable of executing them. If this be true, we maintain that the art is not yet acquired; as the reflectors in British lighthouses can be proved, as we shall do by and by, *to be inferior to those formerly used in France*; but we will admit its truth, and the inference we draw from the admission is, that the present manufacturers would have driven all competitors out of the field, and the Boards would have stood justified before the public for having given to individuals the monopoly of their reflectors. The present monopolists have obviously no motive to improve in their art, or to acquire new dexterity in executing reflectors of a much larger size,—which was the great desideratum in lighthouses; but if an open competition had taken place,—and if the Board had specified that the reflectors should contain silver of a certain thickness and purity, and that those reflectors which, with the smallest burners, of a useful size, gave the most uniform and brilliant column of light at a certain distance, should be the successful ones,—we should have witnessed that display of talent and of skill which is exhibited in every competition of English artists. The consequence of the opposite system has been, and now is, that *articles of an inferior quality are produced, where superior ones are essential to the work to be performed*; and that those articles which perform a humbler part in the functions of a lighthouse, and whose construction is a matter of indifference, provided they answer their purpose, *are produced at a very high price*. But this evil, great as it is, is the least of those which attach to the present system. If the Commissioners have no friends or con-

* We have not mentioned *oil*, because we presume that it is supplied by public competition.

nexions, personal or political, who may thus receive a preference, (and we can answer for it, that in Scotland they have none,) their officers must enjoy this extensive patronage; and even if they use it honestly, as we are sure is the case in Scotland, they become connected by the ties of business and reciprocal kindness with a body of influential individuals, who, at their will, draw enormous revenues from the public. That the reader may not accuse us of exaggerating the amount of this patronage, we subjoin the following items for one revolving lighthouse:—

To 24 reflectors,	L.1032
Revolving machinery,	229
48 squares of plate glass, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick,	223
To 26 fountain brass lamps,	136
Frost lamps,	3
Reflector frame,	146
Cylindrical sheet brass, with cast brass framework,	75
24 sliding lamp carriages,	75
Squares of red glass, supposed to be	50
	<hr/>
	L.1969

Making in all a sum of nearly two thousand pounds for one lighthouse.* All these articles are more or less subject to decay, and require constant repair; and when we consider that the annual expense of the Bell Rock Lighthouse alone is L.860, and that of a smaller lighthouse L.555, we must acknowledge that the patronage of all the Northern lighthouses is a matter of no slight magnitude.

Now, we blame no person either for the possession or the exercise of this patronage; but we infer from its existence, (and our inference has, within the last ten years, received the triumph of demonstration,) that if any improvement in lighthouses is proposed, it is immediately resisted by the crowds of *employées* whose interests are threatened by the proposed change. If the superiority of coal gas is urged to the Board, the oilman becomes furious against the innovation. If lenses are proposed for adoption, the dexterous hammerman bewails the cessation of his joyous sounds. If lamps are to be dispensed with, the tinman mourns over the extinction of his favourite light. If red glass is to be thrown overboard, the ‘cunnyngo’ renovator of ancient *vitrages* loses his natural hue; and at the prospect of the general change, the manufacturers of patent wick, lamp glasses, wick

* The *annual* consumption of oil at the Isle of May Lighthouse is 1080 gallons, valued at L.324.

mandrills, trimming knives, lighthouse scissors, chamois skins, woollen and linen rubbers,—and the purveyors of reflector bronze, cotton rags, flax tow, sponge, soft and hard soap, pearl ashes, pipe clay, and whitening,—all stand aghast at the revolutionary tidings. The brass-founders and ironmongers are alone placid. Lenses must have frames as well as reflectors, and the one must revolve as well as the other. But though there is a general consternation in the camp, its inmates are not all aggrieved. The groans, however, predominate; and the agents of the Boards, actuated by kindly feelings and ancient friendships, become the sick-nurses of their afflicted comrades. They resist change. Their long acknowledged influence is threatened with destruction; and with a stout heart they defend the Old Sarums of the lighthouse system against all the machinations of the evil-minded reformers. Had the management of our Public Coaches, our Steam-Engines, and our Observatories, been intrusted to similarly constituted Boards, a check would have been imposed on all inventions and improvements; and we should, at this day, have been trundling between Edinburgh and London in a fortnight's Diligence; Newcomen's engine would still have been creaking at our mineheads, and astronomers would have been peeping through refracting telescopes with tubes of whip-cord 120 feet long.

That such is the character of the British Lighthouse System will appear from a historical review of the methods of illumination which have hitherto been put in practice. Within the memory of persons still living, many lighthouses were lighted merely with coal fires. From 1759 till 1803, *tallow candles* were employed to light the splendid watch-tower of Eddystone; and it is a curious fact, which we state on Captain Cotton's authority, that when this lighthouse reverted to the Trinity House, the Surveyor found *that the lower circle of candles* was so placed by the keeper that the view of them was intercepted from vessels by the sills of the window of the lantern!

After the invention of the lamp of M. Argand in 1784, the Chevalier Borda proposed to place it in the focus of a large silvered mirror, as the illuminating apparatus of lighthouses, and the first application of this invention was made in the Tour de Corduan. The deputy-master of the Trinity House, and some of the brethren, proceeded to the coast of France to witness this improvement; and, on their return to England, this active committee, 'having, at considerable expense, and with 'unremitting trouble and solicitude, exposed them [the Argand burners] to the test of various trials and experiments 'at sea and on shore, the brethren were satisfied of their su-

‘periority over every other mode, and at length decided on the introduction of them, WITH EITHER LENSES or reflectors, into all the lighthouses under the control of the Trinity House.’* This improved apparatus extended itself to Scotland and Ireland, and in the course of time the lighthouses of Great Britain were furnished with reflectors of silvered copper, from twenty-four to twenty-eight inches in diameter. These reflectors are brought to the required concavity by *hammering*, and are subsequently *polished by the hand* with the usual powder. An argand burner is then placed in the focus, and supplied with oil from a fountain-lamp placed behind. If the burner were infinitely small, and the figure of the reflector mathematically correct, the optical reader knows that the light will be collected into a parallel, brilliant, and penetrating beam. Although these conditions cannot be complied with, yet if the reflector had been ground and polished like a speculum, which is not practicable, the beam which it reflected would still have been dense and brilliant. When we consider, however, that the reflecting surface is in reality *a succession of minute dimples*;—that the surface is besides covered with innumerable scratches; that one half of the incident light is lost in the best metallic reflections; and that, as Sir Isaac Newton has remarked, ‘every irregularity in a reflecting surface makes the rays stray FIVE or SIX times more out of their due course than the like irregularities in a refracting one,’—we may readily understand how the beam of light, collected by such a rude optical instrument, must be scattered in various directions, and become incapable, by its divergency and variable density, of penetrating even the most moderate haze.

These evils are greatly aggravated when we attempt to create a strong beam of light by uniting two or more reflectors. In the Bell Rock Lighthouse seven reflectors are combined, but from the difficulty of placing them with their axes parallel, or of superimposing, as it were, the brightest parts of each beam, the lustre of the seven combined reflectors is far less than seven times the lustre of any one of them. A great and irreparable loss, therefore, is sustained by such imperfect combinations, so that it is impossible, by any number of them, to create a dense and penetrating beam of light.

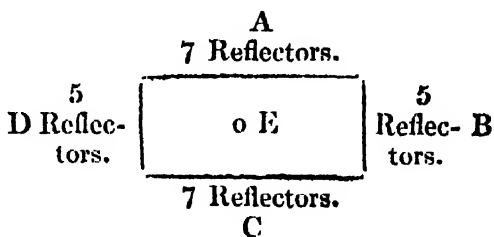
Hence, it is manifest, that the British Lighthouse Boards have been using an imperfect and antiquated optical instrument, ineffective even when only single, but still more inefficient in its combinations. It will be proved by and by that

* Captain Cotton's *Memoir*, p. 7.

these reflectors are far inferior to those of Lenoir, formerly used in the Corduan Lighthouse,—the latter being executed by opticians, and the former by smiths or tinmen; and therefore the British Boards are liable to the imputation of never having obtained the best reflectors that could be executed. But if they have erred in their single lights, they have erred tenfold in their combination of them; and on this count alone would we ask a verdict from the philosophers, engineers, and legislators, before whom the great question of our lighthouses is about to be tried.

The Bell Rock Lighthouse was erected at the expense of L.61,331, and, excepting the Tour de Corduan, is the finest light tower in the world. Its optical apparatus,—the soul of this mighty fabric,—the gem which this expensive casket was to enclose, might have been expected to display all the resources of Scottish science. Mr Rennie was called upon to give the design for the building itself; Professor Playfair, Professor Leslie, and Dr Brewster, were consulted about the thunder-rod;* and Mr Adie, the most eminent of our Scottish opticians, was employed to execute it; but though all these individuals were capable of giving useful advice on the subject of the illuminating apparatus, we have reason to believe that not one of them was asked for their aid. The consequence of this has been that the whole apparatus is a combination defective in principle, and incapable of fulfilling the essential objects of a sea-light.

In order to establish this position, we must inform the reader, that the apparatus consists of TWENTY-FOUR reflectors arranged on the four faces of a revolving frame, like A B C D; A and C being its widest, and B and D its narrowest sides. Upon the faces A and C are placed SEVEN reflectors each, and upon B and D FIVE reflectors each; and the whole



system is made to revolve round the centre or axle E, by machinery; so that each face presents to any ship at sea, within its range, its brightest light every FOUR minutes. Hence, the effect of such an apparatus is to exhibit every four minutes the bright white light of *seven reflectors*, alternating with an inferior light of *five reflectors*. Since there was a revolving light, however, at the nearest southern station on the Fearn Islands, and since

* Stevenson's *Account of the Bell Rock Lighthouse*, p. 418.

the mariner, as Mr Stevenson remarks, is liable 'to mistake the appearance of lights in stormy weather, or from an error in his course in returning from a distant voyage, it was of the last importance, that the Bell Rock Lighthouse should be easily distinguishable.*' This necessary effect was accomplished by placing 'shades' of red glass before the reflectors, which, by absorbing the blue, green, and most of the yellow rays, gave the reflected beams a red colour.

Admitting, for the present, that this was a good principle of distinction, let us examine its mode of application. The 'shades' of red glass were placed in front of each of the *five reflectors* in the faces B, D; but *they should have been placed in front of each of the seven reflectors in A and C*; for since the red shades absorb or extinguish fully *one half* of the white light of each reflector, the five red beams will reach little farther than half the distance of the seven white beams; whereas, upon our plan, the seven red beams would have been a better match for the five white ones.

In order to explain this, let us suppose that a Baltic trader approaches the Bell Rock from Norway, and that he is placed in one of the two predicaments stated by Mr Stevenson,—being either overtaken by stormy weather, or having committed an error in his reckoning. His log-book assures him that the Bell Rock Lighthouse 'exhibits a bright light of the natural appearance, and a red-coloured light alternating;' but being unable to 'hail the lustre' of

'The ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night,'

he sees only the united effect of the seven white beams revolving, *without any alternation*: He concludes that he is not approaching the Bell Rock; and he is compelled, to use the language of our national poet, 'to strike his timorous sail.'

The truth is, the Bell Rock light is not a distinguishing one within that vast extent of ocean which lies between the extreme range of the *seven* white lights and the extreme range of the *five* red ones. The only principle indeed upon which a distinguishing coloured light like that of the Bell Rock can be constructed, is to fix upon the number of reflectors, which is necessary to give a proper range to the white beam,—which we may suppose to be *seven*, as at A and C,—and to place as many reflectors with red shades upon the sides B and D, as will give a light, having the same

* Stevenson's *Account of the Bell Rock Lighthouse*, p. 922.

range as the SEVEN white beams. This number would probably be *ten* or *twelve*, according to the absorbing power of the red glass employed.

We now arrive at a new era in lighthouse illumination ;—an era in which it was raised to one of the scientific arts by the introduction of large and powerful lenses. All the details of the invention and introduction of polyzonal lenses into lighthouses will be found in five of the treatises, which are placed in chronological order at the head of this article. In the year 1811, Dr Brewster invented a method of constructing or building lenses of any magnitude of separate pieces, which were far superior in their optical effects to lenses of one piece ; even if it had been possible to obtain a mass of glass suited to this purpose. Buffon had, more than sixty years before, shown how a large lens of one piece might be improved by grinding out certain portions of one of its surfaces,—an idea highly ingenious, but utterly useless in practice. Following out this idea, Dr Brewster was led to the invention now mentioned ; and in his *Treatise on Burning Instruments*, he has given minute drawings and descriptions, by which the humblest artist could have executed it. He has described also in the same *Treatise*, a catadioptric apparatus, in which the condensing power of the lens is greatly increased by subsidiary lenses, furnished with plane reflectors. The work containing these inventions was well known in Edinburgh ; and from the year 1812 we date the commencement of the responsibility of the British Lighthouse Boards, or their officers, in not having availed themselves of this invention, for the improvement of their lights. Had the three Boards either consisted of, or contained men of science, they would have instantly applied the polyzonal lens, and the catadioptric apparatus to lighthouse illumination ; and during the twenty years which have since elapsed, the public would have saved by their introduction, more than L.100,000 ;—the mariner would have navigated a safer shore, and would have completed his weary rounds in less time and at less expense.

Seven years elapsed without these inventions having excited any notice in England ; but in France the polyzonal lens, and the subsidiary lenses with their reflectors, were both applied to the illumination of the French lighthouses in 1822, under the able direction of M. Fresnel,—a distinguished individual, who has immortalized his name by the noblest optical discoveries of modern times, and who has earned the gratitude and the blessings of every seaman, whom distress or duty may have driven on the shores of his country.

The superiority of lenses to reflectors, in all kinds of optical instruments, has been universally acknowledged; but owing to the impossibility of increasing the size of lenses for telescopes, as we can do metallic specula, reflecting telescopes have been used when great magnifying power was required; though achromatic refractors, with comparatively small object lenses, are now preferred and employed by the greater number of astronomers. In the apparatus for lighthouses the case is precisely reversed. Large parabolic reflectors cannot be obtained with correct figures, but polyzonal lenses can; and, consequently, the same reason that forced astronomers to use reflectors, ought *a fortissimo* to force the use of lenses upon the lighthouse engineer.

The superiority of lenses indeed was so well-known, that the Trinity House resolved to try them, and the lower lighthouse in the Isle of Portland was fitted up, in 1789, with lenses twenty-two inches in diameter; but with characteristic ignorance, parabolic reflectors were placed behind them. M. Fresnel mentions the fact of lenses being used in England, and disclaims any originality in the idea of using them;* but he has the undoubted merit of having introduced them and the subsidiary lenses and reflectors into the French lighthouses, and of having developed in his Memoir various original and beautiful ideas, which we believe have actually been put in practice.

In October or November, 1822, Dr Brewster, and Mr Stevenson, the engineer of the Scottish Lighthouse Board, received copies of M. Fresnel's Memoir, both, we believe, from the author; and in December, 1822, the Article, No. 3. of our list, was published by the first of these gentlemen. In this article we find the following historical statement of what had previously taken place in Scotland in reference to these lenses, and we can vouch for its accuracy, as we have now before us the proof-sheet containing the statement, corrected in the handwriting of Mr Stevenson. 'Lenses have been long used in England for the purpose of illumination in lighthouses; and in 1818 or 1820, some experiments had been made with them in France in connexion with a very powerful lamp, the particulars of which were communicated by Major Colby to Mr Robert Stevenson, engineer to the Northern or Scottish Lighthouse Board. On the receipt of this letter, Mr Stevenson, ever anxious for improvements,

* 'This application of lenses,' says he, 'to the illumination of lighthouses cannot be a new idea, for it readily suggests itself to the mind, and there exists in reality a lens lighthouse in England.' *Memoir*, p. 2.

‘ communicated to me his intention of investigating the subject
‘ in reference to the use of lenses in lighthouses. I immediately
‘ pointed out to him the improvements in the construction of
‘ lenses, and the method of arranging them for the purpose of
‘ illumination, (which is just the converse of the arrangement
‘ for combustion,) that I had suggested in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia* ; and he proposed that we should make some experiments, with the view of introducing them into the Northern lighthouses. Before proceeding, however, to this enquiry, he was anxious to obtain an account of what had been done in France ; and as it was afterwards understood that the Corduan light on the coast of France was to be fitted up with lenses, Mr Stevenson’s intention was to make personal observations upon it, whenever the alterations on that lighthouse should be completed.’

In pursuance of this resolution, Mr Stevenson went to France in 1825, saw M. Fresnel, and brought over one of the polyzonal lenses, 30 inches in diameter, executed by M. Soleil, furnished with a great burner of four concentric wicks, on the principle recommended by Count Rumford, and supplied with oil by clock-work, as in Carcel’s lamp. This lens, made of greenish glass, cost L.50, and the lamp L.40 ; but, so far as we know, no comparative experiments were instituted between it and reflectors, and no attempt made to introduce lenses into our lighthouses.

Under these circumstances, Dr Brewster addressed a memorial to the chairman of the Scottish Lighthouse Board, dated January 13, 1826 ; and he explained, both in writing and personally, before the ‘ Bell Rock Committee,’ the great advantages that would arise from introducing his polyzonal lenses ; and he at the same time strongly urged the substitution of gas for oil. In 1827 he corresponded with the Trinity House and the Irish Board on the same subject ; and in July, 1827, he went personally to the Ballast office in Dublin with a letter to their engineer, from the late William Edgeworth, Esq., civil engineer, who took a deep interest in the introduction of the new system. The treatise, No. 6, printed in 1827, and containing a popular exposition of the principles and advantages of the new system, was placed in the hands of the three Boards, and the author of it offered his gratuitous services in introducing it into their lighthouses. All these exertions, however, were nearly fruitless. The Scottish Commissioners liberally authorized the inventor to have one of the polyzonal lenses constructed under his own superintendence ; and this lens, the largest of the kind that was ever made,

(three feet in diameter,) was executed in flint glass by Messrs Gilberts of London in 1827.

From causes, however, which it is not our business to investigate, the Board made a sudden pause in their progress. The lenses were forgotten, or despised; and several new lighthouses were fitted up with the old hammered reflectors. But this dark age in our brief chronicle lasted only three years. In February, 1831, the Commissioners appointed a committee 'for the purpose of conducting experiments on the comparative merits of lenses and reflectors.' They requested also the co-operation of the Royal Society, who immediately appointed a committee for the purpose; and the inventor of the polyzonal lenses was invited to witness the experiments.

At the first meeting of the lens committee on the 16th February, the engineer announced that the experiments would take place in the beginning of March, 1831. The year 1831, however, passed away without the experiments being again heard of. The year 1832 passed away in the same manner; and it was not till February last that the long looked for *comparison of lenses and reflectors* was exhibited to the public.

The lens and the reflectors were placed on Gulan Hill, twelve miles and a half from the observers on the Calton Hill, and the experiments were conducted by the officers of the Lighthouse Board. The results of these trials were highly interesting; but the only one of importance in our present enquiry was the following:

ONE polyzonal lens, with an argand burner of four concentric wicks, gave a light equal to NINE parabolic reflectors, each carrying a single argand burner.

And it is stated by Mr Stevenson, the engineer to the Board, in his report on these experiments,

That the lamp used for the lens consumes oil equal to the supply of fourteen argand burners.

These are the two leading data upon which we are now to proceed in establishing the important conclusion,

That the immediate introduction of lenses into every British lighthouse, while it will provide the mariner with more brilliant and more easily distinguishable lights than those now existing, will at the same time be a measure of such decided economy as to enable the Legislature to reduce the tax levied on the shipping interest for the erection and support of lighthouses.

But before we proceed to the demonstration of this proposition, we must state a result, founded on the French and the Scotch experiments, which was to us entirely unexpected; but

which it is of the utmost importance to keep in view in the consideration of the general question. The following is M. Fresnel's account of the comparative effects of an exactly similar lens and burner (to that used in Scotland), and of the reflectors formerly used in the best French lighthouses.

' M. Arago, M. Mathieu, and myself, have compared, by numerous experiments, the great lenses, 0.76 metres [30 inches English,] with those of the reflectors of M. Lenoir, 31 inches in aperture, &c. &c. We have found that the lens illuminated with a quadruple burner gave, in the direction of the axis, a light *three and a quarter* times as brilliant as that of the great reflector of M. Lenoir, carrying a small burner six lines in diameter.'

After remarking that it was the practice in the French lighthouses to unite two of Lenoir's reflectors together, which did not give a lustre twice as great as one of them singly, he concludes :

' That the lustre produced by the great lenses ought to be *twice as intense* as that of the best illuminated lighthouses in France.' That is, that in a combination of Lenoir's reflectors, one lens is equal to *four* reflectors.

But a lens of the same size, of the same glass, and carrying the same-sized burner, was equal to *nine* of the Scotch reflectors. *Hence one of the French reflectors of Lenoir is equal to at least two of the Scotch reflectors.* Now we know that the Scotch reflectors are fully equal, if not superior, to any of those used in Great Britain; and hence we arrive at the result, as mortifying to our national vanity, as it is instructive to those who have the regulation of such important concerns, that it requires two of the reflectors used in the lighthouses of Great Britain to equal one reflector used in the lighthouses of France previous to the introduction of the lens. If the French, then, substituted lenses for *good reflectors*, shall we decline to substitute them for *bad ones* ?

In exhibiting the economy of introducing lenses into new lighthouses, and into those already furnished with the common apparatus, we shall take the case of a revolving lighthouse, such as that of the Bell Rock.

Expense of a Revolving Lens Light.

To 8 polyzonal lenses, 30 inches diameter,	L.400
To 16 small lenses, with their reflectors,	225
To the iron framework of the apparatus,	150
To the revolving machinery,	140
To 3 lamps with clockwork and burners,	110

Total Expense, L.1025

Expense of a Revolving Light with Reflectors.

Total expense of 24 reflectors, with lamps, frames, revolving machinery, &c.,	L.1387
Excess of plate glass used in lantern,	113
	<hr/>
Expense of reflector apparatus,	L.1500
Expense of lens apparatus,	L.1025
	<hr/>
Difference,	L.475 ;

making a saving of L.475 by adopting the lens apparatus. If we substitute an invention of Mr Oldham's of Dublin for the clock-work lamps, or if we use gas, we shall save at least L.100 more ; so that the saving by lenses will amount to L.575 on the original erection.

But the light obtained by this cheap apparatus is far superior to that obtained by the present more expensive one. It will afford a light equal to at least TEN reflectors, repeated EIGHT times in every revolution ; whereas we have by the old method a light only of six reflectors repeated FOUR times in every revolution. The lens apparatus will last for ever, while that of the reflectors requires renovation.

The most important consideration of all, however, is the *great economy* which the cheap apparatus with lenses will introduce into the annual expenditure.

Expense of oil with the Lenses.

To 560* gallons of oil at 6s., L.168

Expense of oil with the Reflectors.

To 960 gallons of oil at 6s., L.288 ;

making an annual saving of L.120 ; which will be increased to L.130 when we include other savings, such as chimney glasses and articles for cleaning the reflectors.

The economy of dismantling every revolving lighthouse in the empire, and substituting lenses for reflectors, may be proved in the same incontrovertible manner.

As each reflector contains silver to the value of L.21, and as this silver can be stripped from the copper, the produce of a dismantled reflector apparatus will be as follows : †

* As the large burner requires 14 times as much oil as one argand burner, and as 24 of the latter require 960 gallons, the large burner will require only 560 gallons of oil.

† The reflectors of dismantled lighthouses might be used for harbour lights, or in cases where lights of a short range are wanted ; but to meet the question boldly, we shall suppose the dismantled apparatus to be sold for what it will bring.

Value of old silver of 24 reflectors,	L.567
Value of half the plate glass transferred to next new lighthouse,	113
Value of lamp, copper, iron work,	100
<hr/>	
Produce of dismantled apparatus,	L.780
Expense of new lens apparatus,*	1025
<hr/>	
Amount of outlay,	L.245*

Hence it follows that, for the small outlay of L.200 or L.300, the light at the Bell Rock may be doubled in brilliancy, while an annual saving in oil, &c., is at the same time effected to the amount of L.130. The same calculation is applicable to fixed lights.

But the greatest saving of all remains to be noticed. The labour of trimming one lamp, and of wiping the dust from the lenses and their mirrors, is so insignificant that *two* lighthouse keepers out of the *four* might be dispensed with at the Bell Rock; and *one* lighthouse keeper out of the *two* at every other lighthouse station. An active man, with his wife or daughter, or sister, or other female relative, assisted, if necessary, in some situations by a boy, would be sufficient to discharge all the duties of our ordinary lighthouses, and an annual saving of great amount would be effected throughout the kingdom. That these annual savings are quite practicable, and consistent with a proper management of the lights, will be readily admitted by the reader, when we inform him that the whole annual expenses of the great lighthouse of Corduan, with a lens apparatus, including lighthouse-men's wages, oil, wicks, &c. is only L.395, 6s.; † while that of the Bell Rock is L.861, on an average of *four* years, from 1830—1833; and that of the smaller lighthouse of Tarbetness L.555, on an average of *three* years, from 1831—1833.

The next question which we have to consider is the introduction of coal gas at all our lighthouses.‡ It would be an insult to the intelligence of the age to suppose that it is less useful, less economical, or less safe, to introduce into lighthouses the same element which is employed in every private house of the great cities of the empire. That it would dimi-

* This expense will be only L.925 if the clockwork lamps are dispensed with, and the amount of outlay reduced to L.145.

† This fact is stated on the written authority of M. Fresnel.

‡ At the Bell Rock, and where there is no space for building, a small oil gas apparatus may be used.

nish the expense of lighthouse apparatus has already been shown; that it would add to the brilliancy and the range of the lights is very obvious; and that it would produce a great annual saving will appear from the following statement.

The fine lighthouse of San Salvore, on the coast of Istria, was lighted with coal gas, without any condensing optical apparatus, in the year 1818; and Professor Aldini, who has given an account of this great improvement, in his work on the subject, taunts the English for not having been the first to introduce into their own lighthouses the extraordinary element which they had been the first to apply to the general purposes of illumination. The gas illumination of San Salvore is universally reckoned superior to that which had been previously obtained from oil, and the economy of the change stands thus—

Annual expense of lighting with oil,	. 1861 Florins.
Annual expense of lighting with gas,	. 932

Annual saving from gas, . 929;

which is exactly one-half of the former expense. If we include the interest on the money advanced for gas apparatus, which was 400 florins, the total expense of the gas lights will be 1332 florins,—leaving still an annual saving of nearly one-third of the expense of oil.

But gas illumination has not been confined to Italy. We learn from the annals of the Polytechnic Institute of Vienna, that the principal lighthouse of Dantzic, and the other small one which serves as a signal in the Bay,* are both lighted with gas burners $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and perforated with 40 holes each; and, what is more to our purpose, these burners are placed in the *foci* of parabolic reflectors, one 22 inches, and the other 17 inches, in diameter. The brilliancy of illumination produced by this change was so great, that the inhabitants of Hela, when the gas was first lighted, attributed the wonderful effect to a great fire in the city.

After Italy and Prussia had availed themselves of this grand improvement, gas was introduced into two English lighthouses, one at Holyhead, and the other at Flatholmes; and in the latter case, the Trinity House took the contractors bound to *pro-*

* When these lighthouses were lighted with coal fires, the coal consumed was *three* times greater than what it now is for gas. Wax lights were tried in 1817, and no less than 1180½ pounds of it were consumed in that year.

*vide, at the same expense, a better light than that which was produced from oil.**

The hostility of the Trinity Board, however, to the use of gas in their own lighthouses is stated by their organ, Deputy-Master Cotton; and the arguments which he advances in their name, will satisfy our readers that their knowledge of political economy was then on the same level with their knowledge of optics. 'Independent of these reasons,' says he, 'for not admitting the gas, it is incumbent on the corporation to give that encouragement to the employment of seamen which the whale-fishery affords, the transit of the pit-coal from which the gas is extracted in the greatest quantity, being by barges on canals.'†—*Memoir*, p. 76.

In perfecting our present lighthouse system, another improvement of essential importance is still wanting, namely, *the occasional exhibition of powerful lights in foggy weather*. We may lay it down as an incontrovertible axiom, *that when the present feeble lights are absorbed, by fog or haze, and become invisible at a short distance, the navigation of our shores is exactly as dangerous as it was previous to the erection of lighthouses*. That such seasons of danger are of frequent occurrence, the history of naval disasters too fatally proves. Captain Cotton informs us, that in consequence of the want of lights, a fleet bound to London ran foul of a fleet of light vessels from the Thames in the Cockle Gatway, and SIX HUNDRED LIVES were lost. To prevent the recurrence of such an accident, the Trinity House erected the Hazeboro' light, and established the floating light in the Gatway; but it is evident *that the same disaster might occur to-morrow at the same place, if these safety lights were rendered invisible by a thick atmosphere*. To the preceding example we may add another, on the authority of an eminent engineer, which, though less striking, is equally instructive. When he was leaving the shore of Inchkeith, the lights of its own lighthouse were actually invisible; and the vessel having thus lost its directive power, soon found itself on the coast of Fife in place of Leith harbour, which was the object of its destination.

It is essentially necessary, therefore, that powerful lights should, at any expense, be exhibited in such cases of danger. The beautiful invention of Lieutenant Drummond is admirably

* We state this fact on Professor Aldini's authority.

† Did this respectable officer forget the Newcastle coal-trade as a nursery for British seamen?

suitied for this as well as for other purposes; and Bengal lights, and particularly the Red Strontian light, when burned in the focus of lenses, would penetrate a very hazy atmosphere. Mr Robison has suggested the ingenious idea of illuminating the clouds or fog, by inflaming large masses of pyrotechnic composition, such as we have mentioned; and one of the experiments of this kind lately made, in this city, on the Calton Hill, places beyond a doubt the great advantages of such an occasional light.* The lens lamp might be supplied with oxygen gas in place of atmospheric air, and masses of oil, or of spirit of turpentine might with the same view be burned in large dishes of thin iron heated by a spirit-lamp, and placed either in the open air, or in the focus of lenses.

The exhibition of occasional lights is quite impracticable with reflectors, with the exception of the Drummond light; but a lens apparatus has actually that very construction which will allow the lighthouse-keeper to introduce all the spare lights and inflammable materials with which he may be furnished. There are no doubt hazes which no light will effectually penetrate to any useful distance; but in cases where human life is to be economised, our Lighthouse Boards cannot acquit themselves of their deep responsibility, unless they have summoned to their aid all the resources of science and ingenuity.

The last great improvement which we have to consider, is that of *distinguishing lights*, or lights which the mariner can so distinguish from one another as to be able to name the beacon to which he is approaching.

The vaunted method at present in use in Britain is disgraceful to science; and we have already shown how erroneously it has been applied at the Bell Rock. There may be *twenty* kinds of red glass, each of which may derive its redness from the absorption of different parts of the white beam. One piece may absorb the blue rays chiefly, another the green and yellow chiefly, and a third may absorb along with these a *great part of the red rays themselves*; so that it requires a perfect knowledge of the spectrum, and nice photometrical experiments, to determine the kind of red glass which should be used. The French have thrown aside all coloured media, or rather have never used them; and, generally speaking, the red rays, though the best for penetrating fogs, are the worst for distinguishing lighthouses; as all white lights become red in passing through a dry haze.

The method adopted by Fresnel of distinguishing lighthouses

* Lond. and Edin. Phil. Mag. March, 1833, p. 221.

by the durations of the eclipses, or intervals of darkness between the revolving lights, is excellent; but we are of opinion that coloured lights may form an admirable auxiliary, when the colours are obtained, in the manner we have tried them, from solid, fluid, and gaseous media; and as we know, from direct experiment, that a numerical character may be impressed optically upon the lights of our lighthouses, we have no doubt that a complete and scientific system of distinction will be obtained under a reformed management.

All attempts, however, at a partial change in the present barbarous system of illumination will prove entirely abortive. Hammered reflectors exclude all improvements: the old bottles cannot be accommodated to any new wine; and until these silvered idols of our British polytheists shall be torn down from their high places, and one brilliant vestal fire lighted on their altar, the winds will make havoc among our galleys, and the waves will devour their victims.

Such is a general view of the British lighthouse system, and of the valuable improvements which are ready to be introduced when our Boards shall undergo that renovation which is so loudly called for. The Legislature has lately pledged itself to a revision of the lighthouse code; and that it will act wisely and justly, we cannot doubt. In the preceding pages we have treated this great question as one of public economy, and of national honour; but we trust that a British House of Commons will never forget that the subject with which they have to deal is that of *human life*,—of the lives, too, of the industrious mariner whom they have severely taxed, and of the helpless seafaring stranger whom they have taxed without mercy. If they fail in this sacred duty, they will be answerable to a tribunal more solemn than that of their constituency—a tribunal where Benevolence will be their judge, science their accuser, and widows and orphans their jury.

- ART. IX.—1. *Artis Logicæ Rudimenta, with Illustrative Observations on each Section.* Fourth edition, with Additions. 12mo. Oxford: 1828.
2. *Elements of Logic.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Principal of St Alban's Hall, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Third edition. 8vo. London: 1829.
3. *Introduction to Logic, from Dr Whately's Elements of Logic.* By the Rev. SAMUEL HINDS, M.A., of Queen's College, and Vice-Principal of St Alban's Hall, Oxford, 12mo. Oxford: 1827.
4. *Outline of a New System of Logic, with a Critical Examination of Dr Whately's 'Elements of Logic,'* by GEORGE BENTHAM, Esq. 8vo. London: 1827.
5. *An Examination of some Passages in Dr Whately's Elements of Logic.* By GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, Esq., Student of Christ Church. 8vo. Oxford: 1829.
6. *A Treatise on Logic on the Basis of Aldrich, with Illustrative Notes* by the Rev. JOHN HUYSHE, M.A., Brazen-nose College, Oxford. 12mo. Second edition. Oxford: 1833.
7. *Questions on Aldrich's Logic, with References to the most Popular Treatises.* 12mo. Oxford: 1829.
8. *Key to Questions on Aldrich's Logic.* 12mo. Oxford: 1829.
9. *Introduction to Logic.* 12mo. Oxford: 1830.
10. *Aristotle's Philosophy.* (An Article in Vol. iii. of the Seventh Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, now publishing.) By the Rev. RENN DICKSON HAMPDEN, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.) 4to. Edinburgh: 1832.

NOTHING, we think, affords a more decisive proof of the partial spirit in which philosophy has been cultivated in Britain, for the last century and a half, than the combined perversion and neglect which Logic—the science of the formal laws of thought—has experienced during that period. Since the time, and principally, we suspect, through the influence of Locke, (who, as Leibnitz observed, *sprevit logicam non intellexit*,) no country has been so poor in this department of philosophy, whether we estimate our dialectical literature by its mass or by its quality. Loath to surrender the subject altogether, yet unable, from their own misconception of its nature, to vindicate to logic, on the proper ground, its paramount importance to a science *a priori*, distinct, and independent; the few logical authors who appeared endeavoured, on the one hand, by throwing out all that belonged to it of a repulsive character, to obviate a taste, and, on the other, by interpolating what pertained to

other branches of knowledge—here a chapter of psychology, there a chapter of metaphysic, &c.—to conciliate to the declining study a broader interest than its own. The attempt was too irrational to succeed; and served only to justify the disregard it was meant to remedy. This was to convert the interest of knowledge with the interest of taste:—this was not to amplify logic, but to deform philosophy, by breaking down their boundaries, and running the different sciences into each other.

In the Universities, where Dialectic once reigned ‘The Queen of Arts,’ the failure of the study is more conspicuously remarkable.

In those of Scotland, the Chairs of Logic have for generations taught any thing rather than the science which they nominally profess;—a science by the way in which the Scots have not latterly maintained the reputation once established by them in all,* and still retained in other departments of philosophy. To the philosophers of our country, we must confess, that, in part at least, is to be attributed the prevalence of the erroneous notions on this subject promulgated by Locke. No system of logic deserving of notice ever appeared in Scotland; and for Scottish logical writers of any merit, we must travel back for more than two centuries to three contemporary authors, whose abilities, like those, indeed, of almost all the more illustrious scholars of their nation, were developed under foreign influence—to Robert Balfour, Mark Duncan, and William Chalmers, Professors in the Universities of Bourdeaux, Saumur, and Angers. In Cambridge the fortune of the study is indicated by the fact, that the *Elements of Logic* of William Duncan of Aberdeen, have long dispensed a muddy scantling of metaphysic, psychology, and dialectic, in the University where Downam taught; and *Murray’s Logic*, the Trinity College Compend, may show that matters are, if possible, at a lower pass in Dublin.

In Oxford, the fate of the science has been somewhat different, but, till lately, scarcely more favourable. And here it is necessary to be more particular, as this is the only British seminary where the study of logic proper can be said to have survived; and as, with one exception, the whole works under re-

* ‘Les Ecossois sont bons Philosophes,’ pronounced the Dictator of Letters (*Scaligerana Secunda*): and Servitus had previously testified to their character for logical subtilty;—‘Dialecticis argutiis sibi blandiuntur.’ (*Præf. in Ptolem. Geogr.* 1533.) For a considerable period, indeed, there was hardly to be found a continental University of any note, without the appendage of a Scottish Professor of Philosophy.

view* emanate from that University,—represent its character,—and are determined and modified by its circumstances. During the scholastic ages, Oxford was held inferior to no University throughout Europe; and it was celebrated, more especially, for its philosophers and dialecticians. But it was neither the recollection of old academical renown, nor any enlightened persuasion of its importance, that preserved to logic a place among the subjects of academical tuition, when the kindred branches of philosophy, with other statutory studies, were dropt from the course of instruction actually given. These were abandoned from no conviction of their inutility, nor even in favour of others of superior value: they were abandoned when the system under which they could be taught, was, for a private interest, illegally superseded by another under which they could not. When the College Fellows supplanted the University Professors, the course of statutory instruction necessarily fell with the statutory instruments by which it had been carried through. The same extensive, the same intensive, education which had once been possible when the work was distributed among a body of Professors, each chosen for his ability, and each concentrating his attention on a single study, could no longer be attempted when the collegial corporations, a fortuitous assemblage of individuals, in so far as literary qualification is concerned, had usurped the exclusive privilege of instruction; and when each of these individuals was authorized to become sole teacher of the whole academical encyclopædia. But while the one unqualified Fellow-tutor could not perform the work of a large body of qualified Professors; it is evident that, as he could not rise and expand himself to the former system, that the present, existing only for his behoof, must be contracted and brought down to him. This was accordingly done. The mode of teaching, and the subjects taught, were reduced to the required level and extent. The capacity of lecturing, that is, of delivering an original course of instruction, was not now to be expected in the tutor. The pupil, therefore, read to his tutor a lesson out of book; on this lesson the tutor might, at his discretion, interpose an observation, or preserve silence; and he was thus effectually guaranteed from all demands beyond his ability or inclination to meet. This reversed process was still denominated a *lecture*. In like manner, all subjects which required in the tutor more than the Fellows' average of learning or acuteness, were eschewed. Many of the most important branches of education in the legal system were thus discarded; and those

* These works, indeed, with one or two insignificant exclusions, comprise the *whole* recent logical literature of the kingdom.

which it was found necessary or convenient to retain in the intrusive, were studied in easier and more superficial treatises. This, in particular, was the case with logic.

By statute, the Professor of Dialectic was bound to read and expound the *Organon* of Aristotle twice a-week; and, by statute, regular attendance on his lectures was required from all under-graduates for their three last years. Until the statutory system was superseded, an energetic and improving exercise of mind from the intelligent study of the most remarkable monument of philosophical genius, imposed on all, was more especially secured in those who would engage in the subsidiary business of tuition. This, and the other conditions of that system, thus determined a far higher standard of qualification in the tutor when the tutor was still only a subordinate instructor, than remained when he had become the exclusive organ of academical education. When, at last, the voice of the Professors was silenced in the University, and in the Colleges the Fellows had been able to exclude all other graduates from the now principal office of tutor, the study of logic declined with the ability of those by whom the science was taught. The original treatises of Aristotle were now found to transcend the College complement of erudition and intellect. They were accordingly abandoned; and with these the various logical works previously in academical use, which supposed any reach of thought, or an original acquaintance with the *Organon*. The *Compend* of Sanderson stood its ground for a season, when the more elaborate treatises of Brerewood, Crackanthorpe, and Smiglecius, were forgotten. But this little treatise, the excellent work of an accomplished logician, was too closely relative to the books of the *Organon*, and demanded too frequently an inconvenient explanation, to retain its place, so soon as another text-book could be introduced, more accommodated to the fallen and falling standard of tutorial competency. Such a text-book was soon found in the *Compendium* of Aldrich. The dignity of its author, as Dean of Christ Church, and his reputation as an ingenious, and even learned, writer in other branches of knowledge, ensured it a favourable recommendation: it was even shorter than Sanderson; written in a less scholastic Latin; adopted an order wholly independent of the *Organon*; and made no awkward demands upon the tutor, as comprising only what was either plain in itself, or could without difficulty be expounded. The book—which, in justice to the Dean, we ought to mention was not originally written for the public—is undoubtedly a work of no inconsiderable talent; but the talent is, perhaps, principally shown in the author having performed so cleverly a task for which he was so indifferently

prepared. Absolutely considered, it has little or no value. It is but a slight eclectic epitome of one or two logical treatises in common use (that it is exclusively abridged from Wallis is incorrect); and when he wanders from, or mistakes his authorities, he displays a want of information to be expected, perhaps, in our generation, but altogether marvellous in his. It is clear that he knew nothing of the *Organon*, and very little of the modern logicians. The treatise likewise omits a large proportion of the most important matters; and those it does not exclude are treated with a truly unedifying brevity. As a slender introduction to the after-study of logic (were there not a hundred better) it is not to be despised; as a full course of instruction, as an independent system of the science, it is utterly contemptible. Yet, strange to say, the *Compend* of Aldrich having gradually supplanted the *Compend* of Sanderson, has furnished for above a century the little all of logic taught in these latter days by the University of Bradwardin and Scotus.*

Even the meliorations of the academical system have not proved beneficial to this study: perhaps, indeed, the reverse. Since the institution of honours, and of a real examination for the first degree in arts, a powerful stimulus has been applied to other studies—to that of logic none. Did a candidate make himself master of the *Organon*?—he would find as little favour from the dispensers of academical distinction, as he had previously obtained assistance from his tutor. For the public examiners could not be expected, either to put questions on what they did not understand, or to encourage the repetition of such overt manifestations of their own ignorance. The minimum of Aldrich, therefore, remained the maximum of the schools; and was ‘*got up*,’ not to obtain honour, but to avoid disgrace. But even this minimum was to be made less; there was ‘a lower deep beneath the lowest deep.’ The *Compendium*,

* Some thirty years ago, indeed, there was printed, *in usum academicæ juventutis*, certain *Excerpta ex Aristotelis Organo*. The execution of that work shows how inadequate its author was to the task he had undertaken. Nothing could be more conducive to the rational study of logic than a systematic condensation of the more essential parts of the different treatises of the *Organon*, with original illustrations, and selections from the best commentators, ancient and modern. As it is, this petty publication has exerted no influence on the logical studies of the University; we should like to know how many tutors have expounded it in their lectures, how many candidates have been examined on it in the schools. On the logical authors, at least, of the University, it has exerted none.

a meagre duodecimo of 180 pages, to be read in a day; and easily mastered in a week, was found too ponderous a volume for pupil, tutor, and examiner. It was accordingly subjected to a process of extenuation, out of which it emerged reduced to little more than a third of its original gracility—a skeleton without marrow or substance. ‘Those who go deep in dialectic,’ says Aristo Chius, ‘may be resembled to crab-eaters; for a mouthful of ‘meat, they spend their time over a heap of shells.’ But your superficial student of logic loses his time without even a savour of this mouthful; and Oxford, in her old age, has proved herself no Alma Mater, in thus so unpitiously cramming her alumni with the shells alone. As Dr Whately observes, ‘a very small proportion even of distinguished students ever become proficient in ‘logic; and by far the greater proportion pass through the University without knowing any thing at all of the subject. I do ‘not mean that they have not learned by rote a string of technical terms, but that they understand absolutely nothing whatever of the principles of the science.’ The miracle would be, if they ever did. Logic thus degraded to an irksome but wholly unprofitable penance, the absurdity of its longer enforcement was felt by some intelligent leaders of the University. ‘It was ‘proposed,’ says Dr Whately, ‘to leave the study of logic altogether to the option of the candidates;’ a proposal hailed with joy by the under-graduates, who had long prayed fervently with St Ambrose,—*A Dialectica Aristotelis libera nos, Domine.*

In these circumstances, when even the Heads could not much longer have continued obstinate, and logic seemed in Oxford on the eve of following metaphysic and psychology to an academic grave, a new life was suddenly communicated to the expiring study, and hope at least allowed for its ultimate convalescence under a reformed system.

This was mainly effected by the publication of the *Elements* of Dr Whately, then Principal of St Alban’s Hall, and recently (we rejoice) elevated to the Archiepiscopal See of Dublin. (No. 2 of the works at the head of this Article.) Somewhat previous, the *Rudimenta* (abbreviated *Compendium*) of Aldrich had been illustrated with English notes by an anonymous author, whom we find quoted in some of the subsequent treatises under the name of Hill, (No 1.) The success and ability of the ‘Elements’ prompted imitation and determined controversy. Mr Bentham (nephew of Mr Jeremy Bentham) published his *Outline and Examination*, in which Dr Whately is alternately the object of censure and encomium (No. 4); and the pamphlet of Mr Lewis (on two points only) is likewise controversial (No 5). The Principal, as becoming, was abridged and lauded by his Vice (No. 3); and the treatises by Mr Huyshe and others (Nos. 6,

7, 8, 9) are all more or less relative to Dr Whately's, and all so many manifestations of the awakened spirit of logical pursuit. The last decade, indeed, has done more in Oxford for the cause of this science than the whole hundred and thirty years preceding; for since the time of Wallis and Aldrich, until the works under review, we recollect nothing on the subject which the University could claim, except one or two ephemeral tracts;—the shallow *Reflections* of George Bentham, about the middle of the last century; and after the commencement of the present, a couple of clever pamphlets in vindication of logic, and in extinction of the logic of Kett—which last also was a mooncalf of Alma Mater.

It remains now to enquire at what value are we to rate these new logical publications. Before looking at their contents, and on a knowledge only of the general circumstances under which they were produced, we had formed a presumptive estimate of what they were likely to perform; and found our anticipation fully confirmed, since we recently examined what they had actually accomplished. None of the works are the productions of inferior ability; and though some of them propose only an humble end, they are all respectably executed. A few of them display talent rising far above mediocrity; and one is the effort of an intellect of great natural power. But when we look from the capacity of the author to his acquirements, our judgment is less favourable. If the writers are sometimes original, their matter is never new. They none of them possess,—not to say a superfluous erudition on their subject,—even the necessary complement of information. Not one seems to have studied the logical treatises of Aristotle; all are unread in the Greek Commentators on the *Organon*, in the Scholastic, Ramist, Cartesian, Wolfian, and Kantian Dialectic. In none is there any attempt at the higher logical philosophy: we have no preliminary determination of the fundamental laws of thought; no consequent evolution, from these laws, of the system itself. On the contrary, we find principle buried in detail; inadequate views of the science; a mere agglutination of its parts; of these some wholly neglected, and others, neither the most interesting nor important, elaborated out of bounds; and always, though in very different proportions, too much of the 'shell,' too little of the 'meat.' They are rarely, indeed, wise above Aldrich: his partial views of the order and comprehension of the science have determined theirs; his most egregious blunders are repeated; and sometimes when an attempt is made at a correction, either Aldrich is right, or a new error is substituted for the old. Even Dr Whately, who, in the teeth of every logician from Alexander to Kant, speaks of 'the boundless field within the

‘legitimate limits of the science,’ ‘walks in the trodden ways,’ and is guiltless of ‘removing the ancient landmark.’ His work, indeed, never transcends, and generally does not rise to, the actual level of the science; nor, with all its ability, can it justly pretend to more than a relative and local importance. Its most original and valuable portion is but the insufficient correction of mistakes touching the nature of logic, long exploded, if ever harboured, among the countrymen of Leibnitz, and only lingering among the disciples of Locke.

An articulate proof of the accuracy of these conclusions, on all the works under consideration, would far exceed our limits. Nor is this requisite. It will be sufficient to review that work, in chief, to which most of the others are correlative, and which stands among them all the highest in point of originality and learning; and the rest occasionally, in subordination to that one. Nor in criticising Dr Whately’s *Elements* can we attempt to vindicate all or even the principal points of our decision. To show the *deficiencies* in that work, either of principle or of detail, would, in the universal ignorance in this country of logical philosophy and of a high logical standard, require a preliminary exposition of what a system of this science ought to comprehend, far beyond our space, were we even to discuss these points to the exclusion of every other. We must, therefore, omitting imperfections, confine ourselves to an indication of some of Dr Whately’s positive *errors*. This we shall attempt, ‘though the ‘work,’ as its author assures us, ‘has undergone, not only the ‘close examination of himself and several friends, but the ‘severer scrutiny of determined opponents, without any material errors having been detected, or any considerable alterations found necessary.’ In doing this, nothing could be farther from our intention than any derogation from the merit of that eminent and excellent individual, whom, even when we differ most from his opinions, we admire and respect, both as a very shrewd and (what is a rarer phenomenon in Oxford) a very independent thinker. The interest of truth is above all personal considerations; and as Dr Whately, in vindication of his own practice, has well observed,—‘errors are the more carefully to be pointed out in proportion to the authority by which ‘they are sanctioned.’ ‘No mercy,’ says Lessing, ‘to a distinguished author.’ This, however, is not our motto; and if our ‘scrutiny’ be ‘severe,’ we are conscious that it cannot justly be attributed to ‘determined opposition.’

We find matter of controversy even in the first page of the ‘*Elements*.’ Dr Whately very properly opens by a statement, if not a definition, of the nature and domain of logic; and in no other part of his work have the originality and correctness of

his views been more applauded; than in the determination of this fundamental problem. 'Logic,' says he, 'in the most extensive sense which the name can with propriety be made to bear, may be considered as the Science, and also as the Art of Reasoning. It investigates the principles on which argumentation is conducted, and furnishes rules to secure the mind from error in its deductions. Its most appropriate office, however, is that of instituting an analysis of the process of the mind in reasoning; and in this point of view it is, as has been stated, strictly a science; while, considered in reference to the practical rules above mentioned, it may be called the art of reasoning. This distinction, as will hereafter appear, has been overlooked, or not clearly pointed out, by most writers on the subject; logic having been in general regarded as merely an art, and its claim to hold a place among the sciences having been expressly denied.'—*Elements*, p. 1.

Here the enquiry naturally separates into two branches;—the one concerns the *genus*, the other the *object-matter* of logic.

In regard to the former—Dr Whately's reduction of logic to the twofold category of *Art* and *Science*, has earned the praises of his Critical Examiner, but who, it must be acknowledged, is as often out in his encomium as in his censure. 'Dr Whately,' says Mr Bentham, 'has in particular brought to view one very important fact, overlooked by all his predecessors, though so obvious, when once exhibited, as to make us wonder that it should not have been remarked: viz. that logic is a *science* as well as an *art*. The universally prevailing error that human knowledge is divided into a number of parts, some of which are arts without science, and others sciences without art, has been fully exposed by Mr Bentham in his *Chrestomathia*. There also it has been shown, that there cannot exist a single art that has not its corresponding science, nor a single science which is not accompanied by some portion of art. The Schoolmen, on the contrary, have, with extraordinary effort, endeavoured to prove that logic is an art only, not a science; and in that particular instance, Dr Whately is, I believe, one of the first who has ventured to contradict this ill-founded assertion.' *Outline*, p. 12.—In all this there is but one statement with which we can agree. We should certainly 'wonder' with Mr Bentham, had any 'so obvious and important fact' been overlooked by all Dr Whately's predecessors; and knowing something of both, should assuredly be less disposed to presume a want of acuteness in the old logicians, than any ignorance of their speculations in the new. In the latter alternative, indeed, will be found a solution of the 'wonder.' Author and critic are equally in error.

In the first place, looking merely to the nomenclature, both are historically wrong. 'Logic,' says Dr Whately, 'has been in general regarded merely as an art, and its claim to hold a place among the sciences has been expressly denied.' The reverse is true. The great majority of logicians have regarded logic as a science, and expressly denied it to be an art. This is the oldest as well as the most general opinion. 'The Schoolmen,' says Mr Bentham, 'have with extraordinary effort endeavoured to prove that logic is an art only.' On the contrary, the Schoolmen have not only 'with extraordinary effort,' but with unexampled unanimity laboured in proving logic to be exclusively a science; and so far from 'Dr Whately being' (with Mr Jeremy Bentham) 'the first to contradict this ill-founded assertion,' the paradox of these gentlemen is only the truism of the world beside. This error is the more surprising, as the genus of logic is one of those vexed questions on which, as Ausonius has it,

— omnis certat Dialectica turba sophorum :

indeed, until latterly, no other perhaps stands so obtrusively forward during the whole progress of the study. Plato and the Platonists considered dialectic as a science; but with them dialectic was a real not a formal discipline, and corresponded rather to the metaphysic than to the logic of the Peripatetics. Logic is not defined by Aristotle. His Greek followers, and a considerable body of the most eminent Dialecticians since the revival of letters, deny it to be either science or art. The Stoics in general viewed it as a science. The Arabian and Latin schoolmen did the same. In this opinion Thomist and Scotist, Realist and Nominalist, concurred; an opinion adopted, almost to a man, by the Jesuit, Dominican, and Franciscan Cursualists. From the restoration of letters, however, and especially during the latter part of the 16th century, so many Aristotelians, with the whole body of Ramists, (to whom were afterwards to be added a majority of the Cartesians, and a large proportion of the Eclectics,) maintained that it was an art; that the error of Sanderson may be perhaps excused in attributing this opinion to 'almost all the more recent authors' at his time. Along with these, however, (so far is Dr Whately from having 'brought to view this important fact, overlooked by all his predecessors,') there was a very considerable party who anticipated the supposed novelty of this author in defining logic by the double genus of *art* and *science*.* In the schools of Wolf and Kant logic again obtained the name of science.

* To make reference to these would be *de trop*; we count above a dozen logicians of this class in our own collection. But independently of the older and less familiar authors, Mr Jeremy Bentham and Dr

But—to look beneath the name—as Dr Whately and his critic are wrong in imagining that there is any novelty in the observation, they are equally mistaken in attributing to it the smallest importance. The question never concerned logic itself, but merely the meaning of the terms by which it should be defined. The old logicians, however keenly they disputed whether logic were a science or an art—or neither—or both—a science speculative, or a science practical—or at once speculative and practical—never dreamt that the controversy possessed, in so far as logic was concerned, more than a verbal interest.* In regard to the essential nature of logic they were at one; and contended only, what was the comprehension of these terms in philosophical propriety, or rather what was the true interpretation of their Aristotelic definitions. Many intelligent thinkers denounced, with Vives, the whole problem as frivolous. ‘*Quæstioni locum dedit misera homonymia,*’ says Mark Duncan, among a hundred others. The most strenuous advocates of the several opinions regularly admit, that unless the terms are taken in the peculiar signification for which they themselves contend, that all and each of their adversaries may be correct; while, at the same time, it was recognised on all hands, that these terms were vulgarly employed in a vague or general acceptation, under which every opinion might be considered right, or rather no opinion could be deemed wrong.

Whately have no claim (the latter makes none) to originality in this observation. Even the last respectable writer on logic in the British Empire, previous to these gentlemen, Dr Richard Kirwan, whose popular and able volumes were published in 1807, defines logic as art and science; and this in terms so similar to those of Dr Whately, that we cannot hesitate in believing that this author had his predecessor's definition (which we shall quote) immediately in view. ‘Logic is both a science and an art; it is a science inasmuch as, by analysing the elements, principles, and structure of arguments, it teaches us how to discover their truth or detect their fallacies, and point out the sources of such errors. It is an art, inasmuch as it teaches how to arrange arguments in such manner, that their truth may be most readily perceived, or their falsehood detected.’—Vol. i. p. 1.

* Father Buffier is unjust to the old logicians, but he places the matter on its proper footing in reference to the new.—‘Si la logique est une science. Oui et non; selon l'idée qu'il vous plaît d'attacher au nom de science, &c. - - Si la logique est un art. Encore un fois, oui et non; - - Il plaît aux logiciens de disputer si la logique est, ou n'est pas un art; et il ne leur plaît pas toujours d'avouer ni d'enseigner à leurs disciples, que c'est une pure ou puerile question de nom.’—*Cours des Sciences*, (Logique,) p. 887.

The preparatory step of the discussion was, therefore, an elimination of these less precise and appropriate significations, which, as they could at best only afford a remote genus and difference, were wholly incompetent for the purposes of a definition. But what the older logicians rejected as a useless truism, the recent embrace as a new and important observation. In regard to its novelty;—do Dr Whately and Mr Bentham imagine that any previous logician could ever have dreamt of denying that logic, in their acceptation of the terms, was at once an art and a science? Let them look into almost any of the older treatises, and they will find this explicitly admitted, even when the terms Art and Science are employed in senses far less vague and universal than is done by them. As to its importance;—do they suppose that a more precise and accurate conception of logic is thus obtained? The contrary is true. The term Science Dr Whately employs in its widest possible extension, for any knowledge considered absolutely, and not in relation to practice; in this acceptation every art in its doctrinal portion must be a science: and Art he defines the application of knowledge to practice; in which signification, ethics, politics, religion, and all other practical sciences, must be arts. Art and Science are thus distended till they run together. As philosophical terms they are now altogether worthless; too universal to define; too vacillating between identity and difference, to distinguish. In fact, their application to logic, or any other subject, is hereafter only to undefine, and to confuse; expressing, as they do, not any essential opposition between the things themselves, but only the different points of view under which the same thing may be contemplated by us;—every art being thus in itself also a science, every science in itself also an art. This Mr Bentham thinks the correction of a universal error,—the discovery of an important fact. If the question in the hands of the old logicians be frivolous, what is it in those of the new! *

* Such is the most favourable interpretation we can give of Dr Whately's meaning. But the language in which this meaning is conveyed is most ambiguous and inaccurate. *E.g.* he says, 'a science' is conversant about knowledge only,'—p. 56. He cannot mean what the words express, that science has knowledge for its *object-matter*, for this is nonsense; and the words do not express, what, from the context, we must presume he means, that science has no end ulterior to the contemplative act of knowledge itself. Dr Whately thus means by *science*, what Aristotle meant by *speculative science*, but how different in the precision of their definitions! *Θεωρητικῆς μὲν (ἐπιστήμης) τέλος; ἀληθινῶς πρακτικῆς δ' ἔργον*;—or, as Averroes has it, *Per speculativam scimus ut sciamus; per practicam scimus ut operemur*.—In like manner,

So much for the genus, now for the object-matter.

Of Dr Whately's *Elements*, Mr Hinds says, 'This treatise displays—and it is the only one that has clearly done so—the true nature and use of logic; so that it may be approached, no longer as a dark, curious, and merely speculative study; such as one is apt, in fancy, to class with astrology and alchymy.'—Pref. p. viii. These are strong words.

We are disposed to admit that Dr Whately is perhaps not far wrong with regard to the 'true nature and use of logic;'—that he 'clearly displays' that nature and use, is palpably incorrect; and that his is the 'only treatise which has clearly done so,' is but another proof, that assertion is often in the inverse ratio of knowledge.

We shall say nothing of what we conceive a very partial conception of the science—that Dr Whately makes the process of *reasoning* not merely its principal, but even its adequate object; those of simple apprehension and judgment being considered not in themselves as constituent elements of thought, but simply as subordinate to argumentation. In this view logic is made convertible with syllogistic. This view, which may be allowed, in so far as it applies to the logic contained in the Aristotelic treatises now extant, was held by several of the Arabian and Latin

Dr Whately gives, without being aware of it, two very different definitions of the term *Art*. In one place (p. 1) it is said 'that logic may be called the *art* of reasoning, while, considered in reference to the practical rules, it furnishes to secure the mind from error in its deductions.' This is evidently the *Διαλεκτική χωρὶς πραγμάτων* of the Greek interpreters, the *logica docens* (*quæ tradit præcepta*) of the Arabian and Latin schools. Again, in another, (p. 56,) it is said, that 'an *art* is the *application* of knowledge to *practice*.' If words have any meaning, this definition (not to wander from logic) suits only the *Διαλεκτική ἐν χρήσει καὶ γυμνασία πραγμάτων* of the Greek, the *logica utens* (*quæ utitur præceptis*) of the Latin Aristotelians. The *L. docens*, and the *L. utens*, are, however, so far from being convertible, that by the great majority of philosophers, they have been placed in different genera. The Greek logicians denied the *L. docens* to be either science or art, regarding it as an instrument, not a part of philosophy; the *L. utens*, on the contrary, they admitted to be a science, and a part of philosophy, but not separable and distinct. The Latins, on the contrary, held in general the *L. docens* to be a science, and part of philosophy; the *L. utens* as neither, but only an instrument. Some, however, made the *docens* a science, the *utens* an art; while by others this opinion was reversed, &c. These distinctions are not to be confounded with the *pure* and *applied* logics of a more modern philosophy.

schoolmen: borrowed from them by the Oxford Crackanthorpe, it was adopted by Wallis, and from Wallis passed to Dr Whately. But, as applied to logic, in its own nature, this opinion has been long rejected, on grounds superfluously conclusive, by the immense majority even of the Peripatetic dialecticians; and not a single reason has been alleged by Dr Whately to induce us to waver in our belief, that the laws of thought, and not the laws of reasoning, constitute the adequate object of the science. This error, which we cannot now refute, would, however, be of comparatively little consequence, did it not—as is notoriously the case in Dr Whately's *Elements*—induce a perfunctory consideration of the laws of those faculties of thought which are viewed as only subsidiary to the process of reasoning.

In regard to the 'clearness' with which Dr Whately 'displays' the true nature and use of logic, we can only say, that, after all our consideration, we do not yet clearly apprehend what his notions on this point actually are. In the very passages where he formally defines the science, we find him indistinct, ambiguous, and even contradictory; and it is only by applying the most favourable interpretation to his words that we are able to allow him credit for any thing like a correct opinion.

He says, that 'the most appropriate office of logic (as science) is that of instituting an analysis of the *process of the mind in reasoning*,' (p. 1;) and again, that '*the process (operation) of reasoning* is alone the appropriate province of logic,' (pp. 13, 140.) The process or operation of reasoning is thus the object-matter about which the science of logic is conversant. Now, a definition which merely affirms that logic is the science which has the process of reasoning for its object, is not a definition of this science at all; it does not contain the differential quality by which logic is discriminated from other sciences; and it does not prevent the most erroneous opinions (it even suggests them) from being taken up in regard to its nature. Other sciences, as psychology and metaphysic, propose for their object (among the other faculties) the operation of reasoning, but this considered in its real nature: logic, on the contrary, has the same for its object, but only in its formal capacity; in fact, it has, in propriety of speech, nothing to do with the *process* or *operation*, but is conversant only with its *laws*. Dr Whately's definition is, therefore, not only incompetent, but delusive; it would identify logic and psychology and metaphysic—occasion those very misconceptions in regard to the nature of logic which other passages of the *Elements*, and indeed the general analogy of his work, show that it was not his intention to sanction.

But Dr Whately is not only ambiguous; he is contradictory.

We have seen, that, in some places, he makes the process of reasoning the adequate object of logic; what shall we think when we find, that, in others, he states that the total or adequate object of logic is *language*? But, as there cannot be two adequate objects, and as language and the operation of reasoning are not the same, there is therefore a contradiction. 'In introducing the mention of *language*, previously to the definition of logic, I have departed from established practice, in order that it may be clearly understood, that logic is *entirely conversant about language*; a truth which most writers on the subject, if indeed they were fully aware of it themselves, have certainly not taken due care to impress on their readers,'* (p. 56.) And again: 'Logic is *wholly* concerned in the use of language,' (p. 74.)

The term logic (as also dialectic) is of ambiguous derivation. It may either be derived from Λόγος (ἐνδιάθετος), reason, or our intellectual faculties in general; or from Λόγος (προφορικὸς), speech or language, by which these are expressed. The science of logic may, in like manner, be viewed either, 1. as adequately and essentially conversant about the former, (the internal λόγος, *verbum mentale*,) and partially and accidentally about the latter, (the external λόγος, *verbum oris*;) or, 2. as adequately and essentially conversant about the latter, partially and accidentally about the former.

The first opinion has been held by the great majority of logicians, ancient and modern. The second, of which some traces may be found in the Greek commentators of Aristotle, and in the more ancient Nominalists during the middle ages, (for the later scholastic Nominalists, to whom this doctrine is generally but falsely attributed, held in reality the former opinion,) was only fully developed in modern times by philosophers, of whom Hobbes may be regarded as the principal. In making the *analysis of the operation of reasoning the appropriate office of logic*, Dr Whately adopts the first of these opinions; in making *logic entirely conversant about language*, he adopts the second. We can hardly, however, believe that he seriously entertained this last. It is expressly contradicted by Aristotle, (*Analyt. Post.* i. 10, § 7); it involves a psychological hypothesis in regard to the absolute dependence of the mental faculties on language, once and again refuted, which we are confident that Dr Whately never could sanction; and, finally, it is at variance

* Almost all logicians, however, impress upon their readers, that logic is (not, indeed, *entirely*, but) partially and secondarily occupied with language as the vehicle of thought, about which last it is adequately and primarily conversant.

with sundry passages of the *Elements*, where a doctrine apparently very different is advanced. But, be his doctrine what it may, precision and perspicuity are not the qualities we should think of applying to it.

But if the Vice-Principal be an incompetent judge of what the Principal has achieved, he is a still more incompetent reporter of what all other logicians have not. If he has read even a hundredth part of the works it behoved him to have studied before being entitled to assert that Dr Whately's 'treatise is 'the *only* one that has clearly displayed the true use and nature 'of logic,' he has accomplished what not one of his brother dialecticians of Oxford has attempted. But the assertion betrays itself: *πάντολμος ἀμάθεια*. To any one on a level with the literature of this science, the statement must appear supremely ridiculous, that the notions held of the nature and use of logic in the Kantian and even in the Wolfian school are not so clear, adequate, and correct, as those promulgated by Dr Whately. A general survey, indeed, of the history of opinions on this subject would prove, that views essentially sound were always as frequent, as the carrying of these views into effect was rare. Many, speculatively, recognised principles of the science, which almost none practically applied to regulate its constitution. Even the scholastic logicians display, in general, more enlightened and profound conceptions of the nature of their science than any recent logician of this country. In their multifarious controversies on this matter, the diversity of their opinions on subordinate points is not more remarkable than their unanimity on principal. All their doctrines admit of a favourable interpretation; and some have, for truth and precision, been seldom equalled, never surpassed. Logic they all discriminated from psychology, metaphysic, &c. as a rational, not a real—as a formal, not a material science. The few who held the adequate object of logic to be *things in general*, held this, however, under the qualification, that things in general were considered by logic only as they stood under the general forms of thought imposed on them by the intellect, (*quatenus secundis intentionibus substabant.*) Those who maintained this object to be the higher processes of thought, (three, two, or one,) carefully explained, that the intellectual operations were not, in their own nature, proposed to the logician—that belonged to the psychologist—but only in so far as they were *dirigible*, or the subject of laws. The proximate end of logic was thus to analyze the canons of thought; its remote, to apply these to the intellectual acts.—Those, again, (and they formed the great majority,) who saw

this object in *second notions*,* did not allow that logic was concerned with these second notions abstractly and in themselves,—that was the province of metaphysic,—but only in concrete as applied to *first*, as the instruments and regulators of thought. It would require a longer exposition than we can afford to do justice to these opinions—especially the last; for, when properly understood, they will be found to contain, in principle, all that has been subsequently advanced of any value in regard to the object-matter and scope of logic.

Nothing can be more meagre and incorrect than Dr Whately's sketch of the history of logic. This part of his work, indeed, is almost wholly borrowed from the poverty of Aldrich. As specimens:

Archytas is, after Aldrich, set down as the inventor of the *Categories*; and this now exploded opinion is advanced with-

* The distinction (which we owe to the Arabians) of *first* and *second notions* (*notiones, conceptus, intentiones, intellecta prima et secunda*), is necessary to be known, not only on its own account, as a highly philosophical determination, but as the condition of any understanding of the scholastic philosophy, old and new, of which, especially the logic, it is almost the Alpha and Omega. Yet, strange to say, the knowledge of this famous distinction has been long lost in 'the (once) second school of the church.' Aldrich's definition is altogether inadequate, if not positively erroneous. Mr Hill and Dr Whately, followed by Mr Huyshe and the author of *Questions on Logic*, &c., misconceive Aldrich, who is their only authority, if Aldrich understood himself, and flounder on from one error to another, without even a glimpse of the light. (*Hill*, pp. 30—33; *Whately*, pp. 173—175; *Huyshe*, pp. 18, 19; *Questions*, pp. 10, 11, 71.) (Of a surety, no calumny could be more unfounded, as now applied to Oxford, than the 'clamour,' of which Dr Whately is apprehensive, 'against confining the human mind in the trammels of the *schoolmen*!') The matter is worth some little illustration; we can spare it none, and must content ourselves with a definition of the terms. A *first notion* is the conception of a thing as it exists of itself, and independently of any operation of thought; as, John, Man, Animal, &c. A *second notion* is the conception, not of an object as it is in reality, but of the mode under which it is conceived by the mind itself; as, Individual, Species, Genus, &c. The former is the conception of a thing—real—immediate—direct: the latter the conception of a conception—formal—mediate—reflex. For elucidation of this distinction, and its applications, it is needless to make references. The subject is copiously treated by several authors in distinct treatises, but will be found competently explained in almost all the older systems of logic and philosophy.

out a suspicion of its truth. The same unacquaintance with philosophical literature and Aristotelic criticism is manifested by every recent Oxford writer who has alluded to the subject. We may refer to the *Excerpta ex Organo, in usum academicæ Juventutis*—to the *Oxonia Purgata* of Dr Tatham—to Mr Hill's *Notes on Aldrich*—to Mr Huyshe's *Logic*—and to the *Philosophy of Aristotle* by Mr Hampden. This last even makes the Stagirite derive his moral system from the Pythagoreans, although the forgery of the fragments preserved by Stobæus, under the name of *Theages*, and other ethical writers of that school, has now been for half a century fully established. They stand likewise without an obelus in Dr Gaisford's respectable edition of the *Florilegium*. Aristotle would be, indeed, the sorriest plagiary on record, were the thefts believed of him by his Oxford votaries not false only, but ridiculous. By Aldrich it is stated, as on indisputable evidence, that, while in Asia, he received a great part of his philosophy from a learned Jew; and this silly fable stands uncontradicted in the *Compendium* to the present day: while, by the Oxford writers at large, he is still supposed to have stolen his *Categories* and *Ethic* from the Pythagoreans. What would Schleiermacher or Creuzer think of this!

In discriminating Aristotle's merits in regard to logic, Dr Whately, we are sorry to say, is vague and incorrect. 'The greatest mistakes have always prevailed respecting the nature of logic; and its province has, in consequence, been extended by many writers to subjects with which it has no proper connexion. Indeed, with the exception of Aristotle, (who is himself not entirely exempt from the errors in question,) hardly a writer on logic can be mentioned who has clearly perceived, and steadily kept in view throughout, its real nature and object.' (p. 2.)—So far is Aristotle—so far at least are his logical treatises which still remain, (and these are few to the many that are lost,) from meriting this comparative eulogium, that nine-tenths—in fact, more than nineteen-twentieths,—of these treat of matters, which, if logical at all, can be viewed as the objects, not of *pure*, but only of an *applied* logic; and we have no hesitation in affirming, that the incorrect notions which have prevailed, and still continue to prevail, in regard to the 'nature and province of logic,' are, without detracting from his merits, mainly to be attributed to the example and authority of the Philosopher himself. The book of *Categories*, as containing an objective classification of real things, is metaphysical not logical. The two books of *Posterior Analytics*, as solely conversant about demonstrative or necessary

matter, transcend the limits of the formal science; and the same is true of the eight books of *Topics*, as wholly occupied with probable matter, its accidents and applications. Even the two books of the *Prior Analytics*, in which the pure syllogism is considered, are swelled with extralogical discussions. Such, for example, is the whole doctrine of the modality of syllogisms as founded on the distinction of pure, necessary, and contingent matter:—the consideration of the real truth or falsehood of propositions, and the power so irrelevantly attributed to the syllogism of inferring a true conclusion from false premises;—the distinction of the enthymeme through the extraformal character of its premises, as a reasoning from signs and probabilities;—the physiognomic syllogism, &c. &c. The same is true of the book *Περὶ Ἑρμηνείας*; and matters are even worse with that on *Fallacies*. If Aristotle, therefore, did more than any other philosopher for the progress of the science; he also did more than any other to overlay it with extraneous lumber, and to impede its developement under a precise and elegant form. Many of his successors had the correctest views of the object and scope of logic; and even among the schoolmen there were minds who could have purified the science from its adventitious sediment, had they not been prevented from applying their principles to details, by the implicit deference then exacted to the precept and practice of Aristotle.

‘It has been remarked,’ says Dr. Whately, after Aldrich, ‘that the logical system is one of those few theories which have been begun and perfected by the same individual. The history of its discovery, as far as the main principles of the science are concerned, properly commences and ends with Aristotle,’ (p. 6.) In so far as ‘the main principles of the science are concerned,’ this cannot be denied. It ought, however, to have been stated with greater qualification. Aristotle left to his successors much to reject,—a good deal to supply,—and the whole to simplify, digest, and arrange. In regard to the deficiencies:—if Dr Whately and the other Oxford logicians are right, (we think decidedly otherwise,) in adding the fourth syllogistic figure, (which, by the way, none of them, from Aldrich downwards, ever hint to the under-graduates not to be of Aristotelic origin,) the Stagirite is wrong in recognising the exclusive possibility of the other three (*Analyt. Pr.* i. 23, § 1;) and so far his system can hardly be affirmed by them to have been perfected by himself. To say nothing of the five moods subsequently added by Theophrastus and Eudemus, the extensive and important doctrine of hypotheticals—a doctrine, in a great measure, peculiar

and independent—was, probably, an original supplement by these philosophers; previous to which, the logical system remained altogether defective.

‘The writings of Aristotle,’ says Dr Whately, ‘were not only absolutely lost to the world for about two centuries, [not all,] but seem to have been but little studied for a long time after their recovery. An art, however, of logic, derived from the principles traditionally preserved by his disciples, seems to have been generally known, and to have been employed by Cicero in his philosophical works; but the pursuit of the science seems to have been abandoned for a long time. Early in the Christian era the Peripatetic doctrines experienced a considerable revival; and we meet with the names of Galen and Porphyry as logicians; but it is not till the fifth [sixth] century that Aristotle’s logical works were translated into Latin by the celebrated Boethius. Not one of these seems to have made any considerable advances in developing the theory of reasoning. Of Galen’s labours little is known; and Porphyry’s principal work is merely on the *Pre-dicables*. We have little of the science till the revival of learning among the Arabians, by whom Aristotle’s treatises on this as well as on other subjects were eagerly studied,’ (p. 7.)—In this sketch of the fortune of logic from Aristotle to the schoolmen, Dr Whately closely follows Aldrich; and how utterly incompetent was Aldrich for a guide, is significantly shown by his incomparable (but still uncorrected) blunder of confounding Galen with Alexander of Aphrodisias! ‘Circa annum Christi 140,’ says he, ‘interpretum princeps Galenus floruit, Ἐξηγητὴς, sive Expositor, κατ’ ἐξοχὴν, dictus.’ Galen, who thus flourished at nine years old, never deserved, never received the title of *The Commentator*. This designation, as every tyro ought to know, was exclusively given to Alexander, the oldest and ablest of the Greek interpreters of Aristotle, until it was afterwards divided with him by Averroes. The names of Theophrastus and Eudemus, the great founders of logic after Aristotle, do not appear. We say nothing of inferior logicians, but the Aphrodisian and Ammonius Hermiæ were certainly not less worthy of notice than Porphyry. Of Galen’s logical labours, some are preserved, and of others we know not a little from his own information and that of others. Why is it not stated, here or elsewhere, that the fourth figure is to be attributed to Galen, and on what authority? Nothing is said of the original logical treatises of Boethius, though his work on Hypotheticals is the most copious we possess. Had Dr Whately studied the subject for himself, he would hardly have failed to do greater justice to the Greek logicians. What does he mean by saying, ‘we have

‘little of the science till the revival of learning among the Arabians?’ Are Averroes and Avicenna so greatly superior to Alexander and Ammonius?

Speaking of the Schoolmen, he says, ‘It may be sufficient to observe, that their fault did not lie in their diligent study of logic, and the high value they set upon it, but in their utterly mistaking the true nature and object of the science; and by the attempt to employ it for the purpose of physical discoveries, involving every subject in a mist of words, to the exclusion of sound philosophical investigation. Their errors may serve to account for the strong terms in which Bacon sometimes appears to censure logical pursuits; but that this censure was intended to bear against the extravagant perversions, not the legitimate cultivation, of the science, may be proved from his own observations on the subject, in his *Advancement of Learning*,’ (p. 8.) It has been long the fashion to attribute every absurdity to the schoolmen; it is only when a man of talent like Dr Whately follows the example that a contradiction is worth while. The schoolmen, (we except always such eccentric individuals as Raymond Lully,) had correcter notions of the domain of logic than those who now condemn them, without a knowledge of their works: they certainly did *not* ‘attempt to employ it for the purpose of physical discoveries.’ We pledge ourselves to refute the accusation whenever an effort is made to prove it; till then we must be allowed to treat it as a groundless though a common calumny. As to Bacon, we recollect no such reproach directed by him either against logic or against the scholastic logicians. On the contrary, ‘Logic,’ he says, ‘doth not pretend to invent sciences, or the axioms of sciences, but passeth it over with a *cuique in sua arte credendum*.*’ And so say the Schoolmen; and so says Aristotle.

We are not quite satisfied with Dr Whately’s strictures on Locke, Watts, &c., but cannot afford the space necessary to explain our views. One mistake in relation to the former we

* *Advancement of Learning*:—and similar statements, frequently occur in the *De Augmentis* and *Novum Organum*. The censure of Bacon, most pertinent to the point, is in the *Organum*, Aph. 63. It is, however, directed, not against the Schoolmen, but exclusively against Aristotle; it does not reprobate any false theory of the nature and object of logic, but certain practical misapplications of it; and, at any rate, it only shows that Bacon gave the name of *Dialectic* to *Ontology*. Aristotle did not corrupt physics by logic, but by metaphysic. The Schoolmen have enough to answer for, without imputing to them sins they did not commit.

shall correct, as it can be done in a few words. After speaking of Locke's animadversions on the syllogism, he says: 'He (Locke) presently after inserts an encomium upon Aristotle, in which he is equally unfortunate; he praises him for the "*invention* of syllogisms," to which he certainly had no more claim than Linnæus to the creation of plants and animals, or Hervey,' &c. (p. 19.) In the first place, Locke's words are, '*invention* of *forms of argumentation*,' which is by no means convertible with '*invention* of *syllogisms*,' the phrase attributed to him. But if syllogism had been the word, in one sense it is right, in another wrong. 'Aristotle,' says Dr Gillies, '*invented* the syllogism,' &c.; and in that author's (not in Dr Whately's) meaning, this may be correctly affirmed. But, in the second place, Dr Whately is wrong in thinking that the word '*invention*' is used by Locke, in the restricted sense in which it is now exclusively employed, as opposed to *discovery*. In Locke and his contemporaries, to say nothing of the older writers, to *invent* is currently used for to *discover*. An example occurs in the sentence of Bacon just quoted; and in this signification we may presume that '*invention*' is here employed by Locke.

But to proceed to the science itself: turning over a few pages, we come to an error not peculiar to Dr Whately, but shared with him by all logicians—we mean the *modality* of propositions and syllogisms; in other words, the *necessity, possibility*, &c., of their *matter*, as an object of logical consideration.

It has always been our wonder, how the integrity of logic has not long ago been purified from this metaphysical admixture. Kant, whose views of the nature and province of the science were peculiarly correct, and from whose acuteness, after that of Aristotle, every thing might have been expected, so far from ejecting the modality of propositions and syllogisms, again sanctioned its right of occupancy, by deducing from it, as an essential element of logical science, the last of his four generic categories, or fundamental forms of thought. Nothing, however, can be clearer, than that this modality is no object of logical concernment. Logic is a formal science; it takes no consideration of real existence, or of its relations, but is occupied solely about that existence and those relations which arise through, and are regulated by, the conditions of thought itself. Of the truth or falsehood of propositions, in themselves, it knows nothing, and takes no account: all in logic may be held true that is not conceived as contradictory. In reasoning, logic guarantees neither the premises nor the conclusion, but merely the *consequence* of the latter from the former; for a syllogism

is nothing more than the explicit assertion of the truth of one proposition on the hypothesis of other propositions being true in which that one is implicitly contained. A conclusion may thus be true in reality (as an assertion), and yet logically false (as an inference.)

But if truth or falsehood, as a material quality of propositions and syllogisms is extralogical, so also is their modality. Necessity, Possibility, &c., are circumstances which do not affect the logical copula or the logical inference. They do not relate to the connexion of the subject and predicate of the antecedent and consequent, as terms in thought, but as realities in existence; they are metaphysical, not logical conditions. The syllogistic inference is always necessary; it is modified by no extra-formal condition; is equally apodictic in contingent as in necessary matter.

If such introduction of metaphysical notions into logic is once admitted, there is no limit to the intrusion. This is indeed shown in the vacillation or indefinitude of Aristotle himself in regard to the number of the modes. In one passage (*De Interp.* c. 12, § 1), he enumerates four—the *necessary*, the *impossible*, the *contingent*, the *possible*; and this determination has been generally received among logicians. In another (*Ibid.* § 9) he adds to these four modes two others, viz. the *true*, and, consequently, the *false*. Some logicians have accordingly admitted, but exclusively, these six modes; his Greek interpreters, however, very properly observe, (though they made no use of the observation,) that Aristotle did not mean by these enumerations to limit the number of modes to *four* or *six*, but thought only of signaling the more important. Modes may be conceived without end;—as the *certain*, the *probable*, the *useful*, the *good*, the *just*,—and what not? All, however, must be admitted into logic if any are: the line of distinction attempted to be drawn is futile. Such was the confusion and intricacy occasioned by the *four* modes alone, that the doctrine of modals long formed, not only the most useless, but the most difficult and disgusting branch of logic. It was at once the *criterium et crux ingeniorum*. ‘*De modali non gustabit asinus*,’ said the schoolmen; ‘*De modali non gustabit logicus*,’ say we. This subject was only perplexed because different sciences were jumbled in it together; and modals ought entirely on principle, as they have almost entirely in practice, to be relegated from the domain of logic and assigned to the

a
Vives, ‘quibus additur modus, non dialecticam sed grammati-

'cam questionem habent,' etc.; and Ramus also felt the propriety of their exclusion, though he was equally unable to explicate its reasons.

Dr Whately has very correctly stated, that 'it belongs exclusively to a syllogism, properly so called, (*i. e.* a valid argument, so stated that its conclusiveness is evident from the mere *form* of the expression,) that if letters, or any other unmeaning symbols, be substituted for the several terms, the validity of the argument shall still be evident,' (p. 37.) Here logic appears, in Dr Whately's exposition, as it is in truth, a distinct and self-sufficient science. What, then, are we to think of the following:—'Should there be *no sign* at all to the common term, the quantity of the proposition (which is called an *indefinite* proposition) is ascertained by the *matter*—*i. e.* the nature of the connexion between the extremes, which is either necessary, impossible, or contingent,' &c. (p. 64.) 'As it is evident that the truth or falsity of any proposition (its quantity and quality being known) must depend on the *matter* of it, we must bear in mind, that *in necessary matter all affirmatives are true, and negatives false; in impossible matter vice versa; in contingent matter, all universals false and particulars true: e. g.* "all islands, (or some islands,) are surrounded by water," must be true, because the *matter is necessary*: to say, "no islands, or some—not," &c., would have been false: again, "some islands are fertile, some are not fertile," are both true, because it is contingent matter: put "*all*" or "*no*" instead of "*some*," and the propositions will be false,' (p. 67.)—In these passages logic is reduced from an independent science to a scientific accident. Necessary, impossible, and contingent matter, are terms expressive of certain lofty generalizations from an extensive observation of real existence; and logic, inasmuch as it postulates a knowledge of these generalizations, postulates its own degradation into a precarious appendage—a fortuitous sequel, of all the sciences from which that knowledge must be borrowed. If in syllogisms, 'unless unmeaning symbols can be substituted for the several terms, the argument is either unsound or sophistical;'—why does not the same hold good in propositions, of which syllogisms are but the complement? But A, B, and C, know nothing of the necessary, impossible, and contingent. Is logic a formal science in one chapter; a real science in another? Is it independent, as a constituted whole; dependent in its constituent parts?

We cannot pass without notice Dr Whately's employment of the term *argument*. This word he defines, and professes to use in a 'strict logical sense;' and gives us, moreover,

under a distinct head, a formal enumeration of its other various significations in ordinary discourse. The *true* logical acceptation of the term, he, however, not only does not employ, but even absolutely overlooks; while, otherwise, his list of meanings is neither well discriminated, nor at all complete. We shall speak only of the logical omission and mistake.—‘Reasoning (or discourse) expressed in words is *argument*; and ‘an argument stated *at full length*, and in its *regular form*, is ‘called a *syllogism*; the third part of logic, therefore, treats of ‘the *syllogism*. Every argument consists of two parts; that ‘which is *proved*; and that *by means of which* it is proved,’ &c. And on this, in a note, he adds; ‘I mean, in the strict technical ‘sense; for, in popular use, the word Argument is often employed to denote the latter of these two parts alone: *e. g.* ‘this is an *argument* to prove so and so,’ &c., p. 72.—Now, the signification here (not quite correctly) given as the ‘popular use’ of the term is nearer to the ‘strict technical sense’ than that which Dr Whately supposes to be such. In technical propriety *argument* cannot be used for *argumentation*, as is done by Dr Whately—but exclusively for its *middle term*. In this meaning the word (though not with uniform consistency) was employed by Cicero, Quintilian, Boethius, &c.; it was thus subsequently used by the Latin Aristotelians, from whom it passed even to the Ramists;* and this is the meaning which the expression always first and most naturally suggests to a logician. Of the older dialecticians, Crackanthorpe is the only one we recollect, who uses, and professes to use, the word not in its strict logical signification, but with the vulgar as convertible with Reasoning. In vindicating his innovation, he, however, misrepresents his authorities. Sanderson is, if we remember, rigidly correct. The example of Crackanthorpe, and of some French Cartesians, may have seduced Wallis; and Wallis’s authority, with his own ignorance of logical propriety, determined the usage of Aldrich—and of Oxford. We say again Aldrich’s ignorance; and the point in question supplies a significant example. ‘*Terminus tertius* ‘(says he) *cui questionis extrema comparantur, Aristoteli Argumentum, vulgo Medium.*’ The reverse would be correct;—

* Ramus, in his definitions, indeed, abusively extends the word to both the other terms; the middle he calls the *tertium argumentum*. Throughout his writings, however—and the same is true of those of his friend Talæus—*argumentum*, without an adjective, is uniformly the word used for the middle term of a syllogism; and in this he is followed by the Ramists and Semi-Ramists in general.

Aristoteli Medium, vulgo Argumentum. This elementary blunder of the Dean, corrected by none, is repeated by nearly all his epitomators, expositors, and imitators. It stands in *Hill* (p. 118)—in *Huyshe* (p. 84)—in the *Questions on Logic* (p. 41)—and in the *Key to the Questions* (p. 101); and proves emphatically, that, for a century and a half at least, the *Organon* (to say nothing of other logical works) could have been as little read in Oxford as the Targum or Zendavesta.

A parallel to this error is Dr Whately's statement, that 'the major premiss is often called the *Principle*,' (p. 25.) The major premiss is often called the *Proposition*; never the *Principle*. A principle may, indeed, be a major premiss; but we make bold to say, that no logician ever employed the term Principle as a synonyme for major premiss.

'Most, if not all, writers,' says Dr Whately, 'on this point, either omit to tell, whether the Dilemma is a kind of *conditional* or of *disjunctive* argument, or else refer it to the latter class, on account of its having one disjunctive premiss; though it clearly belongs to the class of conditionals.' (P. 100.) Most, if not all, logical writers, do not omit to tell this, but Dr Whately, we fear, has omitted to consult them; and the opinion he himself adopts, so far from being held by few or none, has been, in fact, long the catholic doctrine. For every one logician, during the last century, who does not hold the dilemma to be a conditional syllogism, we could produce ten who do.

Dr Whately—indeed all the Oxford logicians—adopt the inelegant division of the *Hypothetical* proposition and syllogism into the *Conditional* and *Disjunctive*. This is wrong in itself. The name of the genus should not, without necessity, be confounded with that of a species. But the terms Hypothetical and Conditional are in sense identical, differing only in the language from which they are taken. It is likewise wrong on the score of authority; for the words have been used as synonymous by those logicians who, independently of their natural identity, were best entitled to regulate their conventional use. Boethius, the first among the Latins who elaborated this part of logic, employs indifferently the terms *hypotheticus*, *conditionalis*, *non simplex*, for the genus, and as opposed to *categoricus* or *simplex*; and this genus he divides into the *Propositio et Syllogismus conjunctivi* (called also *conjuncti*, *connexi*, *per connexionem*) equivalent to Dr Whately's Conditionals; and into the *Propositio et Syllogismus disjunctivi* (also *disjuncti*, *per disjunctionem*.) Other logicians have employed other, never better, terms of distinction; but, in general, all who had freed themselves of the

scholastic slime, avoided the needless confusion to which we object.

'Aldrich,' says our author, 'has stated, through a mistake, that Aristotle utterly despised hypothetical syllogisms, and thence made no mention of them; but he did indicate his intention to treat of them in some part of his work, which either was not completed by him according to his design, or else (in common with many of his writings) has not come down to us,' (p. 104.) Any ignorance of Aristotle on the part of Aldrich is conceivable, but in his censure Dr Whately is not himself correct. With the other Oxford logicians he never doubts the *Συλλογισμοὶ ἐξ ὑποθέσεως* of Aristotle and our hypothetical syllogisms to be the same. In this error, which is natural enough, he is not without associates even of distinguished name. Those versed in Aristotelic and logical literature are, however, aware, that this opinion has been long, if not exploded, at least rendered extremely improbable. We cannot at present enter on the subject, and must content ourselves with stating that hypothetical syllogisms, in the present acceptation, were first expounded, and the name first applied to them by Theophrastus and Eudemus. The latter, indeed, clearly discriminated such hypothetical syllogisms from those of Aristotle; and, what has not, we believe, been observed, even Boethius expressly declares the *Συλλογισμὸς ἐξ ὁμολογίας* of the philosopher to be really categorical, while in regard to the *Συλλογισμὸς εἰς τὸ ἀδύνατον*, there is no ground of doubt. The only reason for hesitation arises from the passage (*Analyt. Pr.* i. 44, § 4,) in which it is said, that there are *many* other syllogisms concluding *by hypothesis*, and these the philosopher promises to discuss. Of what nature these were, we have now no means even of conjecture. If we judge from Aristotle's notion of hypothesis, and from the syllogisms he calls by that name, we should infer that they had no analogy to the hypotheticals of Theophrastus; and it will immediately be seen, that a complete revolution in the nomenclature of this branch of logic was effected subsequently to Aristotle. We may add, that no reliance is to be placed in the account given by Pacius of the Aristotelic doctrine on this point: he is at variance with his own authorities, and has not attentively studied the Greek logicians.

So far we state only the conclusions of others. The following observation, as farther illustrating this point, will probably surprise those best qualified to judge, by its novelty and paradox. It must appear, indeed, at first sight ridiculous to talk at the present day of discoveries in the *Organon*. The certainty

of the fact is, however, equal to its improbability. The term *Categorical* (κατηγορικὸς), applied to proposition or syllogism, in contrast to *Hypothetical* (ὑποθετικὸς), we find employed in all the writings extant of the Peripatetic School, subsequent to those of its founder. In this acceptation it is universally applied by the interpreters of Aristotle up to the Aphrodisian, and previous to him we certainly know that it was so used by Theophrastus and Eudemus. Now, no logician, ancient or modern, has ever remarked that it was not understood in this signification by the philosopher himself. The Greek commentators on the *Organon*, indeed, once and again observe, in particular places, that the term *Categorical* is there to be interpreted *affirmative*; but none has made the general observation, that it was *never* applied by Aristotle in the sense in which it was exclusively usurped by themselves. But so it is. Throughout the *Organon* there is not to be found a single passage in which *categorical* stands opposed to *hypothetical*, (ἐξ ὑποθέσεως); there is not a single passage in which it is not manifestly used in the meaning of *affirmative*, as convertible with καταφατικὸς, and opposed to ἀποφατικὸς and εἰρητικὸς. Nor is the induction scanty. In the *Prior Analytics* alone the word occurs at least *eighty-five* times.—Nay, farther, as this never was, so there is another term always employed by Aristotle in contrast to his syllogisms by hypothesis. The syllogisms of this class, (whether they conclude by *agreement*, or through a *reductio ad absurdum*), he uniformly opposes to those which conclude δεικτικῶς, *ostensively*; and the number of passages in which this opposition occurs are not a few.—*Categorical*, in our signification, is thus not of Aristotelic origin. The change in the meaning of the term was undoubtedly, we think, introduced by Theophrastus. The marvel is, that no logician or commentator has hitherto signalized the contrast between the Aristotelic signification of the word, and that which has subsequently prevailed.

We may allude (we can do no more) to another instance, in which Aristotle's meaning has been almost universally mistaken; and to the authority of this mistake we owe the introduction of an illogical absurdity into all the systems of logic. We refer to the *Enthymeme*. On the vulgar doctrine this is a species of reasoning, distinguished from the syllogism proper, by having one or other of its premises not expressed but understood; and this distinction, without a suspicion either of its legitimacy or origin, is fathered on the Stagirite. The division of syllogism and enthymeme, in *this* sense, would involve nothing less than a discrimination of species between the reasoning of logic and the reasoning of ordinary discourse; syllogism being the form

peculiar to the one, enthymeme that appropriate to the other. Nay, even this distinction, if admitted, would not avail; syllogism and enthymeme being distinguished as two intralogical forms of argumentation. Those who defend the distinction are thus driven back on the even greater absurdity—of establishing an essential difference of form, on an accidental variety of expression—of maintaining that logic regards the accident of the external language, and not the necessity of the internal thought. This, at least, is not the opinion of Aristotle. ‘Syllogism and ‘Demonstration,’ (says he,) ‘belong not to the outward discourse, but to the discourse that passes in the mind;’ ‘Οὐ πρὸς τὸν ἔξω λόγον ἢ ἀπόδειξις, ἀλλὰ πρὸς τὸν ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ ἐπεί οὐδὲ συλλογισμὸς. (*Analyt. Post.* i. 10, § 7.) But if the distinction, in its general nature, is unphilosophical, it is still more irrational at the hands of its reputed author. For Aristotle distinguishes the enthymeme from the pure syllogism, as a reasoning of a peculiar *matter*—from *signs* and *likelihoods*; so that if he over-and-above discriminated these by an accident of *form*, he would divide the genus by two differences, and differences also of a merely contingent association. Yet, strange to say, this improbability has been believed;—believed without any cogent evidence;—believed from the most ancient times; and even when the opinion was at last competently refuted, the refutation was itself so immediately forgotten, that we do not believe there is at present a logical author—not to say in England, but—in Europe, who is even aware of the existence of the controversy.*

A discussion of the question would exceed our limits. For those who may wish to study the point—it would be a pretty subject for an Oxford pamphlet—we may briefly indicate the sources of information. Our references, though few, will be found to exhaust the subject.

Towards the conclusion of the fifteenth century, the celebrated Rodolphus Agricola, († 1485,) in his posthumous book, *De Inventionem Dialecticam*, recognises it as doubtful, whether Aristotle meant to discriminate the Enthymeme from the Syllogism, by any peculiarity of *form*; and Phrissemius in his *Scholia* on that book, (1523,) shows articulately that the common opinion was at variance with the statements of the Philosopher. Without, it is probable, any knowledge of Phrissemius, the matter was

* In this country, some years ago, the question was stated in a popular miscellany, with his usual ability, by a learned friend to whom we pointed out the evidence; but none of the subsequent writers have profited by the information.

discussed by Majoragius, in his *Reprehensiones contra Nizolium*, and his *Explanaciones in Aristotelis Rhetoricam*—the latter in 1572. Twenty-five years thereafter, Julius Pacius (who was not apparently aware of either) argued the whole question on far broader grounds; and, in particular, on the authority of four Greek MSS., ejected as a gloss the term ἀτελής, (*Analyt. Pr.* ii. 27, § 3,) on which the argument for the common doctrine mainly rests; which has been also silently done by the Berlin Academicians, in their late splendid edition of Aristotle's works, on two of the three MSS. of the *Organon* they collated. We may notice that the Masters of Louvain, in their commentary on the logical treatises of Aristotle, (1547,) observe that the word *imperfectus* (translation of ἀτελής) is not to be found in many MSS. of the old Latin version. Scaynus, in his *Paraphrasis in Organum*, (1599,) adopts the opinion without arguing the question; and he does not seem to have been aware even of the Commentary of Pacius, published three years before. About 1620, Corydaleus, bishop of Mitylene, who had studied in Italy, maintained in his *Logic* the opinion of Pacius, but without additional corroboration. In his *Rhetoric*, (reprinted by Fabricius, in the *Bibliotheca Græca*) he adheres to the vulgar doctrine. A century thereafter, Facciolati expanded the argument of Pacius—for he, as the others, was ignorant of Majoragius, and Phrissemius, and adds nothing of his own except an error or two—into a special *Acroama*: but his eloquence was not more effective than the reasoning of his predecessors; and the question again fell into complete oblivion. Any one who competently reargues the point, will have both to supply and to correct.*

* For example:—Pacius (whom Facciolati, by rhetorical hyperbole, pronounces 'Aristotelis Interpres, quot sunt, quotque fuerunt, quot quo futuri sunt, longe præstantissimus,') establishes as one of the main pillars of his argument, that the Greek interpreters did not acknowledge the term ἀτελής,—'quoniam Johannes Grammaticus hic nullam ejus mentionem facit; et tam ipse, quam Alexander superior libro explicantes definitionem syllogismi ab Aristotele traditam, ac distinguentes syllogismum ab argumentatione constante ex una propositione, non vocant hanc argumentationem *enthymema*, sed syllogismum μονολήματον.' (*Comm. in Analyt. Pr.* ii. 27, § 3.)—Pacius is completely wrong. Philoponus, on the place in question (*Anal. Pr.* ii. c. 27, § 3,) states, indeed, (as far as we recollect, for our copy of his Commentary is not at hand,) nothing to the point; but the fallacy of such negative evidence is shown in his exposition of the *Posterior Analytics*, where he says, Ἐνθύμημα δὲ ἔρχεται, ἀπὸ τῶν καταληπτῶν τῇ γὰρ ἐνθυμείσθαι τὴν μίαν προτάσιν. (f. 4. a. Edit. Ald. 1534.) How inac-

We proceed to consider a still more important subject—the nature of the *Inductive* inference; and regret that we cannot echo the praises that have been bestowed on Dr Whately's analysis of this process. We do not, indeed, know the logician who has clearly defined the proper character of dialectical induction, and there are few who have not in the attempt been guilty of the grossest blunders. Aristotle's doctrine on this point, though meagre, is substantially correct; but succeeding logicians, in attempting to improve upon their master, have only corrupted what they endeavoured to complete. As confusion is here a principal cause of error, we must simplify the question by some preliminary distinctions and exclusions.

The term Induction (*ἐπαγωγή*) has been employed to denote three very different things:—1. The objective process of investigating particular facts as preparatory to illation;—2. A material illation of the universal from the singular, warranted either by the general analogies of nature, or by special presump-

curate also Pacius is in regard to Alexander, (whose interpretation of the *second* book of the *Prior Analytics*, which contains the passage in question, is still in MS., and probably spurious,) may be seen by referring to his Commentary on the first book of the *Prior Analytics*, (f. 7. a. b. Edit. Ald. 1534,) compared with his Commentary on the *Topics*, (pp. 6, 7, Edit. Ald. 1513.) This last we shall quote. He is speaking of Aristotle's definition of the Syllogism:—*Τεθέντων δὲ ἑπὶν ἄλλ' οὐ τεθέντος, ὡς τινες ἀξιοῦσιν, αἰτιώμενοι τὸν λόγον, — ὅτι μηδὲν συλλογιστικῶς δι' ἐνὸς τεθέντος δεικνύται ἄλλ' ἐκ δύο τό ελάχισον. Οὕς γὰρ οἱ περὶ Ἀντίπατρον (Tarsensem Tyriumve?) μο- νολημμάτους συλλογισμοὺς λέγουσιν, οὐκ ἐστὶ συλλογισμὸς, ἀλλ' ἐνδεῶς ἐρωτῶνται. - - - - - Τοιοῦτοι δὲ εἰσὶ καὶ οἱ ῥητορικοὶ συλλογισμοί, οὓς ἐνθυμήματα λέγομεν καὶ γὰρ ἐν ἐκείνοις δοκεῖ γίνεσθαι διὰ μιᾶς προτάσεως συλλογισμὸς, τῇ τὴν ἑτέραν γνώρῃ μοι εἶναι ὑπὸ δικαστῶν, ἢ τῶν ἀκραστῶν προσέ- θισθαι οἷον, κ. τ. λ. - - - - - Διὸ οὐδὲ οἱ τοιοῦτοι κυρίως συλλογισμοί, ἀλλὰ τὸ ὅλον, ῥητορικοὶ συλλογισμοί. 'Εφ' ᾧ οὖν μὴ γνώρῃ ἐστὶ τὸ παραλειπόμενον, οὐκ ἔστι ἐπὶ τούτοις οἷον τε τὸν δι' ἐνθυμήματος γίνεσθαι συλλογισμὸν καὶ γὰρ καὶ ἀπ' αὐτοῦ τῷ ὀνόματος συλλογισμὸς συνθεσὶν τινα λόγον ἔοικε σημαίνειν ὥσπερ καὶ ὁ συμψηφισμὸς, ψήφον.—From these passages, it is manifest against Pacius,—1. That the *Ἐνθύμημα* was used by the oldest commentators on Aristotle in the modern signification, as a syllogism of one expressed premiss; and, 2. That the *συλλογισμὸς μονολήμματος* was not a term of the Aristotelian, but Stoical School. Boethius, and all the later Greek logicians, favour the common opinion. Their authority is, however, of little weight, and the general result of the argument stands unaffected.—In these errors, it is needless to say that Pacius is followed by Corydaleus and Facciolati.*

tions afforded by the object-matter of any real science;—3. A formal illation of the universal from the individual, as legitimated solely by the laws of thought, and abstracted from the conditions of any particular matter.

That the first of these, an inventive process, is beyond the sphere of a critical science, is manifest; nor has Induction, in this abusive application of the term, been ever arrogated to Logic. By logicians, however, the second and third have been confounded into one, and, under every phasis of misconception, treated as a simple and purely logical operation. Yet nothing can be clearer than that these constitute two separate acts, and that the second is not properly a logical process at all. In logic, all inference is determined *ratione formæ*, the conclusion being necessarily implied in the very conception of the premises. In this second Induction, on the contrary, the illation is effected *vi materiæ*, on grounds not involved in the notion of its antecedent. To take, for example, Dr Whately's instance: The naturalist who, from the proposition—'ox, sheep, deer, goat, (*i. e. some*) horned animals, 'ruminates,' infers the conclusion—'all horned animals ruminate,' may be warranted in this procedure by the material probabilities of his science; but his illation is logically vicious. Here the inference is not necessitated by the laws of thought; the *some* of the antecedent, as it is not *thought* either to contain or constitute, so it does not mentally determine, the *all* of the consequent; and the reasoner must transcend the sphere of logic if he would attempt to vindicate the truth of his conclusion. And yet, this has by logicians been almost universally done. Induction they have distinguished into *perfect* and *imperfect*, according as the *whole* concluded was inferred from *all*, or from *some* only of its constituent parts. They thus involved themselves in a twofold absurdity. For, on the one hand, they recognised the consequence of the imperfect Induction to be legitimate, though, admitting it to be not necessarily cogent; as if logic could infer with a degree of certainty inferior to the highest; and, on the other, they attempted to corroborate this imbecility, by calling in real presumptions—physical, psychological, metaphysical—which logic could neither, as a formal science, know, nor, as an apodictic science, take into account. This was a corollary of the fundamental error to which we have already alluded—the non-exclusion of all material modality from the domain of logic. Thus, it was maintained, that, in necessary matter, the imperfect Induction was necessarily conclusive; as if logic could be aware of what was necessary matter—as if, indeed, this were not itself the frequent point of controversy in the objective sciences themselves.

The two first processes to which the name of Induction has been given, being thus excluded, it remains only to say a few words in explanation of that Induction, with which alone logic is concerned, but the nature of which has, by almost all logicians, been wholly misrepresented.

Logic does not consider things as they exist really and in themselves, but only the general forms of thought under which the mind conceives them; in the language of the schools, logic is conversant, not about *first*, but about *second notions*. Thus a logical inference is not determined by any objective relation of Causality subsisting between the terms of the premises and conclusion, but solely by the subjective relation of Reason and Consequence, under which they are construed to the mind in thought. The notion conceived as determining, is the *reason* or *antecedent*; the notion conceived as determined, is the *consequent*. Now, the mind can think two notions under the formal relation of reason and consequence, only in one or other of two modes. Either the determining notion must be conceived as a *whole*, *containing*, and therefore necessitating, the determined notion, conceived as its *contained part* or *parts*;—or the determining notion must be conceived as the *parts constituting*, and, therefore, necessitating the determined notion, conceived as their *constituted whole*. Considered, indeed, absolutely and in themselves, the *whole* and *all the parts* are identical. Relatively, however, to us, they are not; for in the order of thought, (and logic is only conversant with the laws of thought,) the whole may be conceived first, and then by mental analysis separated into its parts; or the parts may be conceived first, and then by mental synthesis collected into a whole. Logical inference is thus of two, and only of two, kinds:—it must proceed either from the whole to the parts, or from the parts to the whole; and it is only under the character of a constituted or containing whole, or of a constituting or contained part, that any thing can become the term of a logical argumentation.

Before proceeding, we must, however, allude to the nature of the whole and part, about which logic is conversant. These are not real or essential existences, but creations of the mind itself, in secondary operation on the primary objects of its knowledge. Things may be conceived the *same*, inasmuch as they are conceived the subjects of the same attribute, or collection of attributes, (*i. e.* of the same nature): inasmuch as they are conceived the same, they must be conceived as the parts constituent of, and contained under, a *whole*: and as they are conceived the same, only as they are conceived to be the subjects of the same nature, this common nature must

be convertible with that whole. A logical or universal whole is called a *genus* when its parts are also containing wholes or species ; a *species* when its parts are only contained parts or individuals.

Such being the nature and relations of a logical whole and parts, it is manifest what must be the conditions under which the two kinds of logical inference are possible. The one of these, the process from the whole to the parts, is *Deductive* reasoning, (or Syllogism proper) ; the other, the process from the parts to the whole, is *Inductive* reasoning. The former is governed by the rule—What belongs (or does not belong) to the containing whole, belongs (or does not belong) to each and all of the contained parts. The latter by the rule—What belongs (or does not belong) to *all* the constituent parts, belongs (or does not belong) to the constituted whole. These rules exclusively determine all formal inference ; whatever transcends or violates them, transcends or violates logic. Both are equally absolute. It would be not less illegal to infer by the Deductive syllogism an attribute, belonging to the whole, of something it was not conceived to contain as a part ; than by the Inductive, to conclude of the whole, what is not conceived as a predicate of all its constituent parts. In either case, the consequent is not *thought* as determined by the antecedent ;—the premises do not involve the conclusion.

The Deductive and Inductive processes are elements of logic equally essential. Each requires the other. The former is only possible through the latter ; and the latter is only valuable as realizing the possibility of the former. As our knowledge commences with the apprehension of singulars, every universal whole is consequently only a knowledge at second-hand. Deductive reasoning is thus not an original and independent process. The universal major proposition, out of which it develops the conclusion, is itself necessarily the conclusion of a foregone Induction, and, mediately or immediately, an inference—a collection, from individual objects of perception, and consciousness. Logic, therefore, as a definite and self-sufficient science, must equally vindicate the formal purity of the synthetic illation, by which it ascends to its wholes, as the analytic illation by which it re-descends to their parts.*

Not only is the Deductive thus, in a general way, dependent for its possibility on the Inductive syllogism ; the former is, what has not been observed, in principle and detail, in whole

* See Note, page 236.

and in part, in end and in means, in perfection and imperfection, precisely an inverted counterpart of the latter. The attempts that have been made by almost every logician, except (perhaps?) Aristotle, to assimilate and even identify the two processes, by reducing the Inductive syllogism to the schematic proprieties of the Deductive—proceeding as they do on a total misconception of their analogy and differences, have contributed to involve the doctrine of Logical Induction in a cloud of error and confusion. The Inductive inference is equally independent, and, though far less complex, equally worthy of analysis as the Deductive; it is governed by its own laws; and, if judged aright, must be estimated by its own standard. The correlation of the two processes is best exemplified by employing the same symbols in our ascent through an Inductive, and our re-descent through a Deductive syllogism.

Inductive.

x, y, z are A;
x, y, z are (whole) B;

Therefore, B is A.

or

A contains x, y, z;
x, y, z constitute B;

Therefore, A contains B.

Deductive.

B is A;
x, y, z are (under) B;

Therefore, x, y, z are A.

or

A contains B;
B contains x, y, z;

Therefore, A contains x, y, z.

These two syllogisms exhibit, each in its kind, the one natural and perfect figure. This will be at once admitted of the Deductive which is in the first. But the Inductive, estimated, as it has always been, by the standard of the Deductive, will appear a monster. It appears on that standard only in the third figure;* and then, contrary to the rule of that figure it has an universal conclusion. (V. *Analyt. Pr.* i. 22, § 8.) But when we look less partially and more profoundly into the matter, our con-

* We say 'it appears,' &c., because, though so held by logicians, it is not. The mistake arose from the ambiguity of the copula or substantive verb, which in different relations expresses either 'are contained' 'under' or 'constitute.' Thus, taking Aristotle's example:

Man, Horse, Mule, are long lived;

Man, Horse, Mule, are the whole class of animals wanting bile;

Therefore, the whole class of animals wanting bile are long lived.

Now here it is evident that the subject stands in a very different relation to its predicate in the major and in the minor premise; though in both cases the connexion is expressed by the same copula. In the former the 'are' expresses that the predicate determines the

clusion will be very different. In the first place, we find that the two syllogisms present so systematic a relation of contrast and similarity, that, the perfection of the one being admitted, we are analogically led to presume the perfection of the other. In the *propositions*, the order of the terms remains unchanged: but the order of the propositions themselves are reversed; the conclusion of the one syllogism forming the major premise of the other. Of the *terms* the major is common to both; but the middle term of the one is the minor of the other. In the common minor premise, the terms, though identical, have, with the different nature of the process, changed their relation in thought. In the Inductive, the parts being conceived as constituting the whole, are the determining notion; whereas, in the Deductive, the parts being conceived as contained under the whole, are the determined.—But, in the second place, however apparently dissimilar in figure and proportion may be the two syllogisms on this partial standard, it will be found, if we ascend to a higher, that a common general principle regulates a similar, nay, a one exclusive perfection in each. The perfection of figure in *all* syllogisms is this—that the middle term should be the determined notion in the proposition, the determining notion in the assumption. This condition is realized in the first figure of the Deductive syllogism. There the middle term is the subject (contained, determined notion) in the proposition; and the predicate (containing, determining notion) in the assumption. In like manner, in our Inductive syllogism, the middle term is the subject (contained, determined notion) of the proposition, and the constituent (determining notion) of the assumption. Thus, not only are the Inductive and Deductive syllogisms, in a general sense, reversed processes; the perfect figure of the one is the exact evolution or involution of the perfect figure of the other.—The same analogy holds with their imperfections. Taking,

subject as a contained part; in the latter, that the subject determines the predicate by constituting it a whole. Explicitly thus:

Long-lived—contains—Man, horse, mule;

Man, horse, mule—constitute—animal wanting bile;

Therefore, Long-lived—contains—animal wanting bile.

That the logicians have neglected to analyze the Inductive inference as an independent process, and attempted to reduce it to the conditions of the Deductive; is the cause or the effect of a primary deficiency in their technical language. They have no word to express the *synthesis* of a logical whole. The word *constitute*, &c., which we have, from necessity, employed in this sense, belongs properly to the relations of an *Essential* (Physical or Metaphysical) whole, and parts.

for example, what logicians have in general given as the perfected figure, but which is, in fact, an unnatural perversion of the Inductive syllogism, (*i. e.* its reduction to the first figure, by converting the terms of the minor premise,) we shall find that its reversal into a Deductive syllogism affords, as we should have anticipated, only a kindred imperfection (in the third figure.)

Inductive.

x, y, z are A ;

B is x, y, z ;

Therefore, B is A.

or

A contains x, y, z ;

x, y, z contain B ;

Therefore, A contains B.

Deductive.

B is A ;

B is x, y, z ;

Therefore, x, y, z are A.

or

A contains B ;

x, y, z contain B ;

Therefore, A contains x, y, z.

We call this reduction of the Inductive syllogism an *unnatural perversion*; because in the converted minor premise the constituent parts are perverted into a containing whole, and the containing whole into a subject, contained under its constituent parts.—After these hints of what we deem the true nature of logical Induction, we return to our author.

Dr Whately's account of Induction is principally given in two passages. We shall quote them both. The first:—"Logic takes no cognisance of *Induction*, for instance, or of *a priori* reasoning, &c., as distinct *forms* of argument; for when thrown into the syllogistic form, and when letters of the alphabet are substituted for the terms, (and it is thus that an argument is properly to be brought under the cognisance of logic,) there is no distinction between them; *e. g.* a "Property which belongs to the ox, sheep, deer, goat, and antelope, belongs to all horned animals; rumination belongs to these; therefore to all." This, which is an inductive argument, is evidently a syllogism in *Barbara*. The essence of an inductive argument (and so of the other kinds which are distinguished from it) consists not in the *form of the argument*, but in the relation which the *subject-matter* of the premises bears to the conclusion," (p. 110.) The second:—"In the process of reasoning by which we deduce, from our observation of certain known cases, an inference with respect to unknown ones, we are employing a syllogism in *Barbara* with the major premiss suppressed; that being always substantially the same, as it asserts, that, "what belongs to the individual or individuals we have examined, belongs to the whole class under which they come,"" (p. 216.)—This statement is consistent neither with the Aristotelic doctrine nor with truth.

We must presume, from his silence, that our author, in his analysis of the inductive process, was not aware of any essential deviation from the doctrine of Aristotle. This he does not seem to have studied either in the *Organon* or in any of its authentic expositors; and nothing can be conceived more contradictory than the statements of the philosopher on this subject and those of Dr Whately. Aristotle views the Inductive and the Deductive syllogisms as in certain respects similar in form; in others, as diametrically opposed. Dr Whately regards them as formally identical, and only discriminated by a material difference, *i. e.* logically considered, by no difference at all. Aristotle regards the Deductive syllogism as the analysis of a logical whole into its parts,—as a descent from the (more) general to the (more) particular; the Inductive as a synthesis of logical parts into a logical whole,—as an ascent from the (more) particular to the (more) general. Dr Whately, on the other hand, virtually annihilates the latter process, and identifies the Inductive with the Deductive inference. Aristotle makes Deduction necessarily dependent on Induction; he maintains that the highest or most universal axioms which constitute the primary and immediate propositions of the former, are all conclusions previously furnished by the latter. Whately, on the contrary, implicitly asserts the independence of the syllogism proper, as he considers the conclusions of Induction to be only inferences evolved from a more universal major. Aristotle recognises only a perfect Induction, *i. e.* an enumeration (actual or presumed) of all the parts; Whately only an imperfect, *i. e.* an enumeration professedly only of some. To Aristotle Induction is a syllogism, *apparently*, of the third figure; to Whately a syllogism of the first. If Whately be right, Aristotle is fundamentally wrong; wrong in admitting Inductive reasoning within the sphere of logic at all; wrong in discriminating Induction from syllogism; wrong in all the particulars of the contrast.

But that the Philosopher is not in error is evident at once; the Archbishop's doctrine is palpably suicidal. On that doctrine the Inductive reasoning is 'a syllogism in Barbara, the major premiss being always substantially the same—"What belongs to the individual or individuals we have examined, belongs to the whole class under which they come."—Now, we ask, in what manner do we obtain this major, in the evolution of which all Induction consists? To this question there are only four possible answers:—1. This proposition, (like the *dictum de omni et nullo*, and the axiom of the convertibility of the whole and its parts,) it may be said is (analytically) self-evident, its negation implying a contradiction. This answer is manifestly false; for so far from

being necessitated by the laws of thought, it is in opposition to them; the *whole* of the consequent not being determined in thought by the *some* of the antecedent.—2. It may be said to be acquired by Induction. That, however, would be absurd; inasmuch as Induction itself is, *ex hypothesi*, only possible through and after the principle it is thus adduced to construct. This of the proposition as a whole. The same is also true of its parts. ‘Class’ is a notion, itself the result of an Induction; it cannot, therefore, be postulated as a pre-requisite or element of that process itself. A similar remark applies to ‘property.’—3. It may be said to be deduced from a higher axiom. What then is such axiom? That has not been declared. And if such existed, the same questions would remain to be answered regarding the higher proposition which are now required in relation to the lower.—4. It may be said to be (as Kant would say, synthetically) given as an ultimate principle of our intellectual constitution. This will not do. In the first place, if such principle exist, it only inclines, it does not necessitate. In the second, by appealing to it, we should transcend our science, confound the logical and formal with the metaphysical and material. In the third, we should thus attempt to prove a logical law from a psychological observation; *i. e.* establish an *a priori*, necessary science on a precarious experience,—an experience admitted perhaps by the disciples of Reid and Royer-Collard; but scouted by those of Aristotle and Locke.* Logicians, we already observed, have been guilty of a fundamental error in bringing the distinction of perfect and imperfect Induction within the sphere of their science, as this distinction proceeds on a material, consequently on an extralogical, difference. In this error, however, Dr Whately exceeds all other logicians, recognising, as he does, exclusively, that Induction, which is only precariously valid, and valid only through an extralogical presumption. This common major premise, if stated as necessary, is (formally and materially) false; if stated as probable, it is (formally) illegitimate, even if not (materially) untrue, both because an inferior degree of certainty is incompatible with an apodictic science, and because the amount of certainty itself must, if not capriciously assumed, be borrowed from evidence

* ‘It is by *induction* that all axioms are known, such as, ‘Things that are equal to the same are equal to one another;’ ‘A whole is greater than its parts;’ and all other mathematical axioms.’ *Huysshe*, p. 132. The same doctrine is held by *Hill*, p. 176. Is such the *Oxford Metaphysic*?

dependent on material conditions beyond the purview of a formal science.

Dr Whately is not less unfortunate in refuting the opinions of other logicians touching induction, than in establishing his own. 'In this process,' he says, 'we are employing a syllogism in Barbara with the major premiss suppressed; not the minor, as Aldrich represents it. The instance he gives will sufficiently prove this:—"This and that, and the other magnet, attract iron; therefore so do all." If this were, as he asserts, an enthymeme whose *minor* is suppressed, the only premise which we could supply to fill it up would be, "all magnets are this, that, and the other;" which is manifestly false,' (p. 217.) Aldrich has faults sufficient of his own, without taking burden of the sins of others. He is here singly reprehended for saying only what, his critic seems not aware, had been said by all logicians before him. The suppressed minor even obtained in the schools the name of the *constantia*; and it was not until the time of Wolf that a new-fangled doctrine, in this respect the same as Whately's, in some degree superseded the older and correcter theory. 'In the example of Aldrich,' says our author, 'the suppressed minor premiss, "all magnets are this, that, and the other," is manifestly false.' Why? Is it because the proposition affirms that a certain three magnets ('this, that, and the other') are all magnets? Even admitting this, the objection is null. The logician has a perfect right to suppose this or any other *material* falsity for an example; all that is required of him is, that his syllogism should be *formally* correct. Logic only proves on the *hypothetical* truth of its antecedents. As Magentinus notices, Aristotle's example of Induction is physiologically false; but it is not on that account a whit the worse as a dialectical illustration. The objection is wholly extralogical. But this is not in fact the meaning of the proposition. The words (in the original ('hic, et ille, et iste magnes')) are intended to denote *every* several magnet. Aldrich borrows the instance from Sanderson, by whom it is also more fully expressed:—"Iste magnes trahit ferrum, et ille, et hic, et pariter se habet in reliquis," &c. Perhaps, however, and this is the only possible alternative, Dr Whately thinks the assumption 'manifestly false,' on the ground that no extent of observation could possibly be commensurate with 'all magnets.' This objection likewise lies beyond the domain of the science. The logician, *qua* logician, knows nothing of material possibility and impossibility. To him all is possible that does not involve a contradiction in terms. At the same time, the present is merely the logical manner of wording the proposition. The physical observer asserts on the analogy

of his science, 'This, that, the other magnet, &c., represent, all 'magnets;' which the logician *accepting*, brings under the conditions, and translates into the language of his—This, that, the other magnet, &c. *are* all magnets—i. e. are conceived as constituting the whole—Magnet.

Dr Whately's errors relative to Induction are, however, surpassed by those of another able writer, Mr Hampden, in regard to that process, and the Aristotelic exposition of its nature;—errors the more inconceivable, as he professes to have devoted peculiar attention to the subject, which, he says, 'deserves a more particular notice, as throwing light on Aristotle's whole method of philosophising, while it shows how far 'he approximated to the Induction of modern philosophy.'

'To obtain,' (says Mr Hampden,) 'an accurate notion of the being of any thing, we require a definition of it. A definition of the thing corresponds, in dialectic, with the essential notion of it in metaphysics. This abstract notion, then, according to Aristotle, constituting the true scientific view of a thing—and all the real knowledge consequently of the properties of the thing depending on the right limitation of this notion—some exact method of arriving at definitions which should express these limitations, and serve as the principles of sciences, became indispensable in such a system of philosophy. But in order to attain such definitions, a process of induction was required,—not merely an induction of that kind, which is only a peculiar form of syllogism, enumerating all the individuals implied in a class instead of the whole class collectively, but an induction of a philosophical character, and only differing from the induction of modern philosophy so far as it is employed about language. We shall endeavour to show this more fully. There are, then, two kinds of induction treated of by Aristotle. The first, that of simple enumeration.—[After explaining with ordinary accuracy the first, in fact the only, species of induction, he proceeds.]—But there is also a higher kind of induction employed by Aristotle, and pointed out by him expressly in its subseriency to the exact notions of things, by its leading to the right definitions of them in words. As it appears that words, in a dialectical point of view, are classes more or less comprehensive of observations on things, it is evident that we must gradually approximate towards a definition of any individual notion, by assigning class within class, until we have narrowed the extent of the expression as far as language will admit.* The first definitions of any object are vague, founded on some obvious resemblance which it exhibits compared with other objects. This point of resemblance we abstract in thought, and it becomes, when expressed in language, a genus or class, under which

* 'Analyt. Post. ii. c. 13.—Ζητῶν δὲ διὰ τι ἐπιλαμβάνοντα ἐπὶ ταῖς ὁμοίαις καὶ ἀδιαφοροῖς, πρῶτον τι ὅλα πάντα ταῦτα ἔχουσι, κ. τ. λ. p. 175, Du Val.'

we regard the object as included. A more attentive examination suggests to us less obvious points of resemblance between this object and some of those with which we had classed it before. Thus carrying on the analysis—and by the power of abstraction giving an independent existence to those successive points of resemblance—we obtain subaltern genera or species, or subordinate classes included in that original class with which the process of abstraction commenced. As these several classifications are relative to each other, and dependent on the class with which we first commenced, the definition of any notion requires a successive enumeration of the several classes in the line of abstraction, and hence is said technically to consist of genus and differentia; the genus being the first abstraction, or class to which the object is first referred, and the differentia being the subordinate classes in the same line of abstraction. Now, the process by which we discover these successive genera, is strictly one of philosophical induction. As in the philosophy of nature in general, we take certain facts as the basis of enquiry, and proceed by rejection and exclusion of principles involved in the enquiry, until at last—there appearing no ground for further rejection—we conclude that we are in possession of the true principle of the object examined; so, in the philosophy of language, we must proceed by a like rejection and exclusion of notions implied in the general term with which we set out, until we reach the very confines of that notion of it with which our enquiry is concerned. This exclusion is effected in language, by annexing to the general term denoting the class to which the object is primarily referred, other terms not including under them those other objects or notions to which the general term applies. For thus, whilst each successive term in the definition, in itself, extends to more than the object so defined,—yet all viewed together do not; and this their relative bearing on the one point constitutes the being of the thing. This is thus illustrated by Aristotle:—"If we are enquiring," he says, "what magnanimity is, we must consider the instances of certain magnanimous persons whom we know, what one thing they all have so far forth as they are such; as, if Alcibiades was magnanimous, or Achilles, or Ajax;—what one thing they all have; say, "impatience under insult;" for one made war, another raged, the other slew himself. Again, in the instances of others, as of Lysander or Socrates,—if here it is, "to be unaltered by prosperity or adversity;"—taking these two cases, I consider, what this "apathy in regard to events," and "impatience under insult," have the same in them. "If, now, they have nothing the same, there must be two species of magnanimity." (P. 513.)

Mr Hampden afterwards states, *inter alia*, that the induction of Aristotle, 'having for its object to determine accurately in words the notion of the being of things, proceeds, according to the nature of language, from the general, and ends in the particular; whereas the investigation of a law of nature proceeds from the particular, and ends in the general. Dialectical induction is synthetical, whilst philosophical induction is analytical in the result.' On this ground, he explains the

meaning of the term (*ἐπαγωγή*), and defends the Induction of Aristotle against its disparagement by Lord Bacon.

We had imagined that every compend of logic explained the two grand methods of investigating the definition ; but upon looking into the Oxford treatises on this science, we were surprised to find, that this, among other important matters, had in all of them been overlooked. This may, in part, enable us to surmise how Mr Hampden could have so misconceived so elementary a point as to have actually reversed the doctrine, not only of Aristotle, but of all other philosophers. A few words will be sufficient to illustrate the nature of the error.

In the thirteenth chapter (Pacian division) of the second book of the *Posterior Analytics*, Aristotle treats of the manner of hunting out, as he terms it, the essential nature (*τὸ τί ἐστίν*, *quidditas*) of a thing, the enunciation of which nature constitutes its definition. This may be attempted in two contrary ways. By the one, we may descend from the category, or higher genus of the thing to be defined, dividing and subdividing it through the opposite differences till we reach the genus under which it is proximately contained ; and this last genus, along with the specific difference by which it is divided, will be the definition required. By the other, we may ascend from the singulars contained under the thing to be defined (which is necessarily an universal) by an exclusion of their differences, until we attain an attribution common to them all, which attribution will supply the definition sought. The former of these is, after Plato, called by Aristotle, and logicians in general, the method of *Division* ; the higher genus being regarded as the (universal) *whole*, the subaltern genera and species as the (subjective) *parts* into which it is divided. The *extension* here determines the totality. The latter, which is described but not named by Aristotle, is variously denominated by his followers. Some, as his Greek commentators, taking the totality as determined by the *comprehension*, view the singulars as so many (essential) wholes, of which the common attribute or definition is a part, and accordingly call this mode of hunting up the essence the *Analytic* ; others again, regarding the genus as the whole, the species and individuals as the parts, style it the *Compositive*, or *Synthetic*, or *Collective* ;* while others, in fine, looking

* ‘ In one respect,’ says Aristotle, ‘ the Genus is called a part of the ‘ Species ; in another, the Species a part of the Genus.’ (Metaph. L. v. c. 25.) In like manner, the same method, viewed in different relations, may be styled either Analysis or Synthesis. This, however, has not

simply to the order of the process itself, from the particular to the general, name it the *Inductive*. These last we shall imitate.

Now, in the chapter referred to, Aristotle considers and contrasts these two methods. In regard to Division (§ 8—20) he shows on the one hand, (against Plato, who is not named,) that this process is not to be viewed as having any power of demonstration or argument; * and on the other, (against Speusippus, as we learn from Eudemus, through the Greek expositors,) that it is not wholly to be rejected as worthless, being useful, in subservience always to the other method of induction, to ensure—that none of the essential qualities are omitted—that these qualities alone are taken—and that they are properly subordinated and arranged. In reference to the Inductive method, which is to be considered as the principal, he explains its nature, and delivers various precepts for its due application, (§ § 7, 21, etc.)

This summary will enable the reader to understand Mr Hampden's perversion of Aristotle's doctrine. In the first place, that gentleman is mistaken in supposing that the philosopher applies the term Induction to any method of investigating the definition discussed by him in the chapter in question. The word does not once occur. In the second place, he is still farther deceived in thinking that Aristotle there bestows that name on a descent from the universal to the particular, whereas in his philosophy—indeed in all philosophies—it exclusively pertains to an ascent from the particular to the universal. In the third place, he is wrong in imagining that Aristotle there treats only of a single method, for he considers and contrasts two methods, not only different, but opposed.† In the fourth place, he is mistaken, in understanding as applied to one contrary, the observations which Aristotle applies, and which are only applicable

been acknowledged; nor has it even attracted notice, that different logicians and philosophers, though severally applying the terms only in a single sense, are still at cross purposes with each other. One calls Synthesis, what another calls Analysis; and this both in ancient and modern times. We ourselves think it best to regulate the use of these terms by reference to the notion of a whole and parts, of *any* kind. This we do, and do professedly. Mr Hampden, but probably without intending it, does the same: in one part of the passage we have quoted, speaking of Division, (his logical induction,) as an 'analysis;' in another, describing it as 'synthetical.'

* This he had elsewhere done; *Pr. Analyt.* l. i. c. 31. *Post. Analyt.* l. ii. c. 5. et alibi.

† Mr Hampden's error, we suspect, originates in the circumstance that Pacius (whom Du Val follows in the *Organon*) speaks, in his

in expounding the reverse. For example, he quotes in the note as pertinent to Division words of the original relative to Induction; and the instance (from the definition of Magnanimity) adduced to illucidate the one method, is in reality employed by Aristotle to explain the other. In the fifth place, his error is enhanced by seeing in his single method the subordinate of Aristotle's two; and in lauding as a peculiarly important part of the Aristotelic philosophy, a process in the exposition of which Aristotle has no claim to originality, and to which he himself, here and elsewhere, justly attributes only an inferior importance. In the sixth place, in contradiction equally of his whole philosophy and of the truth of nature, the Stagirite is made to hold that our highest abstractions are first in the order of time; that our process of classification is encentric not eccentric; that a child generalizes *substance* and *accident* before *egg* and *white*.—Mr Hampden's statement of the Inductive method being thus the reverse of truth, it is needless to say that the etymological explanation he has hazarded of the term (*ἐπαγωγή*) must be erroneous. But even more erroneous is the pendant by which he attempts to illustrate his interpretation of that term. 'The *ἐπαγωγή*, Abduction, spoken of by Aristotle, (*Anal. Prior.* ii. c. 25,) is just the reverse,—a leading away, by the terms successively brought from the more accurate notion conveyed by a former one.' The *abduction* here referred to is no more such a 'leading away' than it is a theft. It is a kind of syllogism,—of what nature we cannot longer trespass on the patience of our readers by explaining. For the same reason we say nothing of some other errors we had remarked in Mr Hampden's account of that branch of the Aristotelic philosophy which we have been now considering.

analytic argument of the chapter, of a *methodus divisiva*, and a *methodus inductiva*; and that Mr H., in his extemporaneous study of the subject, not previously aware that there were two opposite methods of investigating the definition, took up the notion that these were merely a twofold expression for the same thing. Mr Hampden is an able man; but to understand Aristotle in any of his works, he must be understood in all; and to be understood in all, he must be long and patiently studied by a mind disciplined to speculation, and familiar with the literature of philosophy.

- ART. X.—1. *The Penny Magazine of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.* 1832.
2. *The Saturday Magazine of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge.* 1832.
3. *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.* 1832.

WE have prefixed the titles of these popular publications to the few remarks which their object suggests, because their success is the fact from which those remarks chiefly spring ; and it is a fact of the most cheering nature at the present moment. Differing in other respects, in this they all agree, that neither personal slander, nor any species of scurrility—neither party discussion, whether political or religious, nor invective of any description against men or things—nothing to excite the passions, to influence or corrupt—finds its way into their pages ; and yet they are by far the most extensively circulated of any periodical works that issue from the press. When we say that there is nothing of attack or of a controversial description in these works, we might unfortunately make an exception ; and that is in some of the unworthy remarks of the Society for Propagating the Gospel of Charity—that Gospel which teaches ‘to think no evil.’ We perceive insinuations of the most unwarrantable kind against the other cheap publications, as unfavourable, if not positively hostile, to religion ; and no exception made in favour of the very work which gave rise to the Society’s own Magazine. The High Church party on this, as upon every other occasion, suffered the lead to be taken by the Low Church and the Sects, or, at least, by those persons who love to convey instruction to all classes alike, without distinction of religious denomination. As soon as their labours proved successful, the clerical party came into the field ; and we should not be surprised to find them hereafter assuming the merit of first printing cheap works, as they habitually, we perceive, take the credit of having begun the Education of the Poor ! But at least those who preceded them, and whose pages are in no one line hostile to religion, but throughout most friendly to its interests, have a right to expect that they shall not be (though only in the way of insinuation) slandered on this score by their imitators. This Society’s Magazine, we repeat, is a useful work, and it is executed with ability, both as to writing and embellishments : that it is a religious work, no one who reads it can pretend to fancy.

There is hardly one article in twenty that bears at all upon religious topics. But our present object is to consider the great circulation of these works.

We have before us the preface to the Penny Magazine. What may be the numbers printed of the two others we are not informed. But in the preface, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge state, that of their Magazine two hundred thousand are sold. We have understood that about sixty thousand are sold of each of the other two. The sale of the Penny Magazine and of Chambers's Journal is entirely voluntary, and not forced by any fund whatever. The yearly published accounts of the Useful Knowledge Society prove this as to the Penny Magazine; and Messrs Chambers, being booksellers, of course can only sell their work on the ordinary terms of the trade. Whether any portion of the other Society's funds has been appropriated to give their work a forced circulation we know not; but any such impulse could only be temporary, and it may be reasonably assumed either that none was given, or that it has ceased, and that the natural circulation is what we have stated. Here then are *three hundred and twenty thousand* of these weekly publications actually sold to persons who can only purchase them in order to gratify a thirst for useful and pleasing information,—for that which may improve their minds, and afford innocent and refined entertainment, without gratifying any feeling of a debasing, or unamiable, or even private kind.

The price paid by the vast numbers who thus buy, deserves to be considered. The works are indeed cheap beyond all former example; the cheapness is such as could only be attained by means of the extraordinary circulation; nevertheless, two of the works (the Magazines) cost six shillings a-year, exclusive of binding, and the Journal (being sold at three-halfpence, but we believe without the supplements which the others have,*) may cost six and sixpence. So that near three hundred thousand pounds a-year, (accurately L.296,000,) are thus expended by persons chiefly of the middle and poorer classes in gratifying their desire for knowledge.

It is a most delightful reflection for the friend of human improvement, to think, that at the low price of a few shillings, the poor may obtain, and with all the accommodation which periodical publication affords, a volume of five or six hundred pages,

* Let us not be understood as in the least degree intending to state Messrs Chambers's work as costing more than it ought. It is well worth the money, and was published *before* either of the others.

in small folio, and upwards of three hundred excellent engravings. But it is far more delightful to reflect, that hundreds of thousands crowd round the sources whence the streams of pure and useful knowledge flow; and that the numbers who thirst for it, and can thus slake that thirst, may be reckoned by the million.*

The growing taste for such works will not indeed deprive politics and polemics of their peculiar interest; but they will surely make the people more capable of judging soundly and charitably upon matters of controversy, whether civil or religious—and will, we confidently expect, purify the public taste even upon topics which too naturally excite the worser feelings of our nature. A reduction of the taxes upon one species of knowledge (the news of the day) will further this important amendment;—especially by encouraging provincial papers, perhaps the most important part of the periodical press; and by enabling those who are bent upon instructing all classes of the community to combine matter of ordinary intelligence with other less ephemeral information.

The success attending such works as we are now speaking of, is a triumphant answer to those who, in disparagement at once of the People and the Press, are so fond of repeating, that nothing will sell which is not seasoned with ribaldry and libel. The taste for these has been, we admit, most deplorable—such as reflects deep and lasting disgrace on its contemptible victims. Who are they? Not the middle—and certainly not the lower classes, with the exception perhaps of a few hundreds in the greater towns—an exception not worth mentioning. But the part of the community which is a prey to the passion for slander,—which furnishes the whole demand for this vile produce of falsehood and spite,—which, indeed, can hardly drag on its existence without a periodical supply of the hateful debasing stimulus—is that which, ‘*clerical*’ as well as lay,† arrogates to itself the name of ‘*higher classes*,’ and the right (monstrous inconsistency!) of unceasing invective against the licentiousness of the press. That they should grudge the poor man his cheap book of wholesome

* The preface above referred to, calculates the readers of the Penny Magazine at a million, and the three works most probably are circulated among different parts of the community.

† There is but one opinion entertained, we find, among our southern neighbours, as to the encouragement given to slanderous newspapers by the High Church party. From this reproach our Church is happily free.

information, and complain of those who provide him with it, is about as reasonable as it would be for a sot, whose vitiated palate can bear nothing weaker than brandy, to accuse the brewer of encouraging dram-drinking, or to denounce the water-drinker as intemperate.

In another point of view, and at the present crisis, we hold all these indications of popular improvement extremely important. They afford the most solid hopes of information and regular habits becoming so prevalent as to give the bulk of the people—even the poorest—a perceptible influence upon the conduct of public affairs; and their admission to a more direct share in the operations of representative government, cannot fail to follow in the course of a short time, not only with safety, but with benefit, to the security of all our institutions. We now see the leaders of the High Church party occupied in making secular knowledge so cheap, that every one above the lot of beggary may acquire it. Was this, could this have been, their vocation half a century ago? Was it forty years ago, at the breaking out of the French Revolution and War? Was it thirty years ago, when that war was renewed? Then who shall presume to say, that the same party may not, moving onward in their own improvement with an accelerated pace, in ten or twelve years more, have discovered that the best means of fixing our institutions upon an imperishable foundation, is making those love them for whom they exist,—the body of the people; and to the body of the people intrusting their defence?

But the diffusion of sound information among the great body of the people—the humble as well as the middle orders—will, it is supposed, diminish the influence of the periodical press, that is, of the Newspapers; and hence may be perceived in many of these a growing dislike of cheap publications, and of all who promote them. If this is the worst that can be said of the increase of knowledge, its friends have little ground for uneasiness. Can any thing be more desirable than that the people should learn to think for themselves, and not be at the mercy of those who, to serve a secret purpose, or to prosecute a common object, in which they alone have an interest, may combine to mislead the public mind by every kind of exaggeration and misstatement? Mark the deep hatred of the Reformed Parliament which has already been displayed by many of the London Journals, which were the loudest in their cry for Reform, and the warmest in their praises of the Bill! The new House of Commons is spoken of almost in the terms of abuse which used to be lavished upon the old, except that hitherto '*Borough-mongery*' has not been charged upon it. There is hardly any

thing vituperative left unsaid—and why? Plainly because the people, being now really represented, look to Parliament with confidence; and because their representatives think for themselves, and will not be dictated to either by agitators or by editors. Some of the greater newspapers are more incensed than others, because they look with dread to the approaching repeal of the stamp-duties, which will relieve the smaller journals, and especially the country papers. But the uneasiness seems to be quite general throughout the London Press, at the decline of an overgrown influence, which the corruptions of the parliamentary system could alone have created, by alienating the confidence of the people from their representatives.

It is worthy of remark, that even before the Reform came into action, when the Parliament did its duty, and the Government honestly supported the popular interest, the utmost violence of the Press was disregarded; its attacks, whether on the House of Commons or the Ministers, failed to produce the least effect upon the public mind—and it was speedily forced to abandon the false ground it had taken, and conform to the sense of the rational and honest part of the community. Every one must remember the fury with which the Ministers were assailed, both during the Session 1831 and 1832;—now for changes in the Bill,—now for not adopting a certain method of carrying it. The very same channels, which one week were choked with every species of abuse, bore, the next, a full tide of praise. But the public opinion had rendered throughout ample justice to the objects of this alternate execration and worship; that opinion prevailed over the voice of the Press, and was soon reflected by the Press itself. The interval between the two sessions afforded a like illustration of our remarks. When the Lords rejected the Bill, the London papers blazed with indignation against the Ministers for presuming to prorogue beyond a week or ten days. The better judgment of the country, refusing to be led by a deputation of unknown individuals living in Westminster—from whom a large portion of the London Press deemed it judicious to receive the law,—pronounced, that never was folly greater than theirs who insisted upon Ministers and members of Parliament beginning a new session after a few days' interval; and, as a more strenuous attempt has rarely been made to excite the country, it is certain that a more signal failure was never witnessed than, to the lasting honour of the people, attended this procedure of so many of the London papers.

The like observation is supported by what has recently passed upon the Irish Bill. The same portion of the Press has been,

with a singular inaccuracy, counting how many members were adverse to that measure. But the Government and the Reformed Parliament have steadily pursued their course, aware of the responsibility which rests upon them for the internal peace of the country; and resolved that no temporary outcry, which they knew must speedily subside, should prevent, or for an instant interrupt, the discharge of their most important duty. Yet it turned out that there was not even any outcry. The good sense of the community was proof against all that could be said or written; they knew that the Government loathed the measure which necessity alone could have driven them to; and they turned with indignation from the appeals of those whose glaring misconduct created that necessity, though these appeals were unthinkingly backed by the Press. Who now doubts that, with the exception of a few Political Unions, the whole country approves of the Irish Bill,—that is to say, admits while it laments the necessity for such a measure? Yet there was a moment when the little knot of Irish agitators reckoned upon support, possibly upon *Rent* from England, because some of the Unions and Papers took their part! Such is not the nature of the English people. They saw at once through the whole. They knew full well that Ireland was convulsed, because two or three individuals preferred living upon political contributions, to earning a livelihood by honest industry. But they kept aloof from every thing which could wear the semblance of helping those men, and saw the Bill finally pass with entire satisfaction. The attempted meetings everywhere failed; even the Irish agitators themselves ceased to attend them, through mortification at their falling off. Many of the very newspapers which promoted them, were ashamed to repeat their proceedings, and we believe it is a fact that no proposition was ever brought forward for rent—or tribute—or subscription in any shape, at a single meeting held, or attempted to be held, in any part of the country.

Let us, however, here do justice to the periodical Press. Its attacks upon the Bill were fair, and open, and honest. It may have been an error—but the error was to all appearance conscientious. No one can say of it, what in both Houses of Parliament was stated, and, as we are informed, was universally believed in the political circles of the metropolis—that some of the fiercest antagonists of the measure in public, privately avowed their opinion of its absolute necessity for the salvation of Ireland.

It is a somewhat extraordinary thing to observe the course

which has since been pursued by those parts of the Press to which we have been referring. They have not forgiven the Parliament for passing the Bill, nor the people for approving of it. That was to be expected. But then they inveigh against the Parliament for having done nothing else! As if there had been room left for any other question by the men who debated for about a week the first reading, and spoke on all the other stages more hours after the audience had ceased to deserve the name, than others ever did minutes to the most attentive listeners! Here again we may venture to predict, that the public opinion will not go along with those who would estrange the people's confidence from their representatives.

But again, the Government are attacked for not propounding a dozen or two of measures, while it is admitted that not a step of progress could, by physical possibility, have been made in carrying through any one. Probably, the sound judgment of the people will decide that it is a wiser, and more creditable course for the good of a great nation, rather to bring forward its plans maturely, at a time when they can be taken into practical consideration, than to make a vain theatrical parade of their intentions, while yet necessarily crude and imperfect, and at a moment when they can be no sooner heard, and made the subject of a paragraph, than postponed for want of time,—pushed aside by the pressure of other matters, and forgotten amidst the jar of personal and factious conflicts. It is also very possible that the people may reflect upon the delays which have impeded the progress of such measures of relief as the Government did introduce—and upon the fact, that the agitations on the Irish Bill have actually made those who are now so loud in their complaints of nothing having been proposed, forget that two or three most important plans were brought forward on the eve of that Bill reaching the Commons—for example, the Irish Church Reform, and the Reform of Corporations.

We might mention other proofs of the public judgment refusing to be misled by the Press during the late discussions. For instance, who really has suffered himself to be led away with the fancy, that the Irish Bill was materially changed in its passage through the House of Commons? Not that any rational man could deem it an offence in the Government, if they had yielded to the prevailing opinion of the people's representatives. But the fact is, that those representatives did not desire the measure to be altered, being satisfied of its absolute necessity, and unwilling to impair its efficacy. That any point whatever was conceded to the Irish agitators, is wholly untrue. The chief

of them himself voted against the addition (universally allowed to be inoperative and absurd) respecting refusal of tithe. And the exemption of certain offences in proclaimed districts from court-martial jurisdiction, and others in districts not proclaimed, from summary cognizance by two justices, is at once perceived, by any one who considers the matter, to be wholly immaterial; inasmuch as nobody ever dreamt that meetings of agitators would be held where the proclamation had been issued, or that the agitators would remain a quarter of an hour after the notice given;—and these things must have taken place to raise any question at all either for the court-martial or the justice. It is unnecessary, and it would be painful, to go through the provisions—the great and unhappy—though requisite severities of this act, in order to show how shamefully devoid of foundation the assertion is, that it was mitigated in the Commons. The agitators, and some of the newspapers, claim credit for changes in it which exist only in their own imagination. The Tories are eager to find a liberal Government in the wrong; having some of them, (certainly not the leading ones,) given the measure a reluctant support. Others who actually joined the Radical party in opposing it, ended by complaining that it had been marred by unwise concessions, but failed in showing wherein its vigour had been impaired. Let us join every true friend of the peace and liberties of the country, in hoping that the peaceable inhabitants of Ireland may receive full protection from this measure of needful rigour, and that the returning tranquillity of the country may soon dispense with the necessity of its continuance.

In the remarks which we have been making upon the emancipation of the people from dictation by the Press, we have said nothing of the pains taken by many of its organs to open the eyes of their readers. At no time were those publications ever more careless of the foundation on which their statements of fact rest. Some of them, for instance, have been going on week after week amusing the public with accounts of events both at home and abroad,—as changes in the Ministry—resignations and accessions in the offices—removals of foreign ambassadors—movements in the French and Belgian governments—negotiations about Poland and Turkey,—and a variety of other tales, which a few days have uniformly shown to be mere fictions of the brain. Others have been attacking the Government, or the Reformed Parliament, for intentions which the event has proved never to have been entertained. But it has frequently happened, that attacks have been made against both for not doing what

had actually been done, or for having done something which it was impossible to do. Thus the same post brought to Edinburgh a serious charge against the Ministers for giving a seat at the Admiralty to an officer of cavalry—the gentleman in question being a post-captain in the navy; and another charge as serious, for having been so long without taking any steps on two important questions,—then standing on the books of the two Houses—the notice of a bill upon the one, and the commitment of a bill upon the other—it having been read a second time:—all these, and a thousand other things of the like kind, may be passed over as the common run of errors into which the necessity of daily publication is so apt to betray its victims. But such things are among the chief means resorted to in order to further what seems a pretty general design in some parts of the press, to run down all public men, in and out of place, and without any exception. Where these can be attacked, either in what they say or do, or by any perversion of their speeches, or misrepresentation of their conduct, the attack is made vigorously. When there is room for commendation, a profound silence is the only indication of approval, or rather that there is no possibility of attacking them. As for defending them from any attack, how glaring soever its injustice, that is quite out of the question. So that, to have any thing like a chance of fair play, a statesman must have a newspaper—he must become himself an editor! and then, though he would probably have all the rest of the profession, without any one exception, upon his back, he would at least have one channel through which he might contradict the imputations cast upon him. But the good sense of the country is a better security for those who do their duty; and it has never been more strikingly exhibited than during the last two years; nor at any part of this period so usefully as since the general election called the Reform Bill into operation.

We should be most unwilling, that, in any of the foregoing remarks, we should be supposed to undervalue the inestimable advantages which the best interests of the country derive from an unshackled Periodical Press. To dilate upon these would be altogether superfluous; every one feels them—every one whose praise is worth having, acknowledges them. But it is in the nature of great powers to be abused, and usurpation ever treads close upon dominion. The old Parliament had lost the confidence of the country; and the sense of the people having no legitimate organ, the Newspapers, especially those of the metropolis, had usurped that office. To a certain degree—within certain limits—these publications do reflect the popular feeling.

They cannot long resist it; but they sometimes try to excite and to guide it. The more informed the community becomes, such undue influence will be the less powerful; and the better the constitution of Parliament is made, the worse will be the chance of other leaders than their representatives directing the energies of the people.

Before concluding these reflections, we must take notice of an objection which has been frequently urged against cheap literature. It is said to be interfering with the production of works of a higher description. A little reflection must show that this is quite impossible, except in one way—and to this exception we shall confine our attention for the present, intending on another occasion to enter more at large into the general question, on account of its importance, rather than of any doubt or difficulty which can be said to attend it. The only injury which cheap publications can do to the productions of genius is by plagiarism; in short, by interfering with the rights of property. We do not believe that they have been guilty of this great offence; but undoubtedly they who conduct them are exposed to the temptation of committing it, and may often yield to this temptation without perceiving the injury they are doing to others. It is only necessary to throw out this hint, we should think, in order to put well-meaning publishers on their guard; and we should hope that against those of another description the Law will be found sufficiently strong.

ART. XI.—1. *Ireland, a Tale*, by HARRIET MARTINEAU. 12mo. London: 1832.

2. *Speech of the Right Hon. Sir R. PEEL, on the Bill for Suppressing Disturbances in Ireland*. 8vo. London: 1833.

3. *Speech of the Right Hon. E. G. STANLEY, on the Bill for Suppressing Disturbances in Ireland*. 8vo. London: 1833.

4. *Speech of the Right Hon. SPRING RICE on the Repeal of the Union*. 8vo. London: 1833.

IT is with feelings of the deepest regret and disappointment that we find ourselves once more engaged in writing an article upon the State of Ireland. Let not our Hibernian friends and readers consider this admission to be founded upon any want of sympathy for them, or upon any disrespect towards their country. We can assure them, in all sincerity and singleness of heart, that from the day of passing the Relief Bill, we had hoped a separate disquisition upon Ireland would have become as absurd and as unnecessary as an essay upon the

separate interests of the Vale of Aylesbury or of the Isle of Thanet. So long as we considered Ireland the victim of oppression and of intolerance, the pages of this journal were devoted to her cause and to her wrongs; and no effort of ours has been omitted that could bring before the public a practical view of her condition, physical, moral, and political. We pride ourselves peculiarly on one claim to public attention; our observations have ever been of a practical nature, and not only intended but calculated to suggest the remedy, in describing the evil—to excite to the discharge of duty on the part of the legislature, on the part of communities, and of individuals, rather than to exasperate angry passions, and to create useless discontent. We had fondly hoped, that with the reign of intolerance and injustice, our occupation as Reviewers of high grievances would have been gone. We have resisted manifold and great temptations presented to us by Mr Sadler and others, and have neither nibbled nor bit at the light summer fly of the pamphleteer, or at the heavy bait of the report of a Parliamentary Committee, believing that a full reliance might be placed upon the natural progress of knowledge, the extension of good principles, and of national prosperity. We had hoped that we should at length see Ireland all that her poets and orators have told us, in describing all that she is and that she is not. We must confess, that, in many important particulars, our expectations have been grievously disappointed. In many respects the condition of Ireland has not improved, in some it has retrograded; and if our views were confined within the narrow limits of the present,—if we did not think that, as intelligent and responsible beings, we are also bound to consider the future, we should sink in discouragement, if not in despair.

Our Tory friends must not misconstrue these observations. If Catholic Emancipation has not as yet produced the tranquillity, the cessation of civil strife, and the respect for the laws, which had been anticipated as its consequences, no reasonable man ought on that account to raise a doubt respecting the wisdom and the necessity of that great measure. It was just, and therefore it was expedient. ‘However great ‘my disappointment,’ observed Sir Robert Peel in the last session, ‘and however I may have suffered personally by the ‘course I then pursued, even with my present experience, were ‘I again called upon to decide, my judgment would remain unchanged.’ There are some weak or inconsiderate persons, who, after supporting the Relief Bill, now express their regret at its success. Do they not know that this regret is unavailing? Do they not know that the word which has gone forth cannot be

recalled—that there is no retreat—and that to sigh for the glories of Dr Duigenan, and the protection and safety of the Penal Code, is but to imitate the sorrow of a twice-wedded matron who destroys the peace of her home by lamentation loud and deep, in honour of her dear first husband. It is not upon these grounds that we should wish our opinions to rest. *Nulla vestigia retrorsum*, it is true; but if the road were as broad and smooth as Macadam could make it—if the rate of travelling were as rapid as that upon the Manchester Railway, it appears to us impossible, except from the most complete want of understanding or deficiency of principle, that any man can wish to reverse his course. Turbulence we have to encounter, it is true—insubordination still exists—the agitators still carry on their wicked crusade—but do their grievances continue the same? Do they possess the same means of uniting the Roman Catholic body, and of dividing the Protestants which formerly existed? Is there the same sympathy felt for their struggles? Formerly they stood as warriors engaged in a noble and honourable conflict; now they are but as gladiators who beat the air. There is no one evil in the present system which in our minds would not have been infinitely greater, had Emancipation been refused or delayed; and many of the greatest dangers which existed under the former state of things, if not wholly removed, have at least been greatly diminished. Discontent still exists, and is loud in its clamours—but the greatest of all grievances, religious intolerance, has ceased. To say that the last state of Ireland is worse than the first, is to imagine that a lever can be as powerful without as with a fulcrum.

It is important to follow up these observations further, for we are well aware how industriously circulated has been the sophism which attributes the present state of Ireland to Catholic Emancipation. We are well aware with what adroitness this sophism has been applied to other questions. ‘Observe the consequences of overthrowing the bulwarks of the constitution,’ exclaims the Tory. ‘Profit by the example given you in yielding to intimidation,’ observes the Waverer. ‘Avoid all great and sudden changes, as bringing with them frightful calamities,’ whispers the moderate Reformer. We, on the contrary, say,—profit by this great lesson, avoid injustice, dread the refusal of just claims, do not allow the hearts of nations to sicken in deferred hope. Grant wisely, but grant generously; above all, when called upon to concede, let concession be made upon just principles; and do not refuse to reason and justice what you must be compelled to yield to an overwhelming necessity. It has been truly said, that one of the highest characteristics of reveal-

ed religion is the control and responsibility which it affixes to human motives. Even in practical politics, the declared motives of the statesman inevitably affect the consequences of his act. The government, and still more, the legislature of a country, to be respected, should always maintain an honourable superiority; and where a concession is made reluctantly upon false principles, it loses all its grace, and many of its beneficial consequences. The lamp may be in our hand, but it will have lost its magical power. Emancipation was carried, not as an act of justice, or even of liberality,—it was allowed to pass as a triumph;—the agitators and orators being placed in the car, and the members of the Duke of Wellington's Government following the chariot wheels as bondsmen. Is it surprising that such an event should have turned the heads even of that most calm and judicious class of men who guided the councils of the Catholic Association? Is it wonderful that they should be elated in having thus conquered the conqueror of Europe? This error we believe to have been the great source of mischief. The false principle, and the low and secondary arguments on which the Relief Bill of 1829 was founded and recommended, have gone far towards neutralizing the immediate benefits of Emancipation. But fortunately these sources of evil are but transitory and evanescent. The principles of justice on the contrary are eternal. When the errors and blunders of 1829 are forgotten, the triumph of justice and toleration, in freeing the consciences of men from any restraints but those of duty, will be complete; and the seed which has been cast in the ground, and which as yet scarcely seems to vegetate, will bring forth an abundant harvest.

It is also but an act of justice to state, that the friends of Emancipation were never such political quacks as to suggest or to hope, that all that intolerance had, during a century and a half, effected, toleration could in one session repair. It is always more easy to destroy than to build up; and whilst the powers of mischief are rapid and infinite, the work of restoration and of remedy is slow and difficult. We could readily refer to the speeches of Mr Fox, Lord Grey, Lord Holland, and Lord Lansdowne, in confirmation of this statement—but are not all these things written in the chronicles of the Parliamentary Reporter? We should almost fear to be guilty of a breach of privilege, were we to fill our pages from the speeches of former debates. During the last two years, nearly half the debates in the House of Commons have been made up of idle references to former discussions; and many of our orators, like the Gouls and Afrits of the Arabian Legends, seem to have no appetite but for the exhumed carcasses of the departed.

Our object, in making these observations, has been to guard ourselves and our readers from the misconception that we doubt the justice, the policy, or the ultimate advantages of Emancipation, because we feel it to be our duty to proceed to give our opinion upon the present state of Ireland, the evils which oppress her, and the remedies upon which she can rely for protection and safety.

In the first article of this Number, we have introduced to the notice of our readers the very able and instructive series of Tales published by Miss Martineau. We then reserved for future and separate consideration her tract on Ireland. We did so, not from any peculiarity or superiority which distinguishes it, but because we felt that we could not touch upon the state of Ireland generally, without throwing the fair authoress so far into the background as to expose our gallantry to some suspicion. In this tract are to be found many of the characteristics of Miss Martineau's other publications;—an adherence to her general principles, carried, perhaps, too far,—great distinctness and power in enunciating them,—a singular facility, by a few touches, of sketching the features and attitudes of her *dramatis personæ*, or rather of cutting their portraits into copper, like Salvator Rosa in his etchings,—and at times the bursts of unaffected sensibility so peculiarly feminine, and which combine rather than contrast with the severity of some of her doctrines. Still, though this tale is very able, yet, taken on the whole, it is not attractive. It appears to us to deal too much in shadows; and where a light is thrown in, it is rather that of a torch, or of an explosion, than of the noonday sun. During the reign of Mrs Radcliffe and of Udolpho, it was said by a French critic of his countrywomen, '*elles ont quittés les rubans rosés pour les idées noires.*' As far as the choice of trimmings, we are perfectly willing to leave Miss Martineau to her own taste; but we cannot help thinking that if she were to deal less exclusively than she does in '*les idées noires*,' her works would lose nothing in truth, and would gain much in practical utility. When we follow her through that course of philosophical enquiry which more frequently leads her to analyze evils than to discuss remedies, we sink disheartened, and are tempted to ask the authoress—

‘Hast thou wandered there
To bring us back the tidings of despair?’

There is not a sufficient encouragement held out to the performance of active duty; the reward which society holds out in the results of its own improvement is underrated; the power of enlightened benevolence is circumscribed; and hope is repre-

sented as an illusion that can only deceive and lead astray. In these respects Miss Martineau seems to us to have mistaken 'reverse of wrong for right,' and in avoiding the follies of fanaticism, the puerilities of overwrought sympathy, and the exaggerated anticipations of speculative hypothesis, she has limited within bounds far too circumscribed, the field of human activity, human sympathy, and human benevolence ;—she has plucked up the wheat with the tares, and has drawn a picture calculated, not only to dispirit all his Majesty's lieges living beyond St George's Channel, but to make statesmen and legislators doubt whether the time given to the improvement of the government and the laws of Ireland, is not absolutely thrown away. 'Though,' as Mrs Malaprop says, 'comparisons are odious', we may yet be permitted to observe, that however deficient the works of Miss Edgeworth may be in that familiarity with economical science which is shown in the writings of Miss Martineau, we cannot help thinking that the pictures drawn in 'Castle Rackrent,' in the 'Absentee,' in 'Ennui,' and in the beautiful tale of 'Rosanna,' are equally true, and much more useful than the little volume now before us. In Miss Edgeworth's admirable representations of Irish crimes, follies, and weaknesses, she still shows how the evils she describes may be averted, remedied, or mitigated. She proves that much may be done by the Landlord, much by the Magistrate, much by the Legislature ; and what is more important than all, that much may be done by the People themselves. The effect of her writings is therefore cheering ; she defines duties in giving examples ; and we should have but a bad opinion of an Irishman who could rise from the perusal of her tales without a deeper sense of his own responsibility, an increased desire of benefiting his country, and a firmer belief in the power of promoting that country's interests, by industry, public spirit, and virtue. It is true, that Miss Martineau does believe in the efficacy of two remedies—the colonies and the schoolhouse. Emigration and instruction she most truly and properly suggests as great instruments to be used for the future regeneration of Ireland. In this opinion all will agree ; but are they the only remedies, and are they practically within the reach of all persons and classes ? Even if they were, and that emigrants could be shipped off to Canada and New South Wales, in the same number with the Irish pigs and cattle that fill the markets of Manchester, and alarm the minds of all the West Country squires ; and, further, if all the schools and scholars enumerated by Captain Gordon could be multiplied a thousandfold, we believe that much more would still require to be done. Education, all-powerful as it is, acts

rather on the future than on the present generation; and the cost of emigration on a large scale is so great, that unless Mr Hume and the economists can greatly reduce Sir R. Wilmot Horton's estimates, or unless aid can be granted by the Government, a measure of doubtful utility, the patient may expire whilst waiting for the administration of this specific.

Miss Martineau states in her Preface, that 'she considers it 'her business to treat rather of Irish economy than of Irish politics.' Alas! she lays down a rule to which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to adhere. No surgeon's knife has so fine an edge as to be capable of separating these two elements; and the politics and the political economy of Ireland, as, perhaps, of most other countries, are so blended and intermixed, they act and react upon each other in such a perpetual chain of cause and effect, that there is no analysis so subtle as to make the distinction. But though Miss Martineau is not to be blamed for not having achieved an impossibility, she might, in discussing political matters, have avoided the use of exaggerated terms, calculated to mislead one class of readers, and to indispose another. We are no friends to the undue and disproportioned wealth of the Irish Church, as we shall prove before we conclude this article. But when Miss Martineau seems to assent to the reasoning of Father Glenny, one of her imaginary characters, and to apply the term plunder to tithes and Church property,—when she states that society is divided into the classes of those who plunder and those who are plundered,—she sanctions an exaggeration, and a misapplication of terms inexcusable in itself, and leading to consequences equally formidable and fatal.

A short sketch of a well-conceived tale is always a most unsatisfactory and tame performance. It is enough for us to state, that Miss Martineau has described the life and miseries of an Irish peasant family, from the improvident marriage, to the trial and conviction of the wife and mother, and the whiteboyism of the father. The chapters bear the titles of Irish Economy, Irish Liabilities, Irish Adventure, Irish Crime, Irish Retribution, Irish Responsibility, Irish Fatality, and Irish Disaffection. As incidental to the tale, the authoress discusses the relations of landlord and tenant, the questions of tithe and church property, the sub-letting act, the poor's laws, absenteeism, and population. These important subjects are handled with the view of showing 'how long a series of evils may befall individuals in a society constituted like that of Ireland, and by 'what a repetition of grievances its members are driven into 'disaffection and violence.' Miss Martineau apologizes for not having made 'a more thrilling and moving story of conspiracy,

‘rebellion, and slaughter, by weapon and by gibbet;’ but when in her few pages she has introduced fire, exile, shipwreck, insanity, transportation, and death, we really consider that her excuses are somewhat unnecessary, and out of place. It is related that a French traveller, on quitting Drury Lane Theatre, was asked whether he had seen a tragedy or comedy. ‘I know not,’ was the reply; ‘but there was one suicide, three murders, and a public execution, all represented on the stage.’ ‘Ah! mon ami,’ exclaimed his friend, ‘c’était une comédie; si la représentation était une tragédie vous auriez vu bien autre chose.’ It could only have been upon similar principles that Miss Martineau doubted whether her fiction was sufficiently tragic: it is precisely on opposite grounds that we think she is fairly open to criticism. We should willingly have spared many of her most affecting incidents, if she had given us more reason to hope, and if she had read to Ireland more practical lessons of improvement.

Let us then enquire whether hope can reasonably be entertained, and whether the lesson of improvement can profitably be read. Let us enquire what has been done, and what ought to be done. Let us examine the existing evils, and the impending dangers of Ireland; and, above all, let us examine the remedies which it becomes an honest Government, and a reformed Parliament, vigorously and unflinchingly to apply.

The protracted struggle of the Roman Catholics for Emancipation broke up in Ireland all the ordinary ties and obligations of society. As the political grievance was one generally felt, so the political agitation was general also. One universal confederation was formed of the Orange Societies and Brunswick Clubs on the one hand, and the Catholic Committees on the other. Nothing was viewed through a plain and a transparent medium; the prism of party coloured every object, and distorted every form. The club, the violent newspaper, the public meeting, the pomp of oratory, the parade of correspondence, the toil of petitioning, the collection of subscriptions, the duties of secretaries, chairmen, and treasurers,—these occupied the time and attention of all classes in the community. If a turbulent and excited peasantry were to be restrained, it was boasted that the influence of an orator was to effect this good purpose, and not the law of the land. If Orange processions were to be prohibited, the decree of a Grand Master, and not the proclamation of the Lord-lieutenant, was relied on. Officers and soldiers, formed into local corps of yeomanry, disregarded the orders they received, and contemned the Government which paid them. The peasantry, which scorned the enactments of

the statute-book, and the authority of the civil magistrate, adhered with fidelity, as of old, to the 'laws made on the hills,' and to the leaders of their own choice. Politics became to all an occupation and an excitement—to some they became a sport and an adventure—and to others, and not a few, a profitable speculation. All the ordinary motives of duty and of interest were superseded; and the whole social system of civilized life was replaced by a system purely artificial, in which power and responsibility were severed. The land and its inhabitants seemed doomed to pass through every vicissitude of being, with the exception of the state of repose. In public meetings, and in exaggerated declamation, the young and the ambitious saw the road to distinction. They saw men rise to professional honours and wealth, by claiming an unfortunate preeminence as party leaders. The corn exchange was the road to success in the four courts, and the cheers of the multitude were accompanied, or at least were followed, by the more solid rewards of briefs from the attorney, and fees from the client. On the other hand, the chambers and the purses of college tutors were filled by pupils who came up to the University, not only to study literature but politics at the feet of the Protestant Gamaliel. During the last year of the Duke of Wellington's administration, it was in the north, and on the part of the Orange population, that the greatest violence was displayed; and the Roman Catholics, though not positively tranquil, were, when considered relatively, obedient to the laws, and submissive. Under these circumstances, the change of government took place, and many of the old advocates for Irish interests fondly imagined that a period of repose would arise,—for it would betray an ignorance of Irish history, if we were to assert that a period of repose could, in Ireland, be said to return. It soon was found, however, that the change of government did not make the pleasure of excitement and agitation less to one party, nor diminish its profit to another. A state of excitement had become a second nature to the entire nation. As well might it have been expected that the Irish peasantry could at once have abjured whisky, as that the orators and their hearers, the collectors and receivers of rent and tribute, should have subsided into farmers, merchants, and lawyers, after having so long, and to such good purpose, foamed as patriots. Fresh grievances were sought for. New covers were beaten, and new game started; and the cry of these wild huntsmen has since been louder, and their course more devastating, than any described in the most powerful fictions of poetry. This state of things neither can nor ought to last;—it must either die a natural, or a violent death; it must cease

either by the combined operation of good government, and improved principles among the people, or it must lead to the fearful issue of civil war and convulsion. To produce the first of these alternatives, and to avert the second, ought to be the object not only of anxious desire, but of strenuous exertion on the part of all who wish well to Ireland, and who are desirous of maintaining for the British Empire her rank among the civilized nations of the world.

What then are the remedies?—as we have already said, Wisdom on the part of the Legislature, and Common Sense on the part of the people. Words few, but of mighty import. Let us therefore proceed to a more close analysis, and to a more accurate investigation. But, first, it is necessary to clear away a preliminary objection, loudly and vehemently urged by the discontented apostles of agitation. ‘We have been deceived by ‘the Whigs,’ they tell us; ‘that base and selfish party has no ‘sympathy for our sufferings, and no disposition to remove our ‘burdens. To all the vices of their Tory predecessors they add ‘the baser crime of hypocrisy; from them we have received no- ‘thing; and to them we can never look with either gratitude or ‘confidence; and therefore, through their agency, the first remedy ‘suggested, that of good government, can never be supplied.’ Heavy charges these, but somewhat lightly hazarded. Do the facts of history support this sweeping censure? Or rather, are not the falsehood and audacity of these calumnies proved by facts within the knowledge of the calumniators, unless they prefer being considered the most ignorant, rather than the most malignant of mankind? Some vindication of the Whigs is contained in one of the publications whose titles are prefixed to this article; but we are disposed to carry the vindication farther. We ask, who first dared to assert the principle of Irish independence? The Whig, Molyneux. Who excited, directed, and controlled, those national energies, which, by a bloodless revolution, successfully resisted and overthrew an usurped dominion? The Whigs, Charlemont and Grattan. Who first called upon the Imperial Parliament, in the words of truth and wisdom, to emancipate the Roman Catholic? The Whig, Fox. Who abandoned office sooner than renounce the principles of religious freedom? The Whigs, Grey, Lansdowne, and their colleagues. Who secured for Irish agriculture its freedom of trade; who wrung from a reluctant Government an enquiry into the abuses of the courts of justice; and who, both under adverse and friendly administrations, enforced the necessity of reforming the abuses of the Irish Church? The Whig, Newport. Who, in the midst of professional avocations, and in the

enjoyment of Parliamentary fame, secured to the Irish people the practical protection of a Grand Jury, exercising legally its important criminal duties? The Whig, Horner. What power led on the party in those glorious conflicts during the debates on the Catholic Association Bill? It was the 'might of Brongham.' With whom originated that searching enquiry, which, by truth and evidence, overthrew the prejudice and ignorance opposed to Catholic Emancipation? The Whig, Althorp. To sum up all, we refer boldly to the whole course of legislative proceedings from the year 1780; and we ask, where can be found one single important question in which the Whigs as a party, and the leaders of the Whigs individually, have not strenuously fought the battles of Ireland,—sacrificing office, surrendering the desires of personal distinction and of honourable ambition, risking the confidence of their Sovereign and of their constituents, for the assertion of a great principle, and with the hope of redressing the wrongs of an oppressed people? If the Whigs have not been the friends of the popular party, then has that party been without any friends: if parties, like individuals, are left without friends, it can only be from being undeserving of them. But Ireland has had friends, strenuous, brave, wise, and persevering. Those friends have been the Whigs. And yet we are now told, by the very party for whom they laboured, and whom they served, that nothing has been done,—that no gratitude is due,—and that all confidence in the Whigs, on the part of Ireland, is misplaced!

We can anticipate the reply of our opponents. Not contravening facts which they dare not, because they cannot, deny, they will tell us that ours has only been a recital of the glories of the first Temple; and that, since the accession of the Whigs to power, they have abjured their principles, and have altered their course. Here again we join issue with them; we put ourselves upon the country, and we claim a verdict.

If any impartial person will review the Parliamentary proceedings of the last two years, and consider the new code of constitutional law which is comprised in the English, Scotch, and Irish Reform Bills, and in the Boundary Bill;—and if it is farther remembered, that these great measures were destined to encounter an opposition the least candid, and the most uncompromising, that ever existed,—it might not be a matter of surprise to find that the ordinary stream of legislation had been somewhat checked and retarded. To enquirers, who asked in the language of reproach, What have the Whigs accomplished for Ireland? it might have been sufficient to answer, they have restored and reconquered, for the whole empire, its constitu-

tional liberties. But they have done much more; and even with regard to Ireland, where their difficulties were the greatest, a series of measures has been submitted to the Legislature, a very small proportion of which, under more favourable circumstances, and if submitted to calm and impartial investigation, would have sufficed to ensure the strength and popularity of any Irish Government. If the debates of both Houses since the Union are referred to, there can scarcely be found one suggestion made by the Whigs out of office,—scarcely a measure on which they relied for the improvement of Ireland, which they have not either carried, or endeavoured to carry, since their accession to power. On the 11th May, 1824, Lord Althorp moved for a committee to enquire into the state of Ireland, and in his speech he recapitulated the following subjects, as those which required the most earnest and immediate consideration : 1. The relation of Landlord and Tenant. 2. The want of Capital and Employment. 3. The Repeal of Taxes impeding the extension of Manufactures. 4. The subject of Grand Jury Presentments. 5. Tithes, and the Church Establishment. 6. Orange and Ribbon Associations. 7. Emancipation, and the admission of the Roman Catholics into a fair participation of office. If these subjects have been overlooked by men now in power, who, while in opposition, had pressed them upon the attention of Parliament, then indeed are the Whigs without claim upon the confidence of the people of Ireland: but if Lord Grey's Government has not only attended to all these questions, but to many others of the deepest practical importance, then Lord Althorp and his colleagues have some reason to complain, should the friends of sound, but liberal opinions, view their conduct with suspicion and distrust. Let us then examine their acts:—

1. *Law of Landlord and Tenant*.—Before the formation of the present Government, the Subletting Act had been passed,—intended, and, as we think, calculated, to remedy many of the evils of which the Irish occupiers of land had been the victims. This act had been recommended by writers and witnesses of all parties and opinions. But, when passed, it became the subject of local complaint, and of grievous misrepresentation. The repeal of the subletting act was called for with almost as much vehemence as the repeal of the penal laws. The object of this statute being the prevention of the system of subinfeudation, which destroyed all ties of interest and of duty between the occupiers and the proprietors of land, the statute itself became naturally unpopular among the powerful class of middlemen, to which the greater number of the loudest and most eloquent objectors belonged. These able, though not wholly impartial advocates,

who ought to have been examined on the *voir dire*, before their testimony was received, or their requests assented to, were strenuous in their objections. The calamitous consequences of the former system of managing Irish estates, are so well described by Miss Martineau, that we cannot resist making an extract from her first chapter: ‘Half Sullivan’s difficulties might have been avoided, if no one had stood between him and his landlord, and the other half if he had known how to make the best of his own resources. In the first place, the proprietors would never have thought of asking such a rent as L.8 per acre, and, in the next, he would have been so far considerate as to encourage Sullivan to improve the land; whereas the middleman, under whom Mr T. held the place, paid the landlord a moderate rent, and made his profit out of the higher rent he asked of Mr T., who, in his turn, did the same by Sullivan and his partners, so that the poorest tenant paid the most, and the landlord got the least; or, to put the matter in another light, the little farm was expected to support three families of tenants, and to pay rents to three landlords. Again, two of these landlords, having only a temporary interest in the place, cared only for getting as much out of it as they could while connected with it, and had no view to its improvement, or regard for its permanent value. This ruinous system has received a check by the operation of the subletting act, but not before it has inflicted severe injuries on the proprietors of the soil, and never-to-be-forgotten hardships on their tenantry.’ In this opinion we entirely concur. But the Legislature, in its anxiety to correct the evil, outstepped the bounds of justice and of expediency. The act had practically a retrospective operation, and it varied the existing rights of parties—affecting, if not the strict letter of their contracts, yet the force and interpretation of those contracts by courts of law. So far a real grievance existed; and the Government and the Legislature, by the 1st Wm. IV. c. 29, have remedied that grievance, still maintaining the principle of the original act. In this case, nothing was yielded to clamour or misrepresentation. That which was just was granted, and no more; and the result is, that no further complaints have been raised against the subletting act.

2. *The Want of Capital and of Employment.*—On the 30th March, 1831, the Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced his measure for the promotion of public works in Ireland. This measure was founded upon the Report of the Select Committee on the State of the Poor of Ireland, which sat in 1830, and was intended to supply capital, in the way of loans, for the purpose of promoting such useful works, as might not only give temporary

employment, but might increase the permanent demand for labour. A sum of half a million was voted for this purpose, and was made permanently available for purposes of Irish improvement. This grant exceeded in amount any sum which had been so appropriated since the Union, and it was regulated on much more liberal principles; for though it was to be employed in the shape of a loan, and not a gift, the loan, when repaid by one class of borrowers, was appropriated, and became strictly applicable to works of the same description elsewhere. Thus the principle is permanent; and there can be no doubt, from the spirit exhibited in the House of Commons, even by those who are the most jealous of public expenditure, that if this system is found to conduce to the general interests of Ireland, there will not be any indisposition to extend its operations further. The act of the 1st and 2d Wm. IV. c. 33, was passed to accomplish these objects; and though at the time there were to be found many who took upon themselves to prophesy the entire failure of the project, we have it in our power to undeceive those prophets of ill by an assurance, that experience has proved the entire falsehood of their predictions. Harbours, piers, roads, bridges, canals, drainages, and various other public works, are now in progress in several counties in Ireland, the commencement or completion of which is wholly ascribable to Lord Althorp's measure. But the efforts of the Government did not stop here. The Treasury took another and a still more important step. The Committee of 1830, adverting to the state of the Crown lands, and to the important consequences that must flow from the result of a well-considered and successful effort for their improvement, directed the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to take this subject into their immediate consideration. In the Treasury Minute of 21st January, 1831, it is stated, 'that this interposition on the part of the Crown 'may at once afford an example, and give a stimulus to the 'landed proprietors of Ireland, and may bring to the test of 'experiment, those various propositions of Parliamentary commissioners and committees, which recommend as an object of 'the highest national importance, the reclamation of the waste 'lands of Ireland.' These waste lands of Ireland exceed 5,000,000 of acres; and it appears, upon the authority of a Royal Commission, and of the most eminent practical engineers, that the greater part of this immense territory is capable of successful cultivation and improvement. Notwithstanding the evidence of these reports, no step was taken prior to 1832 to bring their recommendation to the test of experiment. It was proved before the Committee of 1830, that the Crown was possessed of moun-

tain lands in the south of Ireland, on which a trial might be made of the value of the engineers' recommendation. The Committee suggested that this trial should be made at the public expense. The Treasury laid down, for the first time, the important principle, that 'the Crown, in its capacity of landlord, should undertake the discharge of those duties which it is so important that the ordinary inheritors of landed estates should perform towards their respective tenantry.' Upon this basis, the Treasury directed the commencement of an extensive experiment in the county of Cork;—one which may be expected to lead to the application of private capital to the same object, and which may thus create an increased demand for labour, and may act most materially on the wealth and industry of the country. A statute has been subsequently passed to give a legislative sanction to these improvements; and the parties locally interested have come forward with ready cheerfulness, to contribute, from their own resources, towards a work liberally undertaken. If this work is successful, the consequences can scarcely be over-appreciated. Let it be but proved that these undertakings can be effected with a profit, and we may see 5,000,000 of acres brought into cultivation, and affording in wages means of support, and in reclaimed surface a means of settlement, for a great proportion of the unemployed people.

Nor has the more general developement of the great natural advantages of Ireland been overlooked or neglected. A Commission was appointed for the purpose of enquiring into the improvements which might be effected in the navigation of the Shannon, and in the cultivation of the adjacent country. The inland navigation of Ireland had been, within a few years, raised into great importance, by the introduction of steam-boats; but much remained to be done, for which both means and information were required. A Report has been presented to Parliament, showing what might be expected from a judicious expenditure of capital on the river Shannon, both with reference to the improvement of the navigation, and also to the reclaiming of vast tracts of land, now either inundated periodically by the floods of that noble river and its tributary streams, or rendered permanently incapable of cultivation, from the vast accumulation of water. This enquiry is completed, and is most curious and interesting in its results; proving in this, as in other branches of Irish affairs, how great have been the gifts of Nature, and how effectual the mischievous powers of man. The state of things described in these Reports is strongly characteristic of the condition of the whole of Ireland. Continual jealousy and warfare exist between the parties interested in the

upper and lower waters. The former destroy the spawning salmon of the river of their rivals; the latter consume the eel fry, and thus repay the debt. The police are called out with muskets and bayonets to determine civil rights; and in some instances a few eel weirs, wholly useless to the proprietors, keep the waters at an unnatural and forced elevation, and inundate hundreds and thousands of acres, exclude labour from the market, and deprive honest industry of its excitement and of its reward. This statement is a perfect illustration of the feuds and contests between the contending parties of Ireland, and of those struggles in which neither of the combatants can gain, and in which the country has been for ages a great and permanent loser.

3. *Repeal of Taxes.*—One of the most important relations between a Government and the people, is the connexion, or perhaps we should say the opposition, between the payers and the imposers of taxes. That which more immediately comes home to their hearts and bosoms, is frequently less considered than that which touches their purses and their banker's book. On this subject the Irish are particularly susceptible; and in 1829 they had been thrown into a ferment by some of the last propositions of the Duke of Wellington's Government. In that year, Mr Goulbourn had proposed two measures for increasing the duty on stamps and spirits in Ireland, which met with the most determined opposition both in and out of Parliament. The result was, that, unable to succeed, he was compelled to withdraw his unpopular taxes. The financial propositions made by Lord Althorp in 1831 were of a very opposite character as affecting Irish interests; and in the selection of taxes for repeal, the choice of the Whig Government was such, as to entitle them to the utmost gratitude from every class of the community in Ireland. No complaints had been louder than those that had been addressed to the House of Commons against the peculiar hardships of the Coal Tax. The tax was stated, with some plausibility, to be an infraction of the articles of Union. It was objected to, with more truth, as throwing an artificial impediment in the way of Irish industry and Irish manufactures. This tax, against which petitions from Dublin, Belfast, and all the principal towns of Ireland, had been presented, was totally repealed by Lord Althorp; and the brewers, distillers, and the proprietors of flax and cotton mills on the Northern and Eastern shores, were enabled at once to meet their British rivals on fairer and more equal terms. The next measure of relief was almost equally important, although its benefits depended on a very different principle. The Irish cotton manufactures had suffered, in consequence of the existence

of the duty on printed goods in Great Britain, and of the consequent forced competition produced by the drawback system. Goods of the worst qualities were frequently thrown in great quantities on the Irish market, and were sometimes fraudulently made up for the sake of the drawback. The relief given to England in the repeal of these duties, was felt as an equal relief to Ireland also; and the effect of the repeal has been to encourage and promote that division of labour, which establishes certain branches of industry in the different parts of the empire, and thus adds to the prosperity of all. Two other financial propositions were made; it was not by the act of the Government that they failed, and both would have been most useful to Ireland. The Irish Window Tax had been reluctantly abandoned some years previously, but the subsequent introduction of the Excise duty on glass had re-enacted what had been so lately before repealed. The re-enactment not only oppressed the consumer, but it checked the energy and ingenuity of the manufacturer, by subjecting his trade to legislative control and interference. The Government proposed that these duties should cease. The equalisation of the Timber duties would also have been peculiarly useful to Ireland. A country which is obliged to import all the timber required for its own consumption, and in which, to use a phrase of Lord Plunkett, 'the building of every good house is a pledge for tranquillity, and for British connexion,' is most particularly interested in commanding the best supply, and that on the cheapest terms. Neither was it improbable, but that the opening of the Baltic Timber trade might have restored other commercial connexions, which formerly subsisted to a very considerable extent between Ireland and the North of Europe.

4. *Commerce and Manufactures.*—In several other incidental questions, the Government have marked the utmost anxiety to promote Irish interests, and in one case to an extent not quite agreeable to some of our Highland countrymen. The malt drawback upon whisky, which, at the period of its first enactment, was intended to diminish the inducement to smuggling, by introducing a more active competition of duty-paid spirits, was found to act to the prejudice of the Irish distillers, and of the revenue. A select committee was appointed to consider the question; and the result of the enquiry was, an alteration of the law, which could not but prove most advantageous to the Irish distillers. As strong partisans of *Glenlivet*, in preference to *Innishowen*—admiring our Scotch heather infinitely more than the Irish turf bog—we may have some reason to object to this decision; but that it should not have satisfied

the victors in this contest, is too absurd. The defeated party is, by prescription, authorized to complain; but the successful litigant has no right to lose his temper when he has gained his cause. We have already alluded to the removal of the Coal Tax; but this repeal would not have been felt as a full measure of relief, had the restrictive laws, and the regulations controlling the proceedings of buyer and seller, continued in force. These absurd laws have been all repealed, and in a manner equally consonant with justice and with sound policy.

Another measure of the Government has been of extreme importance, though confined in its operation to the port of Dublin. The docks of that city had been executed by Parliament, but, since 1825, had been leased to private individuals, who received a rent from the merchants. A heavy tax was thus imposed on the trade of Dublin. It has been determined by the present Board of Treasury, that no rent shall be in future charged for these docks, beyond the moderate payments required in order to provide for their maintenance and repairs: this object, so long contended for by the Irish mercantile interest, has frankly and unreservedly been conceded.

We have thus recapitulated some of the measures of finance and of commercial regulation which have been carried by the present administration, and we venture to defy our opponents, whether Conservatives or Repealers, to name any other period of two years, in which so much of practical good has been effected.

5. *Grand Jury Laws* —The bill introduced by Mr Stanley in the former Session, for the purpose of correcting the abuses of the Grand Jury Laws, and which is still pending before Parliament, seems to contain within it an effectual remedy for the iniquitous system of jobbing, which, to a late period, had degraded the gentry, and debased the peasantry of Ireland. It is proposed to bring a local expenditure of L.800,000, equal to one-fifth of the national revenue, under scientific and professional control; and to abstract it from the favouritism and partiality of those in whom its administration had been vested. It is proposed to enforce an open system of contract, the payment of wages in money, the benefit of direct responsibility connected with publicity, and the efficient check and economy which result from the superintendence of engineers appointed by the executive government. It is impossible too highly to estimate the consequences of these improvements. The corruption of a government is not so fatal to the morals of a people, or so destructive to the political system, as local corruption. The latter is brought more immediately in contact with the people. It de-

prives the gentry and the magistracy of their best claims to respect and reverence. The innocent are suspected by reason of the avowed profligacy of the guilty. The present generation suffers in public estimation for the offences of those who have preceded them; and the more important functions of jurors and magistrates in criminal matters, are exposed to obloquy and contempt owing to the real or supposed misapplication of their financial powers. It is for the correction of these evils that the measures of the Government are intended, and there seems no reason to doubt their efficiency.

Various other measures of great importance were proposed and carried during the last two eventful sessions; and each of them would, in the days that are past, have been considered as a triumph or as a boon, according to the spirit in which they had been proposed and received. Three committees were appointed to enquire into questions important to the local interests of Ireland. These enquiries were undertaken by independent members of Parliament, but their labours were assisted by the Government. The severity of the criminal code was mitigated in several most important particulars, by the statute introduced by Mr Stanley. The statement of local distress in Connaught was no sooner made than relieved. The case of that most estimable class, the Presbyterian clergy of the North, was not overlooked, and the vote for their support was considerably and most wisely augmented. The folly and violence of parties in Ireland, by which certain anniversaries had been devoted to turbulence and bloodshed, were effectually restrained; the Party Processions Bill was passed; and the respective retainers of St Patrick and of King William were bound, under heavy recognisances, to keep the peace. As an additional protection, and for the purpose of ensuring a more adequate civil organization, as well as a more direct responsibility, Lords-licutenants of counties were appointed by law. A most salutary improvement was thereby carried into full effect, and one which has undoubtedly given satisfaction to all, except to the friends of monopoly and of exclusion; or to that class of the factious who detest a remedy, because they love the grievance, which adds to their power and influence.

6. *Education.*—A more difficult task remained to be undertaken, and one which former governments had been vainly called on to fulfil. We allude to the question of general Education. No subject has occupied more attention than the public education of the poorer classes. No remedy has been more confidently relied on; and, therefore, no duty had been more vehemently enforced, than the necessity of making a provision

for general instruction. As the course pursued by the present Government has been made matter of the most serious attack, and as the principles upon which it has acted may be considered as a fair example of the policy pursued in Ireland, we feel it our duty to bring this subject distinctly before the notice of our readers; in order that the public (if they have not already done so) may be enabled to pronounce between the Ministry and their detractors.

In an earlier Number, (vol. xliii. p. 197,) we took occasion to explain at some length the history of education in Ireland. Referring our readers to that article, it will be for the present sufficient for us to give a rapid sketch of the course of proceedings adopted by the Irish Parliament, as well as by the legislature of the United Kingdom. By the act of the 28 Henry VIII., the necessity of establishing parochial schools throughout Ireland, is not only admitted, but the clergy are required, under heavy penalties and disqualifications, to carry this statute into effect. ‘An oath is required to be administered to every clergyman at ordination,’ observes the Bishop of Exeter, ‘and another at institution, that he will keep, or cause to be kept, a school for to learn English.’* We quote this authority, because there have been some prelates who affect to treat this statute as obsolete and in desuetude. We shall not pause to observe upon the manner in which these obligations have been performed, as it is our earnest wish to avoid, as far as practicable, all subjects of irritation; but it is important to remark, that no distinctive or sectarian principles were laid down by the early statutes as applicable to these parochial schools. (See 1st Report of Commissioners.) In the reign of Elizabeth, the education of the middle and higher classes was provided for by law; diocesan schools were established, and were thus made supplemental to the parochial schools of Henry VIII. During the subsequent reigns of the Stuarts, various establishments of royal foundation were endowed with considerable revenues: on this single point the policy of Charles and of Cromwell was the same. In the reigns of William and of Anne, the principles of legislation partook of the intolerance of that period. If a Roman Catholic kept a school in Ireland, he was subjected to penalty; if he sought education abroad, still heavier penalties awaited him. The acquisition of knowledge being prohibited by law, the public, as just as it was enlightened, reproached the Roman Catholics with an ignorance forced on them by their

* Speech in Lords, March 22, 1832, p. 19.

oppressors, and not of their own creation. Next arose the system of proselytism. Protestant charter schools were set as traps, and baited by the bounty of private zeal, and by the lavish expenditure of public money. At various periods before the Union, members of the Government, as well as of the Opposition, introduced, though they did not succeed in enforcing, measures for the diffusion of knowledge throughout Ireland. The propositions of Secretary Orde and of Mr Grattan were deserving of particular attention. The horrors of the Rebellion of 1798, arrested the progress of all improvement; and to the Imperial Parliament was left the task of discharging one of the most important duties which the people can require, or the legislature execute.

But this duty was not quite as easy as it was important. In Parliamentary proceedings we frequently find enquiries substituted for enactments; and the heavy folios of a report, and the large salaries paid to commissioners, are left as the only records of intentions good, but unfulfilled, and of pledges and engagements imperfectly redeemed. In 1807 and 1826, Royal Commissions were issued, and important suggestions made; and in the meanwhile public money was annually voted, and its distribution was made the matter of annual complaint. The spirit of religious fanaticism, at this period, mingled itself with the spirit of political rancour. Well-meaning, but most misguided zealots, revived the theological disputes of the middle ages. In court-houses and market-places, these missionaries and the priests engaged in polemical discussions,—reviving the follies of the conferences at Hampton-Court. These discussions were carried on, not in the assemblies of the doctors, or the schools of learning, but in the presence of excited thousands. The reproaches of heresy and of idolatry were bandied from side to side; and these combats, in which the peasants were accustomed to consider their priests as at once aggrieved and victorious, ceased to be ridiculous, by becoming fatal to the peace of society and to the cause of Christian charity. These silly exhibitions, where pedantic references to the writings of the Fathers were held in greater honour than the mild principles of the Gospel, were repeated throughout Ireland. In some places they were treated with silent contempt; in others, with indignation. In all, proselytism was inculcated as a duty; and even the name and privileges of Christianity were denied, by religious itinerants, to the bulk of the people, among whom they sought to diffuse their opinions. We doubt whether the violence of the Orange or the Roman Catholic agitators was more fatal to the best interests of society, than was this spirit of perverted

religious zeal. It gave a new character to the Roman Catholic priesthood; it completed the estrangement of the sects which political injustice had begun; it embittered all those sources from which a united and contented people might have derived refreshment and health. Its most formidable effect was upon the subject of Education. Proselytism thus inculcated as a duty on the one hand, became justly regarded as a danger by the opposing sect. The schools of the Kildare Place Society, supported as they were by liberal grants of the public purse, were made the chief scenes of contention; and the compulsory reading of the Scriptures became the watchword of party, and a cause of the most exaggerated and malignant exasperation. The priests appealed to the terrors of another world. The fanatical landlord or minister had recourse to the agency of threats and of temporal punishment. The unfortunate peasant had only to choose between excommunication and ejection. All this mischief was consummated with the aid of the public purse; and it was complained of as most unreasonable on the part of the Roman Catholics, that they would not place implicit faith in a system of which Lord Roden, Mr Lefroy, and Captain Gordon, were the avowed and vehement advocates and supporters. We should like to know whether any good Protestants would give implicit confidence, and intrust the religious education of their children, to Bishop Doyle and Mr O'Connell.

Such was the practical state of things on the formation of the present Government in 1830. A determination was then called for. The Government were compelled to withdraw all public aid whatsoever from schools—to adhere to the system of their predecessors,—or to lay down, apply, and vindicate new and better principles. The first might have been the safer course, but it would have been dastardly and pusillanimous. If any class of public men, to save themselves from political inconvenience, could have been so base as to shrink from the performance of one of the first of all moral and political duties, the contempt of the wise and the good ought to have been their portion for ever. To adopt the second course, though not so weak, would have been still more wicked. The difficult task of providing for the people of Ireland a wise and liberal system of Education was therefore undertaken. The risks and dangers of such an attempt were obvious, but from those dangers neither the Government nor the Legislature shrunk back. The Government, adopting in its essential points the recommendation of the Parliamentary Committee of 1828, proposed to establish schools throughout Ireland, upon the following principles:—

1. That Protestant and Roman Catholic children should be instructed in the same schools.

2. That, during their combined literary instruction, extracts from the Scriptures should be provided.

3. That separate hours should be fixed for the religious instruction of the children of the respective persuasions, under the care of their pastors.

No sooner was this plan publicly made known, than clamour, falsehood, and misrepresentation were all pressed into the service of the opponents of the Government. The new system of Education was branded with all those epithets which the fervour of theological hatred can alone supply, and which faction can alone condescend to use. By Lord Roden it was alleged to an excited multitude in the North, that the Government intended to deprive their children of the Scriptures; and innumerable Bibles, produced for the occasion, were at once brandished in defiance of the impious attempt. At other meetings, the mutilation of the Scriptures was condemned as a sacrifice made to the demands of Popery and Socinianism. In the House of Lords an accusation was made, that the Chief Secretary for Ireland had taken out of the hands of the parochial clergy the right and duty of superintending the religious instruction of the poor, and had thus exercised 'something very like a dispensing power,' with respect to the statute law of the land. It was stated in reply, that in the hours of separate religious instruction, the study of the Sacred Scriptures might be pursued under the direction of the clergy of the respective persuasions; that the study of Scripture extracts during the time of combined instruction, so far from being a mutilation of the Bible, was precisely the plan which every reasonable parent would pursue with his own children; and that so far from any exclusion of the clergy from the sacred offices of their ministry, every possible facility was given to enable those offices to be performed with effect. The fact cannot be denied, that a much larger and a more careful provision is made for religious and Scriptural instruction under this new system, than exists in the great majority of colleges and schools throughout the United Kingdom. No answer, however conclusive, was admitted as satisfactory; the cry of *Anathema Maranatha* was raised against Lord Grey and his Government; the thrice-refuted lie was repeated again and again, till the public were wearied by the charge and its contradiction. Every weapon was employed, from the clumsy sledge-hammer of Captain Gordon, to the polished but poisoned Malay krese, which was unsheathed by a more artful clerical hand. The enlightened and liberal Archbishop of Dublin, Dr Whately, was declared un-

worthy of confidence, because, without undervaluing the authority of the Christian Sabbath, he had applied his learning and intelligence to trace its origin to the practice under the New Dispensation rather than to the Mosaic Law. A charge unequivocally retracted in public, is sily repeated in print; and to support the cause of sophistry and delusion, an argument is printed and circulated, in which facts, dates, and opinions, are so adroitly perverted, separated, and combined, as to lead to inferences the very reverse of the truth. That our readers may not charge us with exaggeration, we shall only refer to one single passage in the pamphlet which purports to be a report of the Speech of the Lord Bishop of Exeter. The resolutions of the Select Committee of 1828 are referred to, and the following quotation is made for the purpose of proving that the new system of Education differs from that which was formerly recommended, in so far as it does not enforce the reading of the whole New Testament in schools, during the time of combined literary instruction: ‘Resolved, that copies of the New Testament, &c., shall be provided for the use of the children, to be read in school, &c.; the established version for the use of Protestants, and the version published by the Roman Catholic bishops, for the children of that persuasion.’

Now, we confess, that we looked at the &c. in this quotation with considerable mistrust; we felt confident that something was expressed by this symbol, which it might not have been quite so convenient to set forth in words. We, therefore, referred to the original document, and our suspicions were more than realized when we found that the editors of the Right Reverend Prelate’s speech had contrived, by the paltry insertion of the *et cetera*, to suppress words essential to the fair statement of the case. The sentence, as it ought in common truth to have been quoted, should have run—‘Copies of the New Testament shall be provided for the use of the children, to be read in school in the hours of separate religious instruction.’

These important words are all represented by the &c., and their fraudulent omission was intended to prove a contrast, where there existed a coincidence. This omission, which ingeniously combines the *suggestio falsi* with the *omissio veri*, will, we doubt not, excite the indignation of the learned Prelate against his most disingenuous editors, to whom he can with truth apply his own eloquent words,—‘this is not of English, it is not of Protestant origin—the taint of Jesuit is strong upon it,

“ ‘The offence is rank; it smells to Heaven.’ ”

. We therefore strongly recommend the learned Prelate to dis-

card an editor who would practise so contemptible an artifice ; for, till this is done, we tell him that he will be exposed to many suspicions, and become the victim of a misconception, which it will require all his known integrity of principle, and frankness and simplicity of character, entirely to overcome.

We have thus described in a few words the plan of the Government ; we have alluded to some of the difficulties to which its adoption has exposed them ; and we have felt this to be necessary, not only because we seek to impress on our Irish countrymen the extent of obligation which they owe to those whom the zealots are disposed to attack and to revile ; but also because, in a religious community such as our own, the charge of having excluded the young from a knowledge of the sacred Scriptures, or from access to them, would be formidable if it were true. The charge has been hazarded, but it has been refuted ; and it will appear a matter of astonishment hereafter, that the House of Lords should have been called upon to ‘ put away this ‘ plan of education as an accursed thing, and to take no part in ‘ this unhallowed work.’ It will appear a matter of still greater surprise, that among the assembled Peers of England, the monarch of these realms should, because of his consent to this just and liberal system of Education, have been warned by a Prelate of the Church, in the misapplied words of Scripture, ‘ Because ‘ thou hast rejected the words of the Lord, He also hath rejected ‘ thee from being King over Israel.’ A time will come, when, in reference to these wicked follies, incredulity will replace disgust and indignation. Now, the facts only appear credible, because we have a full and accurate knowledge, as contemporaries, of the motives and characters of the principal performers.

7. Tithes and Church Property.—In the last session, Mr Stanley introduced a measure relating to Tithes and Church Property, which, but a few years back, would have been hailed as one of incalculable benefit. We allude to the general commutation of tithes, accompanied as it was with provisions, throwing this burden prospectively upon landlords, and enabling the latter to extinguish the charge upon most advantageous terms. We do not, however, pretend to say that the measure was, as a whole, perfect ; but we deny that, in any respect, it merited the vehement and unjust opposition by which it was assailed. Had its opponents possessed much wisdom or much forbearance, they must have seen that a great and important step in advance was taken ; that whatever was ultimately decided with respect to the property of the Irish Church, an accurate knowledge of the nature and extent of that property was the first thing needful. The opponents of the measure should have made some allow-

ances for the extreme difficulty in which this question was necessarily involved. But political charity, like political justice, is a rare characteristic; and the great object of exciting discontent and agitation would have been lost, had the people of Ireland been permitted to look up with respect to the law, with gratitude to the Government, and with hope to the deliberations of Parliament. It was therefore in vain that Mr Stanley, by seconding Sir J. Newport's motion respecting first fruits, pledged himself to the removal of the odious and dangerous vestry assessments. It was in vain that Lord Althorp stated that the nomination to the bishopric of Derry was made subject to the future revision of the Legislature. It was in vain that the Tithe Bill was defended as being the best method by which Parliament could obtain an accurate knowledge and an efficient control over Church property. The denunciations of the agitators went forth; the doctrines of passive resistance were preached; the example of passive resistance was set; legal opinions were promulgated, capable of the most mischievous application; and confusion and dismay overspread some of the fairest provinces of Ireland. We cannot allude without indignation to these proceedings; we cannot express with adequate scorn our sense of the perversion of common reason, and the absence of common principle, which characterised this agitation. The doctrine of passive resistance, thus industriously preached to the peasantry, has done more to shake the whole framework of society, than years of peace and good government can ever remedy. Passive obedience was interpreted to mean a right to oppose all law—to overturn all property—and to endanger, if not to destroy, life. 'I will not smite thee, friend,' the Quaker is supposed to have said, according to the old chronicler, 'but I will shove thee.' The one punishment was, however, found to be as effectual as the other. The legal orders of magistrates were disobeyed; and this was called passive resistance. Persons discharging their legal obligations were threatened with death; and this was called passive resistance. The clergyman and the obnoxious farmer were deserted by their labourers, and left without the means of saving their harvest; and this was still passive resistance. All dealing with persons under sentence of civil excommunication was prohibited;—this, too, was passive resistance. The whole was calmly recommended in furious declamation, and the consequences were as certain as they were fatal. We say that this is no passive resistance, but an active conspiracy; and that it leads to the very boundary and limits of treason, if it does not overstep them. It no more partakes of the nature of constitutional resistance, than an Irish shillelagh resem-

bles the sword of the giant hung up within the sanctuary. Feverish and excited minds may deceive themselves into the delusion, that changes of the law may be enforced on the Legislature by such unjustifiable means; but this delusion can only exist among the weak and unthinking, or among the corrupt and dangerous. It is the blessing and the safety of our constitution, that it contains within itself the means of effecting all real improvements and reform; and those who seek to propagate their principles, and to realize their hopes, by these doctrines of passive resistance, admit the weakness of their cause, and appeal, not to law, but to revolution. The doctrines of passive resistance, so applied, are but the gentle preparatives for the exertion of physical force. The multitude is called in to overpower the authority of law and of opinion; and the ancient war-cry of the Thomonds, 'The strongest hand uppermost,' becomes a happy substitute for the decisions of the Judges, and the enactments of the Legislature.

Our readers will thus have seen, by comparing the principles laid down by Lord Althorp in 1824, with the measures of the present Government, that every effort has been already made to redeem those pledges which were given both in and out of office. We have been tedious in our statements, but the case required a full exposition of facts as well as of opinions. It is due to Parliament, it is due to the Government, it is due to the Public, that the declamation which attributes insincerity to public men, and want of sympathy to the legislature, should not be left without a distinct reply and a direct contradiction. The recitals of Irish wrongs are so incessant that an incredulity is almost produced with respect to any acts done for the relief of Ireland. At times we are almost tempted to believe that the Penal Code was enacted and not repealed in our times. Queen Elizabeth and James the First are produced in court as witnesses against our reigning Sovereign; and the deputy Lord Grey is called forth to prosecute the present First Lord of the Treasury. We doubt not but the severities of Lord Stafford may in like manner be appealed to as the proper mode of demonstrating the mismanagement of Lord Fitzwilliam's estates. The strongest proof we can furnish that the real grievances of Ireland are reduced both in number and in degree is the conduct of the agitators themselves. The cry for the repeal of the Union proves the difficulty of finding other means of agitating the public mind. This cry has been raised for obvious purposes of personal ambition; it has been effective at some elections; it has introduced into Parliament a small knot of politicians, pledged to Repeal on the Hustings, but who dare not bring the question to issue before an

intelligent and deliberative assembly. The question of Repeal may serve as a stimulant to the passions of an ignorant multitude; but to the possessors of property, to the agriculturist, to the merchant, to the manufacturer of Ireland, the advantages of a union with a rich and powerful country are so numberless, and so incontrovertible, that by a simple reference to facts the whole case of the Repealers is overthrown. In this conflict the figures of arithmetic will ultimately triumph over all the figures of speech.

Our readers will thus perceive, that although Parliament has been called upon to pass severe and restrictive measures, the more gratifying duties of legislation have not been neglected. Our readers will perceive, that it is not true that Irish interests have been neglected; it is not true that pledges have been violated; it is not true that it is on penal laws that the British People, the British Legislature, and the Government, exclusively rely. We admit that all parties must persevere in the good work of reforming Irish abuses. The great measure of Church Reform, which is now under the consideration of Parliament, is the best pledge of security that can be given to the people of Ireland. To bring that establishment within those proper dimensions which may render it efficient for the purposes of ecclesiastical discipline, and of religious instruction, is an object as important to the interests of the public as to those of the Church itself. We shall regard the progress of this bill with the most anxious attention. Its success is not only important to the Protestants of Ireland, but to their English brethren. If the higher functionaries of the Church mistake their true interests, the peril to themselves is imminent. Let not the battle of Canterbury and York be fought on the hills of Erris and of Cunnemara. Let the English Church take up a safer position, where real protection will be afforded, not only in the purity of her doctrines, and the zeal and piety of her ministers, but in the respect of a consenting people. We do not mean by this to suggest that any sacrifice should be made of the real and essential interests of others to secure our own. We do not wish that one dignitary should be abolished, or one benefice reduced, necessary for the religious instruction of Irish Protestants. But an overgrown establishment disproportionate in wealth and in numbers, produces weakness and not strength. Our confidence in an honest Government, and in a Parliament representing the sound judgment of the people, forbids any feelings of doubt with respect to the ultimate success of this measure. The same vigour which has been displayed in coercion, must be applied in remedial measures also.

It may be asked, if wisdom and benevolence have thus characterised the acts of the Legislature and of the Government, have those acts been successful? We cannot answer this question in the affirmative. So far as the condition of Ireland is represented by her trade, her agriculture, and her financial resources, a progressive improvement has clearly taken place. But within the disturbed districts, (and those districts are unfortunately not circumscribed by any narrow limits,) threats, violence, unbounded license, cruelty and assassination, usurp the powers of the law, fetter personal liberty, reduce the tenure of all property to a tenancy at will, and impede or pervert the administration of justice. We refer our readers for proof of the assertion, not only to the masterly speeches of Mr Stanley and of Sir R. Peel, but to the admissions of Mr O'Connell. Had the Legislature refused to interpose, it would have abdicated its most sacred functions; it would have become a criminal accessory to offences which it declared its unwillingness to repress, or its incompetence to punish. The bill which has so lately become law, was justified on these principles. The prolonged discussion which that bill experienced renders its provisions familiar to all our readers. Those provisions are not only vigorous but despotic. They amount to a virtual supercession of the British constitution in certain cases. This is admitted on all sides. But what has been too much forgotten is the fact, that this statute is intended, not in substitution for liberty, but for a despotism the most cruel, the most revolting, and the most irresponsible. We prefer the arbitrary powers which this bill vests in the executive, to the cruel tyranny practised by the insurgents. Those who objected the most to the provisions of the act, were unable to suggest any wiser and equally effective alternative. The question *quid melius?* was often asked, and has never received an answer. The members of the overwhelming majority by which this act was carried have been reproached as enemies to freedom, and have been threatened with appeals to their constituents. They need not fear such appeals. The people of England will never sympathize with murderers and incendiaries. The people of England will never permit Captain Rock and Lieutenant Starlight to claim an impunity refused to Swing and General Lud. But, this measure now carried, both the British people and the British legislature are bound to demand a wise exercise of these discretionary powers, and an immediate attention to the wants and necessities of Ireland. A better organization of the police must be provided; corporate monopoly and abuses swept away; city sheriffs must no longer be permitted to traffic in the formation of juries; the exactions of tolls and cus-

toms must be extinguished; a cheap and effectual tribunal for the settlement of intestacies and wills established; the oppressive prerogative process of Custodiam restrained; the public charities revised and extended, and greater facilities for the prosecution of offenders and the detection of crime must be given. These are the subjects which should engage the attention of the Irish Government; and on all these questions appropriate measures should be introduced without one hour's delay. We have not alluded to the proposition of a Poor's Law for Ireland, because we feel that question to require a separate and a most careful discussion.

When we are asked what is further to be done, and what course can safely be pursued, we admit that the question is far easier to put than to answer. We have stated many obvious and important remedies; but to give a detailed reply, even if we could imagine ourselves capable of solving a problem, which, from the days of Spenser to the present time, has occupied the attention of many of the wisest and the best, would be at once to frame a code, and to lay down rules for its administration. It is with principles only that we can pretend to deal. The bill for suppressing disturbances being passed, the next and most immediate duty is, as we have stated, to correct as far as is possible all real abuses. Those measures of reform which are recommended by wisdom should be freely and generously conceded. No miserable fears should arrest the progress of improvement; no wretched half measures should be palmed upon the Legislature as measures of relief. There should be no issue of base money or clipped coin from the national Mint, but all that is put into circulation should be of sterling fineness and of standard weight. Not a grievance should be left to be discovered (for redressed it would not be) by the demagogue. The ground should be preoccupied by Parliament and by the Executive. All that is just should be done; then, and not till then, can what is unjust be successfully resisted. This course taken, the hand which has been outstretched for succour and protection, may be armed to repress and to punish. A Government which has proved itself wise and beneficent, should be allowed to wield all the energies of the nation. Neither promises nor blandishments should divert those who are charged with great public duties, from affording a full protection to life and to property; neither sycophancy nor threats should induce a departure from the straight and direct road of obvious duty. The answer of the Roman soldier should furnish the British Government with a reply. Οὐκ ἔστις με το χριστιον ἐκινῆσει, οὐτε σημερον ΤΟ ΘΗΡΙΟΝ. To that Government we would therefore say,—Be just, and fear not. The Legislature should

maintain the calmness and tranquillity of power and wisdom. Unswayed by passion, unmoved by temper, not dispirited by disappointment, careless of ingratitude and unjust reproach, it should scatter that 'celestial seed,' which, whether it germinates in the present or in a succeeding year, must eventually bring forth a fruitful harvest, a hundred and a thousand fold. To the Irish themselves great and practical duties belong. The honourable band of Irish Whigs, who have been throughout the enemies of unjust monopoly on the one hand, and of intemperate violence on the other, are but few in number. They stand as it were on a narrow isthmus, against the opposite shores of which the contending elements continue to beat. They have scarcely a dry spot on which to rest the soles of their feet. But they need not be discouraged. Those principles which for the time are honoured by attacks from violent men on all sides, will finally become a rallying point for the virtuous and the patriotic. Let the old Protestant party forget their unjust pretensions. To restore the dynasty of the ascendancy is as impossible as to reanimate Professor Sedgewick's *Icthyosauri*, or to form a Tory ministry. Let them forget their Orange lodges, and remember that they too have a country: let them seek their religion rather in the precepts of the gospel than in the speeches of Mr Boyton. We do not despair of the great mass of the northern Protestants, when once they are persuaded that it is in vain for them to seek the restoration of their unjust and exclusive powers. They will finally discover that Ireland requires the performance of higher duties than toasting the Glorious Memory, and singing the Protestant Boys. Whilst the craft was in danger, great was the struggle at Ephesus; but when the shrines were destroyed, Alexander the coppersmith became a good subject. Under a just, but a most firm and determined Government, we do not abandon all hopes of witnessing the conversion even of the agitators. 'Scared at the sound themselves have made,' they may,—indeed they must, become sensible of the disreputable position in which they are placed. When they find among the trophies of their conquests, and the memorials of their exciting eloquence, the knife of the assassin and the torch of the incendiary on the one hand, and the gibbet and the convict ship on the other, they must pause, even if they cannot repent. It is in vain that they will appeal to their cautions against violence, when their language has been one continued and perpetual excitement. They cannot deceive others, even if successful in self-deception. Abelard might have lectured on philosophy, but the instruction his pupil imbibed was passion. This cannot last. To some few the game

may be a profitable one; but among the class are to be found generous and noble spirits,—men born to better hopes, and capable of more enlarged duties. Upon them the hour of waking will yet come, and they will emancipate themselves from a new penal code, as cruel and as intolerant as that of Queen Anne. A new consciousness of what is due to themselves and to their country, will be the first fruits of their personal independence. Responsibility, they will find, is not affixed solely on public men and legislators. There is no responsibility so great as that assumed by popular leaders. The law of the land may not define, nor the decrees of courts of justice enforce it; but, though less tangible, it is equally operative. He who foment and excites the passions of a susceptible populace,—he who seeks to accomplish even legitimate objects by the violence of physical force, may fall a victim, but he can never be honoured as a martyr. Failing, he becomes contemptible; and if unfortunately successful, his success too is but momentary; the pack that he has cheered on after their common prey, soon seek for other game; and he ends by being run down and torn to pieces by his own blood-hounds.

THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW.

JULY, 1833.

N^o. CXVI.

ART. I.—1. *The Wife, a Tale of Mantua. A Play in Five Acts.*

By JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. London: 1833.

2. *Report from the Select Committee on Dramatic Literature, with the Minutes of Evidence. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 1832.*

WE remember with pleasure the commendation with which Mr Knowles's first play, 'Virginus,' was hailed ten years ago in this Journal; and with greater pleasure shall we now bestow a still warmer commendation on his last dramatic piece, 'The Wife.' It is, as we had hoped to find it, better than the first—equal, if not superior, in force and spirit—and decidedly superior in execution. Its author is, indeed, the most successful dramatist of the day. Within the last two years he has produced two plays which have combined the greatest literary merit with the most unequivocal success upon the stage. 'The Hunchback' and 'The Wife' deserve a permanent station in our drama. We trust they will retain it, and we shall be well pleased if he shall contribute many other pieces possessing equal claims to that distinction. We would sincerely encourage him to proceed; for in the whole circle of authorship we see none more likely to produce well-written plays,—interesting and effective in representation, and such as good taste and good feeling can approve.

We shall not analyze the plot of 'The Wife,' or enter into a detailed exposition of its incidents. Such an exposition is always tedious, and gives little more idea of the real spirit and beauty of a play, than an enumeration of the colours employed impresses us with any true notion of the merit of a picture. Let it suffice to say, that the story is interesting, simply constructed, and naturally unfolded, and does not contain more improbability than our imaginative faith is willing to submit to. Instead of explaining the plot, we will hasten to give specimens of the text; and they shall be such as will explain themselves.

' *Lorenzo*. How grew your passion ?

' *Mariana*. As my stature grew,
Which rose without my noting it, until
They said I was a woman. I kept watch
Beside what seem'd his death-bed. From beneath
An avalancho my father rescued him,
The sole survivor of a company
Who wander'd through our mountains. A long time
His life was doubtful, Signor, and he call'd
For help, whence help alone could come, which I,
Morning and night, invoked along with him.—
So first our souls did mingle !

' *Lorenzo*. I perceive :—You mingled souls until you mingled hearts ?

You loved at last.—Was't not the sequel, maid ?

' *Mariana*. I loved, indeed ! If I but nursed a flower
Which to the ground the rain and wind had beaten,
That flower, of all our garden was my pride :—
What then was he to me, for whom I thought
To make a shroud, when tending on him still
With hope, that, baffled still, did still keep up ;
I saw at last the ruddy dawn of health
Begin to mantle o'er his pallid form,
And glow—and glow—till forth at last it burst
Into confirmed, broad, and glorious day !

' *Lorenzo*. You loved, and he did love ?

' *Mariana*. To say he did,
Were to affirm what oft his eyes avouch'd,
What many an action testified—and yet—
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.
But if he loved—it brought him not content !
'Twas now abstraction—now a start—anon
A pacing to and fro—anon, a stillness,
As nought remain'd of life, save life itself,
And feeling, thought, and motion, were extinct !
Then all again was action ! Disinclined

To converse, save he held it with himself;
Which oft he did, in moody vein discoursing,
And ever and anon invoking Honour,
As some high contest there were pending, 'twixt
Himself and him, wherein her aid he needed.

' *Lorenzo*. This spoke impediment; or he was bound
By promise to another; or had friends
Whom it behoved him to consult, and doubted;
Or 'twixt you lay disparity too wide
For love itself to leap.

' *Mariana*. I saw a struggle,
But knew not what it was.—I wonder'd still,
That what to me was all content, to him
Was all disturbance; but my turn did come.
At length he talk'd of leaving us; at length,
He fix'd the parting day—but kept it not—
O, how my heart did bound!—Then first I knew
It had been sinking. Deeper still it sank
When next he fix'd to go; and sank it then
To bound no more! He went.

' *Lorenzo*. To follow him,
You came to Mantua?

' *Mariana*. What could I do?—
Cot, garden, vineyard, rivulet, and wood,
Lake, sky, and mountain, went along with him,—
Could I remain behind? My father found
My heart was not at home; he loved his child,
And ask'd me, one day, whither we should go?
I said, "to Mantua." I follow'd him
To Mantua! To breathe the air he breathed,
To walk upon the ground he walk'd upon,
To look upon the things he look'd upon,
To look, perchance, on him!—perchance to hear him,
To touch him! never to be known to him,
Till he was told, I lived and died his love.

The following passage will exhibit the style in which descriptions of manner and conduct are touched:—

' *Ferrardo*. I know my cousin,—
For boyhood, thoughtless, often shows the man
Which manhood, wary, hides. A sense he has,
That's sickly tender to the touch of shame.
I have seen him, at a slight imputed fault
Colour to flame—anon grow ashy pale—
The dew in drops upon his forehead starting,—
His tongue without its use—his mouth agape—
His universal frame vacuity
Of action and of power,—and anon
The glare, and din, and tossing of the tempest!

To wound his honour to the quick, would be
To sting his core of life !

‘ *Florio*. Thou couldst not hope
To wound it thro’ his wife—whose love for him
Gives, in his absence, all things to neglect !
Her bounding palfrey cannot woo her forth ;
The palace vibrates with the dance, and still
She keeps her lonely cell. You talk to her
Of plays and shows—a statue lists to you :
She visits no one—no one she receives.
What chance of practising upon a wife,
Who, for an only absent lord, observes
A sterner widowhood, than many hold
In honour of a dead one !—why do you smile ?
‘ *Ferrardo*. To think, to what account a little art
Might turn a little swerving, in a case
Of self-denial, carried thus like hers
To the admired extreme !

We shall next give a portion of an animated dialogue between a fiendish tempter and his conscience-stricken tool, .

‘ *Ferrardo*. Can it be you, St Pierre ?

‘ *St Pierre*. No—it is you !—and not the peasant lad,
Whom fifteen years ago, in evil hour,
You chanced to cross upon his native hills,—
In whose quick eye you saw the subtle spirit
Which suited you, and tempted it : who took
Your hint and follow’d you to Mantua
Without his father’s knowledge—his old father,
Who, thinking that he had a prop in him
Man could not rob him of, and heaven would spare,
Bless’d him one night, ere he laid down to sleep,
And waking in the morning found him gone !

[*Ferrardo attempts to rise.*

Move not, or I shall move—you know me !

‘ *Ferrardo*. Nay,
I’ll keep my seat. St Pierre, I trained thee like
A cavalier !—

‘ *St Pierre*. You did—you gave me masters,
And their instructions quickly I took up
As they did lay them down ! I got the start
Of my contemporaries !—not a youth
Of whom could read, write, speak, command a weapon,
Or rule a horse with me ! you gave me all—
All the equipments of a man of honour,—
But you did find a use for me, and made
A slave, a profligate, and pander of me.

[*Ferrardo about to rise.*

I charge you keep your seat !

' *Ferrardo*. You see I do !

St Pierre, be reasonable !—you forget
There are ten thousand ducats.

' *St Pierre*. Give me, Duke,
The eyes that look'd upon my father's face !
The hands that helped my father to his wish !
The feet that flew to do my father's will !
The heart that bounded at my father's voice !
And say that Mantua were built of ducats,
And I could be its duke at cost of these,
I would not give them for it ! Mark me, Duke !
I saw a new-made grave in Mantua,
And on the head-stone read my father's name ;—
To seek me, doubtless, hither he had come—
To seek the child that had deserted him—
And died here,—ere he found me.
Heaven can tell how far he wander'd else !
Upon that grave I knelt an altered man,
And rising thence, I fled from Mantua. Nor had return'd,
But tyrant hunger drove me back again
To thee—to thee !—My body to relieve
At cost of my dear soul !'

These extracts will afford the reader a tolerable idea of Mr Knowles's dramatic powers, and of the character of his style. It appears to be formed chiefly on that of Massinger ;—a good model, but not always to be followed quite so implicitly as Mr Knowles's veneration for our dramatic elders may perhaps lead him to do. We counsel him to rely more upon a still better model—Nature. This we say, because we trace occasional indications of a disposition to consider, not so much what the heart would suggest, and the tongue utter, as what one of our older dramatists would have written. Some of the personages now and then talk simile and metaphor instead of the direct and earnest language of strong emotion. For instance—

' Ye come to tell me of disaster ! speak !
The sum on't ? 'Tis heavy—what is it ?
Come, name me the amount ! Is it my dukedom ?
Or what ?—'tis nothing of my wife—say that—
And say aught else which stern misfortune prompts !
Blow wind, mount wave,—no rock to shut me thence,
I see the strand to run my bark ashore,
And smile upon my shipwreck.'

Is this the language of agonizing suspense ? The last four lines are worse than superfluous. They remind us a little of the rule laid down in the 'Rehearsal.' 'Now,' says Bayes, 'she is going to make a simile,'—'Why so ?' enquires his companion.

‘Because she is *surprised*—that’s a rule—whenever you are ‘surprised you must make a simile. It is the new way of ‘writing.’ It is now a very old way of writing; and we hope Mr Knowles will abjure it. A little farther on, we find the solution of these painful doubts conveyed in a very deliberate continuation of the same watery metaphor.

‘Think ’tis our duty speaks, and what it says
Says at the cost of our unfeigned love,—
Which, sooner than mischance should undermine
Thy towering happiness, would be itself
The seaward mole, to meet the rushing wave
And break its fury ere it bursts on thee!
But wind and tide together setting in
Will sometimes overwhelm all obstacles—
So needs must fall this heavy surge on thee
Which we let o’er in drowning!’

The following, again, is not the language of passionate expostulation and reproach; though it sins only as some of our best writers have sinned before.

‘Is it thy good
To slay my peace! Wilt thou not look upon me?
Alas! thine eyes are better turn’d away!
For gazing on them, human as they are,
I have a feeling of a heart of stone!
And from my hopeless tears the spirit flies,
That frozen on my lids I feel them hang!’

We should not have noticed such faults, if they were not counterbalanced by considerable beauties; for in proportion to the excellence of a work, should its defects be unsparingly detected. But instances like the preceding are not common in this play. On the contrary, Mr Knowles is for the most part successful in giving to emotions their due characteristic expression. Frequently, too, there is a striking and truly dramatic terseness and beauty in the replies—as where Lorenzo asks,

‘And is your love the same?
Mariana. Am I the same?’

Sometimes, however, this degenerates into awkward colloquialisms.

‘*Ferrardo.* My lord she’s fled from Mantua.
Leonardo. She is what?
Ferrardo. She’s fled from Mantua.’

A confiding husband thus raises a kneeling wife.

‘*Leonardo, (endeavouring to raise her.)*
Up to my heart!

'Mariana. No—by thy love!

Leonardo. I say
I'll have thee up.'

A laudable wish to shun '*Cambyzes's veïn*' occasionally leads Mr Knowles into the opposite extreme, of which it can only be said that it is perhaps better than bombast. Where there is so much that deserves to be commended, our last words shall not be those of dispraise. We will therefore add, that there is much beautiful imagery dispersed throughout this play. A current of poetry sparkles through it,—not with a dazzling lustre—not with a gorgeousness that engrosses our attention, but mildly and agreeably; seldom impeding with useless glitter the progress and development of incident and character, but mingling itself with them, and raising them pleasantly above the prosaic level of common life.

We have said that Mr Knowles's play has been successful; but this statement must be qualified by a less pleasing explanation: It must be told what is that success which has been earned by a production which deserved so much. The lot which has befallen it is singularly illustrative of the present condition of our stage. The great patent theatre at which it was brought out, has been closed before the expiration of its season; and during the successful run of this admirable specimen of that '*legitimate drama*' which the two great theatres claim the exclusive privilege of performing. Covent Garden theatre was closed; and the ejected company, by permission of the Lord Chamberlain, proceeded with the performance of Mr Knowles's play at the Olympic. Ere they had done this many weeks, Covent Garden theatre was unexpectedly opened again, and performances were recommenced with a German company. It would seem as if the sole object for which it had been closed was to get rid of the English regular drama; and yet one of the propositions against which the proprietors of the patent theatres most loudly remonstrate, is, that other theatres should be allowed to represent this very species of drama here so unceremoniously rejected. This circumstance leads us to consider the existing state and prospects of our drama, and the means which have been proposed for its restoration. The state of the drama was made last year the subject of parliamentary investigation; and the '*Report from the Select Committee*' appointed for that purpose, with the '*Minutes of Evidence*,' is now before us. We regret that this agreeable volume should have been doomed to undergo publication in the usual ponderous and repulsive form of a Parliamentary Report. We can con-

scientifically recommend it as a very pleasant addition to the light reading of the day; and believe that, if circulated in duodecimo by an enterprising publisher, it must have had considerable success. It contains plenty of green-room gossip, a few puns, and much of that acceptable species of information, the inutility of which our partiality leads us to disguise under the apologetic epithet, 'curious.' As for method, it is not much more encumbered with that dull quality than we can conceive may have reigned in the conversation of Goldsmith's young lady, who discoursed upon 'Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses.' That great dramatic object—entertainment—is not lost sight of in the examinations before the Committee. They are conversational and pleasantly diversified. Subjects are taken up, handled in a lively manner, and quietly dropped when they begin to be tedious; and to relieve us from a too painful stretch of thought, we find interspersed such easy small talk—as, 'Don't you think it would be *infra dig.* for Mr Yates to personate a lion?' 'Is Mr Reeve a very clever actor?' 'How did the opera of *Der Alchemist* take?' 'Are English ballads less admired than Italian music?' 'If Shakespeare were alive now, would he prefer to see his plays acted in the Hay-market, or at Drury Lane, or Covent Garden?'

Seriously speaking, the evidence is amusing as dialogue, but as a legislative investigation it is puerile and unsatisfactory. No sufficient care seems to have been taken to keep in view a few leading points which it was most desirable to ascertain, and to prevent the intermixture of irrelevant matter. Much time has been wasted in the discussion of topics which might well have been omitted;—such, for instance, as the size of theatres, which, as the Committee could never have contemplated the subjection of their dimensions to legislative control, it might safely have left the managers and the public to arrange among themselves. Much time was unnecessarily devoted to canvassing mere matters of opinion with those whose opinions were likely to be biassed by their interests, and who almost invariably gave them as those interests would dictate;—much also was given to discussions productive only of confusion, and which could not possibly lead to a useful practical result. Why, for instance, are we 'vexati toties' with the 'legitimate drama?' We had hoped the phrase was becoming extinct. What is meant by the 'legitimate drama?' We understand the word 'legitimate' in its application to birth or succession—as applied to the drama it conveys no definite idea. If people were to talk of the 'constitutional drama' it would be equally intelligible. Yet this unmeaning phrase appears in almost every page of the evidence—

as if the querist and the questioned enjoyed the happiest security that they were attaching to it precisely the same idea. 'That,' says Mr Collier, very properly, in answer to a question, 'depends entirely on what you mean by the legitimate and regular drama. I call the regular drama any drama which has good dialogue, good characters, and good morals. I make the word "legitimate," as applied to the drama, depend on the nature of the plot, characters, and dialogue.' We are then told what is *not* the legitimate drama. It is not 'harlequinade,' though it may be permitted at a legitimate theatre. It has nothing to do with antiquity; nor does it depend on the number of acts; nor on the morality of the play. 'Good morals,' we had just been told, are requisite to constitute a 'regular drama,' but it seems they are not essential to a 'legitimate' one. A nice distinction is thus implied between the 'regular' and the 'legitimate' drama—which we lament to find that the investigations of the Committee have not tended to elucidate. In other places these words appear to have been used as convertible terms. 'The regular drama,' says Mr James Winston, 'I consider to be tragedy and comedy, and every thing on the stage.' The legitimate drama, according to the equally comprehensive and liberal definition of Mr William Dunn, consists of 'tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, and other entertainments of the stage, and 'pantomime.' The legitimate drama, according to Mr Moncreiff, is 'a drama that represents fairly the manners of the time and the minds of men, divested entirely of that melodramatic nonsense which we see.' Mr Jerrold describes 'the legitimate drama to be where the interest of the piece is mental, where the situations of the piece are rather mental than physical';—a good definition, but utterly inapplicable to legislative purposes. 'The regular drama,' says Mr Poole, admitting the difficulty of a satisfactory definition, is 'comedy and tragedy, without any musical accompaniment.' Mr D. E. Morris thinks the number of acts is not to be the test of the legitimacy of the drama, but the character of the piece. He tells us Tom Thumb is a legitimate drama, 'because it was written by a *classical* author, and produced at a regular theatre.' Mr Macready, on the other hand, wisely parries the difficulties of definition, by suggesting that the right of legitimacy shall be confined to five-act plays. This sounds more definite than any thing else with which we have been treated: but, what is an act? Among the French champions of dramatic legitimacy, it is a portion of the play, during which the scene is never changed, nor the stage left vacant;—with us, it is any portion to which the author chooses to assign that name. According to the classical nomen-

clature, 'Othello' or 'Richard III.' will consist of a dozen acts instead of five. According to ours, they might be so divided as to consist of four or three. The truth is, we have no business with these distinctions: we never recognised them practically, and we don't know how to establish them theoretically. If the enquiries of the Committee about the 'legitimate drama' had been intended to operate as a *reductio ad absurdum*, in order to prove that there was no such thing, we would have said, that, in spite of the risk of embarrassing the question with equivocal verbiage, the time so bestowed was not utterly wasted: but after practically proving the phrase to be nonsense, and acknowledging the difficulty of defining it by clear and legal distinctions, why do they attempt to give weight and meaning to this expression? Why do they treat it as if something definite and real, by suggesting that all theatres within twenty miles around London should 'be allowed' to exhibit the legitimate drama at their 'option?' Having referred to the preceding definitions contained in the evidence on which the Committee have grounded their report, we should like to know what this permission must be considered to imply?

Among the principal subjects on which it is the province of the Committee to report, are the duties of the Lord Chamberlain, the Censorship, and the Monopoly. We cannot say that we consider them to have dealt clearly, boldly, and satisfactorily with any of these subjects. We cannot agree with the Committee in opinion, 'that the laws would be rendered more clear and effectual by confining the sole power and authority to license theatres throughout the Metropolis (as well as in places of royal residence) to the Lord Chamberlain; and that his—the sole—jurisdiction, should be extended twenty miles round London.' There is no evidence to prove that the authority of the magistrates, by whom sundry of the Metropolitan theatres are now licensed, is not quite as effectual as that of the Lord Chamberlain; and we see no reason for superseding their authority, that would not be equally applicable to all other magistrates throughout the kingdom. We dislike the system of legislating exclusively for the Metropolis. If a vast and dense accumulation of numbers renders regulations necessary, which are not required by a less thickly peopled district, let the necessity be made to appear. But if it is not obvious, let the partial measure be avoided, and let there be one law for the whole land. 'Twenty miles round London' (an expression not very definite, considering that its object is to render the laws 'more clear and effectual') may be as good a line as any other; but why draw any line? If there is to be a departure from the present sys-

tem, let its utility be more evident than this. But on what grounds is the authority of the Lord Chamberlain to be extended at all? The original grounds on which his authority over theatres was assumed have now ceased, and are no more than a baseless fiction. The theatre was an appendage to the Palace; and the players were the King's servants, acting within the precincts of the Court. It was only as being within the precincts of the Court, that the theatre originally became amenable to the authority of the Lord Chamberlain. Is it the opinion of the Committee that these precincts extend 'twenty miles round London?' In the early periods of our stage, players were not, as now, *nominally* 'his Majesty's servants,' but really either the servants of the sovereign, or the retainers of some nobleman. 'Players in former times,' says Stowe, 'were retainers to noblemen, and none had the privilege to act plays but such. So in Queen Elizabeth's time many of the nobility had servants and retainers who were players, and went about getting their livelihood that way. The Lord Admiral had players, so had Lord Strange, that played in the city of London.' If we are now to be guided by our respect for ancient usage, we should restore to the nobility their lost privilege. If we are not to be so guided, there can be no other motive for extending the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain than a sense of some peculiar fitness inherent in that officer of the Crown; and if there be any such peculiar fitness, we still require to be told why it must vanish at the twentieth mile-stone.

Now let us see what are the powers with which it is proposed by the Committee, that the Lord Chamberlain should be invested. It is recommended that he should continue a license to all theatres licensed at present, either by himself or the magistrates; and that he shall be bound to license any new theatre, whenever a requisition to that effect shall have been presented to him, signed by a majority of resident householders. That it should be in the power of a majority of resident householders, in any district, to determine whether a new theatre should or should not be established in that district, is perfectly fair. But if such an application must be unconditionally complied with, why call in one of the chief officers of the Crown to exercise and register the commands of the requisitionists? A justice of the peace would perform that office quite as well. To make the Lord Chamberlain a mere passive instrument, deprived of all discretionary power, is not calculated to uphold his dignity; and in such a regulation, the real source and character of his authority is utterly lost sight of. He belongs to the royal household, and is, more peculiarly than any of the Cabinet Ministers, a servant

of the Crown. The proposition of the Committee would make him the servant of the resident householders of any district within twenty miles round London. His authority over the theatre arises from its having been viewed as an appendage to the Palace. View the theatres in their true light, as places of public entertainment respecting which the public ought to have a voice, and there is no sound reason why the Lord Chamberlain should be called upon to license theatres more than alehouses.

But what more may the Lord Chamberlain do, according to the recommendation of the Committee? He may apply to the Home Department for the summary suppression of any theatre that has outraged decorum, or acted without a license. He must have no power of suppression inherent in himself; he must apply to the 'Home Department.' The power of summary suppression is therefore to be vested in the Home Secretary. Cannot he then exercise this power without being applied to by 'the Lord Chamberlain?' or if an application is necessary, would not that of a magistrate, made upon information properly attested, be sufficient for that purpose?

There is one portion of the Lord Chamberlain's authority, which the Committee have shown a laudable desire to set free from all ambiguity, and to fix upon a sound basis. 'It should be clearly understood, that the office of the Censor is held at the discretion of the Lord Chamberlain;' that he may remove him, 'should there be any just ground for dissatisfaction as to the exercise of his functions.' We do not object to the office of Censor being held, for the present, at the discretion of the Lord Chamberlain; but we have considerable doubts whether it is necessary that such an office should be held at all. We presume it will no longer be questioned whether we have wisely dispensed with a censorship of the press. Public opinion has decided that point so conclusively in the affirmative, that we may assume the existing system, as far as regards printed works, to be right. All that remains to be asked, is, why an exception should be made with respect to those works which are to be represented on the stage. The prevention of immorality is no sufficient plea for the exception, for a book can diffuse as much immorality as a play; and its poison is more dangerous, in as much as it is privately imbibed, and does not shock by any glaring breach of public decorum. It may be said, that which is represented on the stage produces a more vivid impression; but it may equally be said, that which is read produces a more lasting one. The only circumstance that can be said to constitute a material difference is this, that the play may be exhibited before a class less educated, and more open to

its demoralizing influence, than those whose minds could be corrupted by reading. This consideration will tend to place the acted play, and the printed work, on a somewhat different footing; but it will not prove the utility of censorship,—neither will our experience tend to prove it. Which, at this moment, is the most pure,—the press, emancipated from censorship, or the stage, which is subject to it? Unquestionably the former. What has the censorship of the stage done for the cause of public decorum? It has not saved us from such plays as ‘Tom and Jerry,’ or ‘Giovanni in London;’ it has not saved our drama from being the only part of English literature which, with respect to decency and morality, we shrink to compare with that of France. That which preserves the purity of the press, is public opinion; and that which preserves the stage in that comparative purity in which we find it, is public opinion, not the Censor. If we wish to know how effectual are the strictures of the Censor, look at his own admissions. ‘My directions to them’ (the managers), says Mr Colman, the present Examiner of plays—‘if directions ‘they can be called—begin, “Please to omit the following underlined passages;” and they do omit them, *or not, as they please.*’ See, too, the evidence of Mr Collier, who for a time officiated for Mr Colman. ‘When words have been erased, have you ‘not known instances where they have been put in again?’ ‘Several instances have, I understand, occurred.’ ‘What means does ‘the Examiner take to see that his corrections are followed?’ ‘*I am not aware that he takes any.*’ An Examiner who is so scrupulous as to strike such passages as, ‘he plays the fiddle like an ‘angel,’ would, we suppose, take care to see that his corrections were attended to, if he had really any power to enforce them. In fact, the public are the real censors. ‘As to the stage ‘becoming licentious,’ says Mr C. Kemble, ‘I have no doubt ‘it is perfectly safe in the hands of the people; for such is the improved state of education, and the moral and religious feeling, ‘that in any theatre, I do not think the audience would suffer ‘any thing that was licentious to be said upon the stage. I have ‘frequently seen things, for instance, that have been suffered ‘to pass by the licenser, which have not been suffered to pass ‘by the audience; which is a very strong proof, that they are ‘perhaps better guardians of their own moral and religious sentiments, than any body can be for them.’ Mr Davidge, the proprietor of a theatre, says, ‘I am induced to think it would be ‘impossible to draw a reflecting audience to witness the loose ‘performances that were given in the theatres some twenty or ‘thirty years ago.’ ‘In respect to immorality and indecency,’ says Mr Place, ‘writers, managers, and players, will go to the

' verge of sufferance; they have always done so; and the public
 ' will correct them, as it has corrected them. When the "Recruiting
 ' Officer" was brought out at Covent Garden, some three or four
 ' years ago, a great deal was cut out, and yet some of the perfor-
 ' mers took out *more*; they would not speak the words. There is
 ' a sufficient safeguard in the deference they are compelled to
 ' pay to the audience. I do not think the theatre ever led the public
 ' in these respects, but they were governed by the public.' ' In
 ' the case of the "Recruiting Officer," and of the "Beaux
 ' Stratagem," Mr Kemble and Mr Kelly used words which
 ' were much softened from the original, yet they caused a sensa-
 ' tion in the house which prevented their using them any more.'
 Mr Kenney is asked if he thinks the immorality corrects itself.
 ' I should think so,' is his answer. ' I remember Mr Colman wri-
 ' ting me a very good-humoured letter upon the subject, relative to
 ' some scene which he thought a little too free; and he said,
 ' "Depend upon it, *if I do not cut it out, the audience will cut it out
 ' for me.*"' More doubt appears to exist with respect to politi-
 cal allusions, whether these may not call for the interference of
 a censor. Many intelligent persons, who hold the censorship to
 be unnecessary for the suppression of immorality, think it may
 still be advisable as a check to sedition. We incline to a contrary
 opinion. In the first place, it is not (as is acknowledged before
 the Committee) for the interest of any manager to render his
 theatre the scene of political excitement and tumult. He must
 know, ~~that~~ the expectation of violence and uproar will tend to
 keep away almost all females, and a great majority of the
 wealthier visitors to the theatre, and the peaceable of all classes.
 He would have a full gallery—perhaps a full pit—but there
 would be a great defalcation in the boxes. Add to this, the
 chance of injury to the decorations of the theatre, which is
 always the probable result of confusion. It is indisputably the
 interest of the manager to preserve order, and discourage any thing
 which, by producing political excitement, can create alarm, or
 lead to a breach of the public peace. Besides, in this country,
 there are safety-valves, which render the political excitement
 which can arise in the theatre comparatively trivial and harm-
 less. In other countries, under despotic governments, where no
 meeting of the people is permitted, where no public expression
 of political opinion is allowed to escape, the theatre has been
 regarded with considerable jealousy, and not without reason.
 There, a political allusion, seized and re-echoed by the audience,
 is the only means by which a public utterance can be given to the
 secret Freemasonry of stifled sentiments, that had long been
 burning in the breasts of thousands. In such other countries,

conspiracies have burst forth in the theatre—and why? because it was the only place where many hundreds could safely congregate;—where even a few could be gathered together without attracting the notice of a vigilant police. But in this country, political agitation can always find a wider theatre for its exhibitions, whether they savour most of tragedy or of farce. When numbers, greater than ten playhouses could hold, can assemble *gratis* in the open air, to listen to the rabid trash with which any declaimer may think fit to treat them, it is idle to apprehend the consequences of allowing a much smaller number to assemble within walls to hear milder declamations from the lips of an actor. Let it be remembered how vastly the rant of the stage is outbidden by the rant of the orator's platform. The political mountebank assumes (perhaps with imposing sincerity) the part of a much hotter patriot than is personated by the actor; and theatrical speeches which would set the arbitrary governments of the Continent in a flame, fall coldly on the ear of him who regards them only as a softened repetition of what he has heard at a public meeting in the course of the morning. Let it be remembered, too, that we are too practical to be much wrought upon by allusions. Our orators may indulge in vague declamations, but we have always some specific object or grievance, and it is generally connected with that undramatic circumstance—the purse. Even the most hairbrained Radical would, probably be ashamed to have it thought that he drew inspiration from a play. Moreover, let it be observed, that in a very excitable state of the public mind, if any thing is to be apprehended from allusions, it may be apprehended from passages in standard plays, as well as from such as may be found in new ones; and that unless you could invest the censor with a discretionary power of forbidding the representation of such plays as ‘Julius Cæsar,’ or ‘Venice Preserved,’ or of striking out any passage in any play, within the whole circle of the acted drama, whenever he fancies there is a meet occasion, you leave him with a power quite inadequate for the full attainment of the object desired. Yet who does not feel that to invest any one man (or even, if you will, a body of men, a board of censorship) with such an extensive discretionary power, would create a discontent and irritation worse than the excitement which it is its object to prevent?

The foregoing observations are intended to be applied only to the censorship of written plays, and not to any other means that may be taken for the maintenance of decorum and order. While we would gladly see the stage set free from the futile chains of censorship, which only gall without restraining, we

would strongly advocate much more effectual measures of police than have ever yet been employed for preserving quiet and decency in the playhouses of London. Wherever there is a mixed assemblage of many thousands, unrestrained by respect for the place in which they assemble, or deference to any in whose presence they are,—some among them probably intoxicated, and others tending to provoke a quarrel by that unaccommodating air of surly defiance which persons too often exhibit to a stranger by way of asserting their independence,—wherever there is such an assemblage, it is indispensably requisite that there should be police regulations of such a kind as shall effectually preserve the peace. More also is demanded than merely that the peace should not be violated with impunity. The man who goes with his daughters to the theatre, demands something more on their account than mere preservation from bodily harm. He demands—(and it is a demand to which we trust the managers of playhouses will have the sense to attend before they are *compelled* to do so)—the maintenance of the most perfect outward decorum that the best regulations can procure. We need not dwell upon the glaring indecencies of our playhouse lobbies and saloons, which, under the sanction of royal patent and official license, have made the theatres of moral England a byword of Continental wonder and reproach. We notice them only to remind our readers how these pollutions have thriven under the present system, and how absurdly anomalous that system has been. While blessed with a Censor, who scrupulously changes ‘damn it’ into ‘hang it,’ and cannot allow the public ear to be polluted with ‘my angel!’ we have theatres where open profligacy revels with a freedom scarcely known in other civilized lands, and which the wives and daughters of our citizens can scarcely enter without a blush.

Of the Monopoly claimed by the two great theatres, it may fairly be said that it has not been attended with advantage either to the character of the drama, the entertainment of the public, or even the interests of the monopolizing parties. The proprietors, relying (we will not at present say whether rightly or unreasonably) on their exclusive privileges, have gone into expenses beyond all probable chance of remuneration;—have built houses immensely large, have kept up enormous establishments, and have incurred enormous debts. The effect of large houses upon the character of the drama may easily be conceived. Where the play of feature cannot be seen, or the unexaggerated tones of the voice be heard, by a large portion of the audience, it will necessarily follow that show and noise, spectacle and music, will triumph over good writing

and chaste acting. We should naturally expect that, in a theatre of large dimensions, mere spectacle, which can be enjoyed by every individual in its vast area, would be more profitable than any other species of performance; and such we find to be the actual case. It appears from a deposition of Mr Harris before the Court of Chancery, that, from 1809 to 1821, Covent Garden theatre did not clear a shilling by the regular drama—it gained only by the Christmas pantomimes. Since 1821, it has not gained even by the pantomimes; and the expenditure has continued to exceed the income, till affairs have arrived at so perilous a pass, that the theatre has been closed, and unable to proceed with the representation of one of the most successful specimens of that ‘legitimate’ drama which the monopolists profess to uphold. The average receipts of Covent Garden theatre for five seasons, ending in 1815, were L.86,096; the average of five seasons, ending in 1832, were only L.47,148; and the diminution thus exhibited has been not sudden, but nearly progressive from the former to the latter period. Three successive lessees of Drury Lane theatre have totally failed within the last ten years. Such has been the prosperity which monopoly has fostered! The most pitiable victims are those who have sought to shelter themselves under its baleful wing. Nevertheless it is no sufficient plea to say, as does the Report of the Committee, that ‘the alterations they propose are not likely to place the proprietors of the said theatres in a worse pecuniary condition than the condition confessed to under the existing system.’ The ‘likelihood’ thus assumed, though very satisfactory to the Committee, may be utterly disallowed by the proprietors: and one party has as good a right to an opinion respecting probabilities as the other. The primary question is, not whether certain alterations proposed by the committee are such as the proprietors can fairly object to on the score of apprehended injury to their interests; but whether they are justified in opposing all alterations on the score of exclusive right. If they are really possessed of exclusive privileges, the infringement of those privileges is not to them a question of degree. They may resist the most trifling, and apparently harmless infringement of those privileges, as rightfully as though it were a violation the most hurtful and extensive.

If it is an unquestionable principle, that a monopoly is a nuisance that ought to be abated, it is a no less unquestionable principle, that vested rights ought to be respected. The public is interested in the maintenance of good faith, and can derive no real benefit from its violation. If the public good demands that a

monopoly be suppressed, let it be done, but—as when a man's freehold is taken from him, for the furtherance of some great work of public utility,—with due and adequate compensation. If the two great theatres possess unquestionable exclusive privileges, we would, while desiring the abandonment of those privileges, earnestly claim for them such compensation as the surrender may justly deserve. But we must first enquire whether they really do possess those exclusive privileges, and in what their claim consists. On these important points the Committee have abstained from offering any opinion, and have left it, in their Report, involved in the same obscurity in which they found it. Let us attempt a brief enquiry. The case may be stated in few words.

Two patents were granted by Charles II. in 1662—one to 'Sir W. Davenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns;' another, of similar purport, to 'Thomas Killigrew, his heirs and assigns'—empowering each severally to build a theatre, and keep a company of players within London, Westminster, and the suburbs thereof. In each patent is a clause, declaring that, except Davenant and Killigrew, 'none other shall, from henceforth, act or represent comedies, tragedies, plays, or *entertainments of the stage*, within our said cities of London and Westminster, or the suburbs thereof.' These are the only clauses in those patents which seem to confer an *exclusive* privilege; and these are the patents in virtue of which exclusive privileges are claimed by the theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Covent Garden possesses Davenant's patent; Drury Lane has Killigrew's. Both patents were at one time in the possession of Covent Garden, and Killigrew's was purchased by Drury Lane, subsequent to 1816, for L.20,000. In 1816, Drury Lane was licensed by the Lord Chamberlain for twenty-one years. This license empowers the proprietors of that theatre to act 'tragedies, plays, operas, and other performances of the stage;' but takes no notice of the patents granted to Davenant or Killigrew, and confers no exclusive privileges. It was not, however, (according to Mr Dunn, the treasurer and secretary of the Committee of Drury Lane theatre,) for the purpose of obtaining the supposed exclusive privileges conferred by Killigrew's patent, that they were disposed to expend so large a sum in the purchase of it, but simply 'to avoid the necessity of applying to the King for the renewal of the twenty-one years' patent.' Mr C. Kemble, on the other hand, thinks, 'they believed they could act the legitimate drama under that patent, and that *other theatres could not*, otherwise they would not have been mad enough to have purchased it.' This at least seems clear, that if Drury

Lane has any *exclusive* privileges, it has them by Killigrew's patent, and by that alone.

These patents could not, when originally granted, have been considered exclusive, beneficially to the patentees, unless the King had thereby bound himself to bestow no similar patent on any other person ; and they could be of no value at the present day, unless the same obligation was binding on all the successors of Charles II. But so far was Charles from considering the rights he had granted to be irrevocably exclusive, or himself bound to observe them, that in the very next year he granted another patent to a third party ; with whom Davenant and Killigrew entered into an agreement, that he should abstain from exercising his patent upon the condition of receiving L.4 a-week. So much for the original exclusiveness of these patents. Let us next enquire how they have been respected by the successors of Charles. The subsequent history of our stage will furnish other proofs of the sort of value to which this monopoly is really entitled. In 1682, the two companies of Killigrew and Davenant, (the one called the King's, the other the Duke's) were incorporated into one, and the patents became united. This circumstance is not immaterial. If it had been intended that these patents should exclude all others, we may presume that means would have been taken for securing the continuance of their separate existence ; because the union of the patents in the hands of one company, would, if their rights were exclusive, restrict the public to a single playhouse. But the public were not thus restricted. Soon after 1690, when Davenant's patent was purchased by Rich, an association of actors, headed by Betterton, applied for an independent license. The lawyers of the day were consulted ; and they agreed that the grants from Charles II. to Killigrew and Davenant, did not preclude succeeding monarchs from giving similar rights to others. A license was granted to the applicants in consequence of this opinion ;—on the strength of which license they built and opened a theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in 1695. Here they acted till, in 1704, Betterton assigned his license to Sir J. Vanbrugh, who, having built a large and handsome theatre in the Haymarket, opened it, in 1705, with an Italian opera. In 1708, we find the Killigrew and Davenant patents united in the hands of partners, Rich and Brett, who employed this double power only in maintaining the single theatre of Drury Lane. We find, too, these patentees negotiating with the Haymarket theatre, and endeavouring to stipulate that the latter should perform only Italian operas, *and their own theatre should be restricted to other plays.* In the following year, the patentees were, by order of the Lord

Chamberlain, forbidden to perform; and for some time the only company in possession of the stage, was that which acted under the license granted to Betterton, in defiance of the supposed exclusive privileges of Killigrew and Davenant. Another infringement upon these supposed exclusive rights, was the license granted, in 1766, to Foote, entitling his theatre in the Haymarket a 'Royal' theatre, and empowering him to exhibit in it all kinds of dramatic performances, from the 15th of May to the 15th of September. We are told that this was done with the concurrence of the proprietors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden; and that 'the King consulted them as to whether it would be injurious to them and their interests to let Mr Foote have the license at all; which shows,' pursues the evidence, 'what was the sense of the King, and what his opinion was as to the right of patent theatres.' To us it appears, that this shows no such thing. An act of courtesy must not be construed into an admission of exclusive right. Because the King might have been very properly solicitous not to injure these two theatres, and condescended to enquire of the proprietors whether their interests would be affected by the measure he proposed, it by no means follows that he acknowledged in them the right and power to oppose it. The arrangement of 1791, relative to the Opera, signed by the Prince of Wales, and approved by the King, and which is quoted by the patentees as an acknowledgment of their rights, is in fact another case of infringement. In what other light can we regard the 7th article, which stipulates 'that the patents of Drury Lane and Covent Garden shall never be exercised for the performances of Italian operas?' This was done, it is true, with the concurrence of the proprietors of those theatres, and for compensation; and the Crown approved of the arrangement. But this royal approval does not amount to an acknowledgment of exclusive rights in the patentees. Doubtless the patents were acknowledged to be valid, so far as to confer on their holders the right of performance, without requiring any other license. Doubtless the claim for compensation was acknowledged; but, for what? not for resigning the right of exclusion, but for giving up a part of that undoubted right which the patent conferred of exhibiting 'all entertainments of the stage,' and which would of course include Italian operas. Another later infringement has been already alluded to,—the transaction of 1816, by which a license of twenty-one years was granted to Drury Lane, when both the original patents were in the hands of the proprietors of Covent Garden. But, moreover, if we look at the words of the original patents, we shall find that any exclusive privileges they may claim, have been invaded

by every license that has been granted by the Lord Chamberlain. To what does the prohibition in the patents extend? It forbids any other than the possessors of these patents to exhibit 'plays or *entertainments of the stage*;' in short, it prohibits all other dramatic performances of any description whatever, in any other theatre within London, Westminster, or the suburbs. Do the patent theatres venture to contend for the full benefit of this monstrous exclusion? or do they consider that 'burlettas, 'music, and dancing, with spectacle and pantomime,' which the Adelphi theatre is licensed to perform, are not 'entertainments 'of the stage?' It seems to be admitted, both by Mr C. Kemble and by Captain Forbes, who are deeply interested in the preservation of these supposed exclusive rights, that they rest on a very insecure foundation,—that in fact they have scarcely more than a nominal existence. Mr Kemble conceives that if the Lord Chamberlain were to grant licenses to other theatres to act the regular drama, 'it would be a breach of the understood 'compact;' but he does not know that they would have any remedy. He also says, that he does not consider the patent granted by Charles II. to be binding on his successors. Captain Forbes, a proprietor, admits, that if the Lord Chamberlain licenses the legitimate drama in Westminster, it will not be 'an infraction of the law,' only 'a violation of good faith;' that if the Crown grants other patents, the proprietors of Covent Garden must submit; but he adds, quoting the saying of Lord Thurlow, 'would it not be a violation of faith? and would the Crown do so?' With all due deference to Lord Thurlow, we must answer 'yes,' because the Crown has done so. It was done by Charles II., the original granter of the patents. To quote an epigram about that monarch, and say he was one 'whose word no man relied on,' is nothing to the purpose. None can have better known than the granter of these patents, the obligation entailed by them on himself and others; and he could not render binding on his successors that which he did not consider binding on himself. If, in the face of the transaction of 1663, and all the subsequent transactions that have been recounted, the holders of the patents of Davenant and Killigrew have chosen to consider themselves possessed of an indefeasible monopoly, and have proceeded upon that presumption, they have unquestionably done so at their own peril. We are sorry for their condition, as we are sorry to witness the distress which may result from the failure of any other improvident speculation; but while we would gladly see their necessities relieved, we would counsel them rather to sue for that relief *in forma pauperis*, from the generosity of the public, than endea-

your to extort a compensation for 'vested rights,' which it does not appear that they have ever possessed.

We have sufficiently shown, that we are not admirers of the system by which our drama has hitherto been regulated; and we cannot be supposed to think that any alterations of that system which the Legislature may effect, are likely to place the drama in a worse condition than it is in at present. But, before we expect from any measure of the Legislature considerable advantage, let us look at those general causes, uncontrollable by law, by which the condition and prospects of our drama must be greatly affected.

The Committee find, 'that a considerable decline both in the literature of the stage, and the taste of the public for theatrical performances, is generally conceded;' and among the causes of this decline, 'which are out of the province of the Legislature to control,' they find three worthy to be mentioned:—'the prevailing fashion of late dinner hours, the absence of Royal encouragement, and the supposed indisposition of some religious sects to countenance theatrical exhibitions.' We must remind the Committee, that the indisposition (not merely 'supposed,' but unequivocally avowed) of certain religious sectarians to countenance theatrical exhibitions, was coeval with some of the most palmy days of the English drama; and we believe that there are causes of decline, utterly beyond the reach of legislative control, much more important, more widely spread, more deeply seated, and more likely to be permanent than 'the absence of Royal encouragement,' and 'the prevailing fashion of late dinner hours,' which have been placed by the Committee in the van of their Report.

We believe these causes to be so powerful, that it is utterly hopeless by any legislative measure to raise the drama to its former height: nay, more—such is the nature of some of these causes, that warm as is our admiration of the drama, and sincere as is our desire to witness its re-elevation—we nevertheless would not control them if we could. A free and ever-teeming press—the increased cultivation of domestic habits—the extension of domestic comforts—the greater external assimilation of different classes—the increased prevalence of social assemblies—these are among the principal causes of the decline of the drama, and will be permanent obstacles to its rise. Our drama, in the reign of Elizabeth, attained a height which is explicable by the circumstances of that time. The age of Elizabeth was characterised by a vast and newly awakened demand for mental pleasure, consequent upon a recent emancipation of the public

mind. The lore of antiquity, and the discovery of another hemisphere—the revival of art, and the diffusion of letters, becoming familiar, without quite ceasing to be novel,—were then exercising their most active influence on the tastes and intellects of a flourishing community. The art of printing, which despotism soon learnt to dread and to discourage, was then too unskilfully wielded, and too jealously restricted, to supply the intellectual wants of the people; and in England, as once at Athens, a civilized community of active minds, debarred from much reading, had recourse for a large portion of their mental pleasures to the representations of the stage. To the Englishman of that period, a play was not merely what it is to an Englishman of the present. It was not merely a play, but novel, pamphlet, review, magazine, and newspaper, into the bargain. With the exception of poetry, the drama was almost the only medium through which intellectual excitement could be communicated to the public. Hence, talent, which, like meaner commodities, follows the direction indicated by demand, flowed rapidly into this channel. Some are amazed at the vast amount of ability which then displayed itself in dramatic writing. Let them enquire if much was exhibited in any other branch of literature, and that enquiry will dissolve the wonder. The manners of that time were in accordance with this direction of the public taste. Our very costume was dramatic—each class and profession had its outward and visible sign, fitted for immediate transplantation to the scene; and the garb of the rich was as showy as the dresses of an Easter spectacle. The masks and pageants which enlivened the royal progresses of that time—the courtly flattery administered by official personages, under the quaint form of a fanciful allegory—all indicate a state of manners highly in unison with scenic representations, widely different from our own, and never likely to return. Nay, even in a subsequent and more sobered age, when the zealot Prynne had launched a ponderous invective against the stage, who stood forward to exhibit a practical disapproval of his rigid opinions? The grave profession of the law. Above a hundred members of the Inns of Court, richly bedizened, and numerous attended, on horseback and in chariots, went in procession from Ely House, down Chancery Lane, to Whitehall, to exhibit a masque before the King and Queen; and ludicrous figures accompanied the procession, principally devised by, and under the direction of, the Attorney-General, the learned Noy! Can we read of such things, and not be sensible of the vast difference between those scenic days of pageant and parade, and the plain and prosaic and undemonstrative habits of the present? To any one who

will compare the present with former times, it will be evident, (without any reference to the existing state of the stage,) that there are at present comparatively few inducements to frequent a theatre. The circulating library affords a ready fund of mental excitement, and at a cheaper rate than the playhouse; and many a man reasonably thinks his own arm-chair, by his own fireside, is to be preferred to a seat in a crowded theatre. In considering why people are less inclined than formerly to go to the play, we must not leave out of our consideration the change that has taken place in our domestic habits. It is unquestionable, that among all classes, whose means can entitle them to frequent the theatre, the standard of comfort is considerably raised; and that the sacrifice of comfort, which one must incur as a *set-off* against the pleasure of the spectacle, is more considerable than it used to be. The theatres, however much they may make advances in luxurious accommodation, are not likely to keep pace, consistently with cheapness, with the expectations of a population becoming every day more self-indulgent, and satiated with those other various objects of interest and excitement, which are constantly brought before their notice by the unceasing activity of a daily press.

If the habits of the public are such as to militate against their frequenting the theatres, this circumstance alone will tend considerably to prevent the stage from becoming a very good market for literary talent. Supply and demand so act and react upon each other, that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish which is cause and which effect; but, generally, demand must precede supply, and here the demand is evidently deficient. At the same time, we feel that latterly dramatic literature has not had fair play, and that something may be done by the Legislature to raise it a little from its present state of depression. It is an act of the most obvious justice to place the dramatic author, with respect to copyright, on as favourable a footing as other writers.* Representation on the stage should be regarded as publication, and subjected to similar laws. Piracy should be prevented in both cases, and the author should be enabled, if possible, to derive benefit from every representation of his play, whether performed in town or country. Some of the enquiries of the Committee tend to investigate the question how far remuneration to the author might be derived from country managers, if the latter were not allowed to perform his

* We think the rights of authors in general require to be placed on a better footing, but this deserves a separate consideration.

play without having previously purchased his permission. We don't think the result of these enquiries promises to the author much prospect of rich remuneration. The manager of the Liverpool theatre is not sure that he ever performed any plays for which he could have afforded to pay the author even as small a sum as L.20. Mr Wilkins the architect, who has had much acquaintance with the concerns of provincial theatres, speaks doubtfully of their power to pay even L.10 for a piece that had been very successful in London. The manager of the Edinburgh theatre appears, by the evidence of Mr Planche, to have thought five guineas too great a sum to give for permission to act one of his most favourite pieces. Mr Macready, who conceives that such an arrangement would be an undoubted benefit to dramatic literature, says, at the same time, that 'it should be done very carefully,' or 'you may prevent the play from being acted altogether.' Several witnesses also seem to apprehend that the author would have considerable difficulty in enforcing any such right with which he might be invested; and where the stipulated remuneration was very small, he would probably lose it altogether. To obtain cheap and effectual justice is undoubtedly, in many cases, as it might be in this, a matter of considerable difficulty; but this reason does not militate against the authors being invested with such a right. We are not arguing against the propriety of the arrangement, which we consider unimpeachable: we are only desirous to combat any exaggerated expectations of its probable effect.

The present rate of remuneration to dramatic writers is very low; and very little regulated according to the intrinsic literary merit of the mental labour employed. Musical pieces appear to be those which receive the highest price. From L.200 to L.400 is stated to be the average sum paid for a three-act piece, with music, at Covent Garden. Mr Kenney was promised L.50 a-night for every third night up to the twenty-fourth, for the words to *Masaniello*; and Mr Planche had L.400 for *Oberon*, of which the music was Weber's, which is as much as Mr Knowles got for his '*Hunchback*.' For five-act plays, the customary stipulation at the two great theatres is to give L.100 for the third, sixth, ninth, and fortieth night; L.400 is thus the remuneration for such brilliant success as a play may rarely attain. Shorter pieces, at the minor theatres, seem to be even more slenderly remunerated. The highest remuneration mentioned is L.400 received by Mr Poole for '*Paul Pry*;' but of this L.250 seems to have been given gratuitously, in consideration of extraordinary success; and the stipulation entitled him to no more than L.150. Mr Jerrold received for '*Black-Eyed*

'Susan,' which had a greater run than any piece for many years past, no more than L.60. The average price given to authors by the Coburg theatre is from L.20 to L.50 the piece, when the manager buys it for a stated sum, and incurs the whole risk. When the author's profits are to depend upon the run of his play, he receives from half a guinea to a guinea a-night. The rate appears to have been nearly the same in times when theatres were more frequented, and dramatic authorship was considered a better calling than it is at present. O'Keefe received only 40 guineas for each of three of his most successful farces.

While the remuneration from the manager is thus low, that which was once obtained from the bookseller has almost ceased. Few publishers will now give any thing for the best written play that can be offered to them. Nor can this be matter of wonder. The only merit of the dramatic form is its applicability to scenic representation; as a production to be read, it has none. The poem and the romance (with respect to their form) are decidedly better modes of conveying an interesting story. Unless it is rich in poetical beauties—that is to say, in beauties which are not essentially connected with the dramatic form—a play which is only to be read, might as well never have been written. We see no probability that increased remuneration from the bookseller will ever accrue to the dramatic writer. He must look for his reward from the stage. Nor do we clearly see on what sure grounds any augmentation of profits from this quarter is to be expected. Neither a restrictive nor a free-trade system is certain to work very beneficially for writers of plays. Enforce a monopoly, and you place the author at the manager's mercy. Pursue an opposite course, and encourage competition, and you thereby lessen the profits of the manager, and with them his ability to offer large premiums to literary merit. Probably, of the two systems, that of competition would be most favourable to writers; but we are not warranted in expecting that it would contribute greatly to their advantage. It is not monopoly which makes the average price given for a play by the Coburg theatre (a theatre capable of holding nearly 4000 persons) less than the sum which an equal amount of literary ability and labour might obtain from any respectable periodical work. The authors of such plays as are offered to the Coburg theatre, have almost all the other theatres as a market for their productions. But competition, it may be said, will produce in managers an increased anxiety to procure attractions. A well-written play is a considerable attraction: an enterprising manager will therefore court the clever writer; and

the purse of the latter will be benefited by the struggle. This would be very true, if literary talent were the only attraction which a manager could engage in behalf of his theatre; or if it were even the most efficacious. But there are other means of filling a theatre, besides bringing out well-written plays by accomplished authors; and however much managers may choose to talk about encouraging literary talent, and supporting the dignity of the stage, we cannot reasonably expect that any thing but the cheapest means of filling their theatre will be a permanent object of their attention. Good acting, good scenery, good machinery, and good music, are all attractions as powerful perhaps to the majority as good writing; and more easily obtained by the manager. Even the menagerie lends its aid. The elephant of Siam, and the lions of Mysore, were found attractive for a while. Thus the author, in his dramatic career, must contend, not only with his own brethren, but with the actor, the musician, and—still humbler rivals—the dancer and the mechanist. It appears, as already shown, that the remuneration which may now be obtained by a very successful play in five acts, is L.400; and we see not on what grounds can be founded any reasonable hope that the remuneration for writers of that class will be considerably augmented. There would be no augmentation under the present system; and, on the other hand, if the monopoly is to be abolished, and more theatres opened, it is probable that each would be desirous of avoiding the expense of keeping, as the patent theatres have hitherto done, a very large company of performers in their pay. There would be more companies, and each would probably be smaller. One consequence, then, of this would be, that short plays, with few characters, would find readier acceptance from managers than five-act plays requiring a large *corps dramatique* to represent them. It is, therefore, by no means improbable that those dramas which require most skill and labour, and the highest order of literary talent, might, under an altered system, experience even a less demand than they do at present. Short dramas, which owe their interest to the incidents rather than to the language—dramas, which, like ‘The Wreck ashore,’ are by the situations, and the powerful aid of admirable acting, made highly attractive and impressive, though at the same time they have no pretension to a permanent place in literature—dramas like these are the species of production for which we may expect the readiest acceptance and the amplest success. This our opinion appears to be supported by several gentlemen experienced in the affairs of the drama, who gave evidence before the Committee. Under these circumstances, we cannot conceive that the most sanguine drama-

tic zealot will expect the possibility of such a change as should raise the remuneration of the higher class of dramatic writings to double what they can now obtain. But suppose this vision realized, will the remuneration even then be equivalent to that which literary talent can obtain in other departments of imaginative composition? Far from it. The poem and the novel of first-rate popularity obtain rewards far more than double what can be expected for the best play that the brightest genius in the land could write. What play will ever receive a remuneration equivalent to that which has been given for the novels of the Author of *Waverley*, the poems of the same great writer, 'Lalla Rookh,' and some of the works of Lord Byron? The latter received large sums for the poetical labours of a few days—for works which must have cost him less trouble than would the construction of a one-act farce.

Hitherto we have insisted only on the disadvantageous position in which the dramatic writer stands, and, we fear, will continue to stand, with respect to pecuniary remuneration. We do not mean to imply that writers, in selecting a subject or a form of composition, are swayed entirely, or even principally, by mercenary considerations. Many write, by whom fame, not profit, is the object proposed; many are influenced by the consciousness of a peculiar aptitude in themselves for a certain kind of composition; but these are only exceptions to that which we may safely assume as a general rule—namely, that the cultivation of any branch of literature will correspond pretty nearly with the ratio of profit it will bring; that most talent will be displayed in that which is most richly rewarded; and that inferior remuneration will be attended with inferiority both in the quality and quantity of the supply. But we contend, that equality of remuneration is not sufficient to make dramatic writing equally cultivated with poetry or romance. A higher rate of remuneration is required before it can be placed on the same level. The dramatist is exposed to difficulties and vexations from which the poet or novelist are comparatively exempt. When the poem or the novel is written, the troubles of the writer have almost ceased. If the work is meritorious, and contains the elements of popularity, it is purchased by the publisher for a stipulated sum; it is printed with little delay; the author is exempted from all risk, and, except the light toil of correcting the press, which is perhaps undertaken, not of necessity, but by preference, has nothing to do but to watch its progress,—conscious that while he has the chance of being cheered by the indications of success, he cannot be exposed to any signal proofs of failure.

Far different is the fate of the dramatist. First, he is exposed to the inconvenience and vexation of delay. Dramatic writers, according to the evidence of Mr Serle, himself both author and actor, 'think the opportunities considerably too few, and the 'time consumed in getting their pieces read and decided upon 'considerably too long, so that they cannot produce the same 'number of pieces they could do had they been allowed the full 'devotion of their time to their art.

'That is not the case with those who have already succeeded?

'It was the case with Mr Knowles with respect to the ' "*Hunchback*;" Miss Mitford, with respect to "*Rienzi*," which 'lay *four years* in Covent Garden; and with respect to "*Foscari*," which lay four years in Covent Garden also.'

'*Rienzi*,' after lying four years at Covent Garden, was, after all, not acted there. It was rejected, and transferred to Drury Lane, where, after experiencing further delay, it was at length performed, not, as it would appear, in consequence of its intrinsic merits, but, as Mr Maeready believes, 'in consequence of a 'young lady coming out.' The character of Claudia, the daughter of *Rienzi*, was considered suitable for this young lady's *début*. And this circumstance, after years of delay, rescued from farther postponement one of the best, and eventually most successful tragedies of the last twenty years.

A fact like this speaks volumes; and there is other corroborating evidence which it is perhaps unnecessary to cite. The dramatic writer has many jarring tastes, interests, and arrangements, to reconcile and conciliate. It is not enough that the manager is pleased. The principal performers must like the parts allotted to them, or woe betide the luckless author, whose fate is absolutely in their hands. They can make the fortunes of his play, or mar them; and their will must be obeyed. Let him not think that he has given the finishing stroke to his composition when he has satisfied his own judgment. This scene must be expunged—this incident must be altered—this speech must be curtailed;—this passage, on which he is content to rest his literary fame, must be changed to something else which he considers vile as composition, but which he is assured the theatre will applaud. Were he a Scott or a Byron, he must submit to be lectured, and regarded as a tyro in what conduces to scenic effect. His best chance of steering successfully through these difficulties, is to write his play expressly for some great performer. Under such protection, if he contrives to have his play ready sufficiently long before the expiration of the performer's engagement with the accepting manager, he may

get easily through the probationary difficulties of the green-room and rehearsal, and see it fairly launched upon the stage. We will not dwell largely on the agonies of rehearsal : our readers shall picture for themselves the feelings of a timid and sensitive author, present at the *last* rehearsal previous to representation, —writhing under the omissions and alterations which his best passages undergo, through the treacherous memory of the performers. He hears his verse broken into prose ; he hears his sense translated into nonsense—nonsense, which must pass for his, when it is delivered to the public. He sees in these depravations of his style and meaning the precursors of a failure, which will be signal when it comes, and which, unmerited as it may be, will fall wholly on his own head. In order that a play may be successful in representation, it is desirable that the author should be conversant with theatrical affairs. His chance will be decidedly best, if, like Mr Knowles, he unites both author and actor in his own person. If he is entirely unacquainted with the stage and its concerns, no matter what his talents are, his prospects of success will be comparatively small. Thus the sphere of dramatic talent is narrowed by circumstances by which other branches of literature are not affected. Many of our most distinguished literary men have resided in the country, far from theatres, coming rarely to London, and little enabled to judge what would suit the style of the principal performers and the theatrical taste of the day. We fear a Scott, or a Southey, in his rural seclusion, would be found a less successful playwright than the observant ‘man about town,’ who, if he has studied nature less, will have studied the stage more.

We have only briefly adverted to the nature of the ordeal to which the dramatist is exposed. Unlike the lot which attends other literary efforts, the failure of the dramatist (if he fails) is signal. He must endure all that reviews can wreak ; and this besides. It does not come slowly—it comes at once. It is not like the croakings of his publisher, a grievance poured into his private ear. He cannot hug himself in the fond belief that it is a failure which the public does not know. Here is a fact which the public knows, and the press announces—his play has been hissed at and withdrawn ; in one energetic word it is ‘damned.’ Not only is he exposed to this open disgrace, but his disgrace may be the result of circumstances over which he had no control. A horde of tipsy apprentices rush in at half price, and overpower, by noiseless clamour, the interest of one of the most effective scenes—an actor forgets his part—some ludicrous accident makes the audience laugh where they ought to be weeping ;—trifles like this will turn the fortunes of a play, and bring down the

disgrace of failure upon the head of the luckless author. These, it will be admitted, are considerable drawbacks; but then, it will be urged, how intoxicating are the triumphs of success! It is painfully humiliating to see one's play 'damned' by a turbulent gallery; but '*plausu gaudere theatri*,' is a pleasure to which none can be insensible. Vanity, that powerful stimulant to exertion, will find the tardy acknowledgment of the merits of a book fall dull and cold upon its sated ear, in comparison with the tumultuous and unequivocal triumph of a rapturous reception in a crowded playhouse. True,—the success of a written work comes slowly to the author, and unattended with exciting circumstances; but it is undivided—it is all his own. The honours of the theatre he is forced to share. Of the success of a play, how much is to be attributed to the author? how much to the performers? The author may think, that, in strict justice, nearly all belongs to him; but do the audience think so? He is conscious they do not. He must be conscious that perhaps few among them care to know his name; and that, if he were to appear before them when the curtain dropped, in his character of author, the applause bestowed on him would be cold and faint, compared with that which would be lavished on the well-known favourite who had personated his hero. It is not only at the theatre that the author is made subordinate. He is similarly treated by the world at large. People go not so much to see the play, as to see the great performer who gives effect and celebrity to some particular character in it. The common language of society corresponds with this practice. The performer, and not the play, is the usual inducement which we hear persons hold out to others. 'Virginus' and 'Rienzi' are two of our most successful modern tragedies; yet what is the language of those who would advise others to go and see them? 'You will like Macready's acting in Virginus'—'By all means see Young in Rienzi'—as if these dramas were mere vehicles for exhibiting to advantage the talents of the actor. In the comic department of the drama, this is perhaps even more strikingly the case. 'Simpson and Co.' was a very successful piece, but the chief attraction was Terry's acting; and nine tenths of those who go to witness the representation of 'Paul Pry,' go to see, not the play, but Liston. Nay, the author is even still more unfairly defrauded by society of the consideration due to him. Many must have observed, when a witticism from any modern play is quoted, how often it is mentioned as if the merit of the idea belonged entirely to the actor. These may be trifles, and ought to be disregarded; but that is not the present question. We are not now discoursing of essentials—we are weighing the

sensitive feelings of authorship, and endeavouring to balance the account between a flattered and a wounded vanity. Be it remembered, too, that the circumstances of the time do not promise to alter the relative importance of actor and author favourably to the latter. The prevalence of reading tends rather to depress him. People need not go to the theatre for that mental excitement which it is the province of the author to supply. They can enjoy *that* on easier terms at home. But they *must* go to the theatre, if they wish to enjoy the pleasure derivable from good acting. This, therefore, since it is the only pleasure which they can enjoy on no other terms, they naturally regard as the primary object of their going thither; and as the author of the play had exercised a very subordinate influence on their intentions, so he is not unnaturally held entitled to a very subordinate consideration in their remembrance of the pleasure derived from his production.

We have now mentioned several causes uncontrollable by legislation, which seem to militate against any hope of considerable resuscitation for the drooping drama. Would we could exhibit brighter prospects! would we could concur with the sanguine hopes of the ardent votaries of this once brilliant branch of our national literature, who expect for it a palin-genesia of fame and splendour that might emulate its glories of the Elizabethan age! Would we could do so seriously! but the aspects of the time forbid: and we had rather disseminate an unwelcome truth than a palatable fiction, even though it be a fiction so apparently harmless as the indulgence of a hope like this.

ART. II.—*Eastern and Egyptian Scenery, Ruins, &c., accompanied with descriptive Notes, Maps, and Plans, illustrative of a Journey from India to Europe, followed by an Outline of an Overland Route, Statistical Remarks, &c., intended to show the advantage and practicability of Steam Navigation from England to India.* By Captain C. F. HEAD, Queen's Royal Regiment. London. Oblong folio. 1833.

THE wonderful change which the introduction of the power of steam has, in the course of a few years, effected in the navigation of rivers, lakes, and narrow seas, is felt by us every day. It has brought remote districts close to one another, and has converted us into a nation of travellers. It is not surprising, therefore, that attempts should have been made to apply it to distant voyages also; and, accordingly, efforts have been used to include even the East Indies in the range of steam navigation. The difficulty of finding intermediate stations, and fuel, in such very distant voyages, must always form a great obstacle to their success, until some mode can be devised, either of consuming less, or of conveying it in a less bulky form. And it may be doubted whether, in voyages where a great part of the course is made by trade-winds and a regular monsoon, at a rate nearly equal to that usually effected by steam, as is the case in those round the Cape of Good Hope, the average saving of time by steam navigation, gained at a very great expense, would eventually repay the adventurers using steam-vessels on the present construction, deprived as they are of the benefit of a large extent of canvass.

Plans have, however, been proposed for opening a regular intercourse with our Eastern possessions by the ancient Indian road of Egypt and the Red Sea. The route is direct and short, but the difficulties are considerable. The two most obvious are the total want of fuel at all the intermediate stations, as well as in India; and that the communication, when once established at an enormous expense, is always liable to be deranged or broken off, by the revolutions of a barbarous court, or the caprice of an ignorant despot. The former of these difficulties it is in the power of money to remove; and in particular instances it has been overcome; the voyage from Bombay to Cosseir, and back, having actually been made oftener than once by steam: and supposing the difficulties to the east of Suez to be overcome, those to the west are manageable enough. The whole resolves into a question of expense.

It is hardly necessary to point out the great advantages, both political and commercial, which would accrue from such a communication. The demand for it, especially in India, where its advantages are most immediately felt, has been of course very urgent; and much has been written on the subject, both there and at home. Among others, Captain Head has examined with much care the proposed route, and the present volume contains the result of his observations and researches. He tells us that he 'had a double object in view, namely, to promote a rapid communication with India, by way of Egypt, through the agency of steam navigation; and, as a natural consequence of this measure, to secure our northern frontier against the perils of northern invasion. In order to leave no part of the question unilluminated, a journal of the line of route has been given, with sketches of scenery and antiquities; instructions have been supplied for the navigator, calculations for the economist, and statistical and political data for the proficient in military science.'

Captain Head proposes that this overland, or rather more direct communication, should be connected with the steam-packets which at present sail monthly from Falmouth for Malta; that a branch steamer should be ready to carry the Indian packet thence to Alexandria, and that another steamer should be in waiting at Suez to receive it on its arrival there, and proceed with it to Bombay. The time necessary he calculates thus:—

	<i>Days.</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Falmouth to Malta, (as at present,) including two days at Gibraltar	16	2250
Stay at Malta	2	
Malta to Alexandria	6	837
Alexandria to Suez, by Cairo	6	175
Suez to Aden	8 ¹ ₂	1323
Stay at Aden	2	
Aden to Bombay	10 ¹ ₂	1644
	<hr/> 51	<hr/> 6229

Letters forwarded from Bombay by *horse-dak* or post, would, he calculates, reach Madras in less than fifty-seven, and Calcutta in about fifty-nine days, or two months, from London.

Such is the proposed plan. The great physical difficulty is the supply of fuel at the eastern stations. Bombay, it is probable, could always be supplied at a fair rate by the quantity carried out to that port as ballast. Captain Head proposes that the depôt at Aden should be supplied by ships, on their way to Bombay from England, during the south-west monsoon, run-

ning through the Mozambique channel and on to Aden, before bearing down for that port, which it is calculated would lengthen the voyage not more than one month; while Suez might be supplied from Alexandria by coals brought from England, and carried first up the Nile to Cairo, and then on camels to Suez. In this way he reckons that they might be supplied at Bombay at 40s. the ton, at Aden at 50s., and at Suez at 60s. As coals have been discovered, and even wrought, in various places of India, it is not impossible that, in the course of time, they might be found equal in quantity and quality to the demand for steam and other purposes. Captain Head supposes that three new steamers would suffice; two on the Indian side of Egypt, and one between Egypt and Malta.

The estimate of the annual expense of each steam-boat varies from L.26,800, that furnished by the East India Company, to L.5974, 12s. as given by Captain Head;—the former calculating the vessel to last fifteen years, the latter twenty; the former estimating the original expense of each vessel at L.35,600, the latter at L.12,000. Similar discrepancies occur in all the other items of account. It is probable that the one is a good deal too high, while the other, grounded on the data furnished by merchants, eager to see the enterprise undertaken, is considerably too low. When Captain Head, among the receipts, reckons L.45,000 for the postage of 300,000 letters annually, L.10,000 for newspapers, and no less than L.30,000 for what he calls periodical law papers, bills of exchange, &c. for India, he seems to go to a ridiculous extreme.

The Company estimate the total expense of four steamers, for fifteen years, at	L.1,608,000
Captain Head, that of three, for twenty years, at	606,800

It is not our intention to attempt reconciling these jarring conclusions, nor indeed is it necessary. If the regular steam navigation is found practicable at all, the expense must, in the first instance, be defrayed either by the Government, or by the merchants of India and England. In the present unsettled state of Indian revenue, it is not probable that the Government, either at home or abroad, will add a new branch of expense to their already severely burdened finances; while, if it is to be attempted by a body of merchants, their local knowledge and intimacy with the details of the economy of navigation, would give the plans conducted by them many advantages, in point of saving, over any to be managed by the servants of Government, either in the East or West. But Government should lend its aid; and perhaps a plan undertaken by merchants in

India and England, under the protection of Government, and with a contract for the transmission of Government despatches and packets, under such regulations as might be agreed on,—fixing, of course, the times of sailing and the length of passage, and stipulating a reasonable sum on these principles,—would offer the best commencement of such an enterprise. The postage of letters, if not otherwise arranged by the contract, might be left with the undertakers for a certain period, if they fulfilled the terms of their contract. In this way, Government, while it contributed a fixed share, would not be led unadvisedly into an expense that, under its management, must in its nature be in a great degree uncertain; while the execution would be intrusted to that able, wealthy, and intelligent body of men, who are most eager for its success, and who have it most in their power to manage it economically and efficiently.

Another route has also been proposed, proceeding from Bombay to Bussora, then up the Euphrates to Beles and Bir, thence across the Desert to Aleppo and Scanderoon, and so on to Malta and England. The disadvantages of this route are the numerous obstructions by rocks and shallows when the river is low, and the danger from the Arabs in mounting the Euphrates, and in passing from Bir to Aleppo. On the other hand, it is stated as an advantage, that the supply of bitumen or naphtha, as fuel, is inexhaustible and cheap. But, as long as Egypt is quiet, the route by the Red Sea possesses many advantages. The effects of Mohammed Ali's conquest of Syria on the neighbouring Arab tribes remains yet to be seen, and may in the issue greatly facilitate that by the Euphrates. At all events, in cases where the road by Egypt from any cause was shut up, the power of advancing above Korna, on the Tigris, by means of steam, would greatly shorten the period of time employed in the transit; even when it was necessary to resort to the old overland route, by Tartars, from Bagdad to Aleppo or Constantinople.

It is probable that the steam-vessels could carry little or nothing of a cargo properly so called. Their fuel, and provisions for their crews and passengers, would occupy most of their spare room. It should seem, however, that the knowledge of the dangers of the navigation of the Red Sea, and the intimacy with the trade of the two countries which such voyages would produce, joined to the introduction of a more regular government into Egypt and the Arabian coast, ought naturally, were not the Pacha himself a merchant, to generate a limited trade in the productions of the East and West, from India to the Mediterranean, by the route by which that commerce was conducted from the earliest periods of recorded time. Such a coin-

merce could not fail to be beneficial both to Egypt and to our Eastern territories.

The real difficulty, in the first instance, seems to be the want of a British population in India sufficiently numerous, by its constant and extensive demand for communication with the mother country, to support the regular expense of such an establishment. The English in India are generally estimated at little more than thirty thousand. The demand for passages through Egypt, even at present, we believe would be very great. Numbers of our countrymen in India would embrace such an opportunity of visiting Egypt, the Holy Land, Turkey, Greece, Italy, and France, on their way to their native country or to India. But the total number of letters in so limited a population would increase but slowly, while the ordinary conveyance, by which letters arrive cheaply, sometimes in little more than three months, still remained open. A more extended population of Europeans would indeed tend more than any thing else to support the proposed plan; especially as the increase would, in a considerable degree, consist of active and speculative men, who hoped to introduce new branches of trade, or to improve the old.

As to the general question arising out of this view, and which has been so much agitated with reference to other purposes,—Whether the settlement of Englishmen in the interior of India ought to be encouraged or checked; and, as connected with that question, Whether the regulation prohibiting them from acquiring landed property is really beneficial to the natives, for whose benefit it was professed to be introduced,—we shall, at present, in passing, make only a very few remarks.

On these subjects, the two classes of Europeans, those who are in the service of the Company, and those who are not, have in general entertained opinions diametrically opposite. In this, as in many other instances, we believe that the best explanation of the diversity will be found in the history of the measure itself. The Company, in its origin, when invested with a grant of the monopoly of the English trade to India, received at the same time such powers as were considered requisite to render it effectual; and, among others, that of securing and sending home such *interlopers* as interfered with their interest by buying or selling, or otherwise carrying on trade within their peculiar bounds. As long as the monopoly was absolute, these extraordinary powers, though occasionally exercised in an arbitrary and oppressive mode, were considered as a necessary part of it. The hostility between the licensed and unlicensed trader, which originated during this period, became very acrimonious,—much re-

sembling the antipathy between custom-house officer and smuggler, or the bailiff and his prey. When, instead of being mere traders, the Company came to be sovereigns also, and factories were united with provinces, the hatred which had sprung from feelings of commercial jealousy was not diminished, but rather exasperated by political interference. Their servants were not only embarrassed by the opposition of these interlopers in the purchase of an investment, whether on the Company's or their own private account; but these men sometimes found their way into the territories of the native independent powers, where they either traded through foreign bottoms as rivals, or lent these princes the aid of their political and military talents, setting the Company's Government at defiance. Even where the unauthorized adventurers, by connivance or otherwise, settled in the Company's own territories, the case was not much better. It was objected to them, and with much truth, not only that they were rivals, but that if they oppressed the natives, they were in a great measure beyond the reach of ordinary law. It is to be remembered, that at that period the Company had no English courts of justice in the provinces, which were all nominally held as part of the dominions of the Great Mogul, and governed by the native laws and usages. It was a fixed principle introduced for supporting the dignity of the English name, not to suffer an Englishman to be amenable to a native judge; and the British courts at the Presidencies had no power to try or punish an Englishman for an offence committed in what was not by law recognised as British territory. The consequence was, that the offender either remained unpunished, or was sent away in a summary manner, as being without license within the range of the Company's exclusive privilege. When, in the progress of legislation, his Majesty's courts of law at the different presidencies received the power of trying certain offences, whether committed in our own territories or those of our allies, the remedy was still very imperfect. A man was to be brought down several hundred miles to trial, with all the crowd of witnesses for and against him, who were liable to be detained far from home for an indefinite time, or to be dismissed, to return at a remote future period. The whole was liker a Parliamentary impeachment than an ordinary trial, and was too uncertain and too expensive to be often resorted to, even for considerable offences. In smaller ones, it of course was not thought of; and the situation of Englishmen, as to minor offences committed in the provinces, continued to be very anomalous. The consequence was, that any Englishman who was not restrained by regard to character, or feelings of justice, could occasion a good

deal of annoyance to the inhabitants, and much trouble to the public officers. He might be guilty of considerable acts of oppression on the timid and shrinking natives, and redress was very uncertain. Considerations such as these, added to the repugnance always shown to the settlement in the country of Europeans, whether in or out of the service, probably led (though at an earlier stage than the last of these changes) to the regulation prohibiting an Englishman from holding land. That regulation has often been represented as a great proof of British disinterestedness. Though always proud of the virtues of our countrymen, in that light we cannot consider it. It was adopted merely as the remedy of an accidentally existing evil, and there was no self-denial in the case ; but, on the contrary, the prospect of personal benefit on the part of those who made the regulation. They had no desire themselves to settle in the country, or to purchase land, but they wished to prevent others from doing so.

But however that may be, it is clear that, at the present day, circumstances are fundamentally changed ; and the question now stands on quite another basis. As far as relates to the native and independent princes of India, the British Residents at the courts of the few of them that are left, are quite adequate to prevent any quarrel from the misconduct of British subjects. So far as relates to the Company's own provinces, it is to be remembered, that the Company have not for some time possessed the exclusive trade of India, and are likely soon to have no share in it at all ; that where the trade is free to British subjects, the facilities of trade must also be afforded them. And there is no good reason, from any peculiarity in the present administration of India, why that should not be. The provinces themselves are now under a system of law administered by British judges, and of which the regulation of the conduct of British subjects forms a part ; so that there seems to be no just cause why all minor offences committed by British subjects, should not be investigated and punished on the spot, under a system of law suited to the circumstances of the country. The man who settles in a foreign country, should know that by so doing he subjects himself to its laws. All Europeans, not Englishmen, and all Americans, &c., are already subject to the local authorities. If the present laws are not sufficient for the suppression of English delinquency, let them be made more strict. The very permission to settle, will help to obviate the chief difficulty—the want of juries. There is talent and firmness enough in the provinces to check English as well as Indian misrule, and perhaps the former of the two most easily.

Thus it would appear that the apprehension formerly entertained, with some reason, of subjecting the natives to insult from British violence, and of permitting injuries for which there was no adequate redress, need no longer be entertained. The laws are now made and administered, not under the authority of the Great Mogul, but of the King of England, and affect, or may easily be made to affect, the English subject, as well as any other. But, on the other hand, by excluding him from the provinces, much injury is occasioned; and that not only to himself, but to the natives. It is well known, that the improvements in several manufactures, as, for example, those of indigo, lac-dye, and silk, have been introduced by European ingenuity. Similar advantages are anticipated in the cleaning and preparing of cotton, sugar, and other articles. Private interest will discover how an increase of European goods may be introduced into the country, in exchange for Indian goods now not exported at all, or exported to less extent, or of inferior quality. If no great increase of European capital can be employed, the natural quantity will at least find its course. But, above all, the European, far from injuring or oppressing the Indian, would necessarily act as his best and most effectual protector. If he himself has land, he will be careful not to suffer excessive or illegal exactions to be made in his own case; and from him his neighbours will speedily learn to protect themselves. Unauthorized demands sometimes continue to be levied after they have been given up by the revenue-board; these would sooner be checked. If grievances exist, the European knows the best channel to seek redress; he has courage to face the difficulties opposed to him, and may often make known the real state of circumstances, when otherwise, from difference of language and other obstacles, the truth could never reach the ear of Government. One of the greatest evils, and most difficult to be removed, in the present system, is the want of publicity in all proceedings, both revenue and judicial, in the provinces. A sprinkling of Europeans over the country is the best, perhaps the only remedy. Far from being an injury, therefore, the settlement of a few Englishmen among the native inhabitants promises to be a real benefit and blessing. Under the inspection of a liberal and prudent government at the Presidencies, we are not afraid of the thing being overdone. If a European wishes to get rid of his capital, he has only to buy or take land in India, and apply to *general* cultivation. This will soon be found out. In some branches, indeed, approaching to an art or manufacture, and which require superior skill and science, the European may excel, and have the advantage; but in the mere production of grain, for example, or in any ordinary

cultivation or trade, he has no chance of coping with the native, either in patience or economy. Wherever he succeeds, it is a proof that his skill was wanted, and that he has been of use : where he fails, he has at least had fair play. We may leave him to the discipline of nature. It is well known, that in the island of Salsette, near Bombay, land has long been allowed to be held by British subjects ; but though managed by men of uncommon capacity and ingenuity, it never turned out a profitable speculation, and the cultivation was supported, and even then not successfully, only by its union with a distillery, in which the superior science of the European, and a Government contract, were brought into play. In all speculations, merely agricultural, the minute attentions necessary to prevent waste, fraud, and negligence, could never be exerted by Europeans, where labour was hired on a large scale.

As to the argument, that, in many of our provinces, the different rights which are involved in every field of cultivated land, leave no room for European purchase, and that certain rights exist over waste and unoccupied lands—that from these and other peculiarities, English colonists could only be partially admitted into* India,—the argument is fair and just, as far as it goes. It is against English regulation, not native law or usage, that we argue. No one can desire, in the present state of the country, to alter the laws and customs of the natives for the purpose of admitting a foreign race. All that can be asked is, that the Englishman may be allowed to settle or buy, where no such law prevents him. He might for example buy lands from a Mussulman, from an Armenian, from a Parsee, from a native Christian, from a Bohra. If he is excluded by the law or known usage of any province or district, he must submit. There can hardly, in any case, be a solid objection to his holding, as zemindar, the government share of produce, though there may, in many instances, be serious objections to the government's placing him in that capacity.

That the public officers of the Company should not view with favour the settlement of Europeans in the provinces, need excite no surprise. Every man is fond of ease ; even a good and active public servant is so. The new settler would probably, if a clever man, give a great deal of trouble. He would question known usages ; he would be jealous of imposition ; he would often scent mischief where there was none ; he would be nine times wrong ; but if he was right the tenth, he would more than

* Malcolm's *Political History of India*, vol. ii. p. 251.

repay to his country all the trouble he occasioned. It is precisely his being an observing and inquisitive person, that makes him a useful one. It is vain to expect to govern any country well without trouble.*

There is another reflection that may reconcile some persons to these conclusions, and that is, that in spite of our laws, British men, under another name, will find their way into the provinces. The class of Half-castes or Anglo-Indians, is rapidly increasing, and must rise, as they ought to do, in wealth and consideration. Numbers of them have had British education, and *they* may freely spread over the land. Their example may perhaps show, taking a retrospect of the time past, that there is not so much danger, as is generally supposed, of Englishmen interfering with the natives. But a very small proportion of this class have turned themselves to country pursuits. Agricultural speculations are never likely to be a favourite employment with Englishmen of any class in India. To those who have capital the risk is too great, the gain too small; while even the lowest class are not disposed to engage in the manual occupations of such pursuits. The climate is too unfavourable. Were the provinces thrown open, some capital, as we have already said, would, in the first instance, be squandered in idle schemes; a few rash adventurers would travel over the country, till they saw how little was to be done; the delusion would soon pass away; and this first class of ardent adventurers would be succeeded by a second and soberer one, who, profiting by the failure or the experience of those who preceded them, in less numbers, and in connexion with houses of trade, would traverse the country to spy out its capacities, and to borrow or introduce new arts. It has been truly repeated over and over again, that India does not admit of colonization, in the usual sense of the term. It is already occupied and employed. But there seems to be no good reason why it should be the only land from which even the chance of improvement from foreign ingenuity is to be excluded by law. The few Europeans who settled in it would probably take up their residence in towns, and turn their at-

* Perhaps the power of granting licenses to settle in the provinces, should be committed, in the first instance, to the local governments at the different Presidencies, as has been proposed in Mr Grant's letter to the Chairman of the Court of Directors. There are many reasons for this. They are on the spot, and by watching the working of the measure, could check any excess or abuse that occurred, subject to the usual responsibility.

tention to manual trades, commerce, the arts, medicine, &c. From similarity of situation and interest, they would be likely to associate most closely with the Anglo-Indians, and both would soon form but one body. Allowing that their children at first fell below the level of Europeans, yet if the means of instruction are not withheld from them, and if they are not, by the partiality of our laws, placed in an unfavourable situation, there seems no reason why they should not very early possess a mental superiority over the rest of the inhabitants, and gradually rise higher still in the scale of improvement. To doubt it seems to be to maintain that the religion, literature, and policy of India will be found superior to those of Europe. But in order to do justice to this mixed class, we must give them a political and civil existence, which at present they can hardly be said to have. Till recently, we have repulsed them from all alliance and fellow-feeling with us. We have wished ourselves, and them too, to forget that we came from the same fathers. We have attempted to mingle them with those low classes which had scarcely a place in the social order. With a blind and perverse policy, we had nearly converted into bitter enemies a numerous body whom, by mere sufferance, and the slightest attention, we might have made our firmest friends. They found themselves strangers and outcasts in their own country ;—outcasts, because they were Englishmen. They had literally nothing to do with the laws but to obey them. Their numbers and wealth have finally wrested from us a tardy and ungracious acknowledgment of some of their civil rights. If we wish to retain India, we will cherish the connexion with them. They are a growing and intelligent race. They will in due time spread over the land. They will know it better than ourselves. Let us conciliate their pride,—their honest pride,—and open a field to their generous hopes, if not from justice, at least from policy. It has often been remarked, and with some foundation in truth, that so feeble is our hold on the native population, and so much is our power in its nature military, that any great calamity suffered by our armies would render our superiority in India precarious ; since any other European nation, governing on our principles, could take up our institutions as it found them ; and except that probably the natives could not hope to find such liberal and enlightened masters, the change would hardly be known. There is no mass of population in the country that would long for Englishmen as English ; none from which our strength could be recruited. The only principle at present existing is obedience to the ruler, no matter who he be. In some respects we have been less politic than the Romans. We have no towns, rich in

English population, who could shut their gates, and organize a resistance against the common enemy, till our shattered armies were recruited; none to exult if our banners again waved in the field. We have preferred present ease to future safety. But if we are not inclined to govern India merely as a military post, to stint and check its natural calls for improvement and change, we will not deny it one of the most obvious and ordinary means of improvement, by throwing obstacles in the way of such adventurers as may wish to carry their capital or industry into it. If they are mistaken, the loss is their own; the hard lessons of adversity will speedily correct their imprudence; but every concentration of British population and enterprise in that country, will not only benefit the natives, but must eventually add, in some degree, to British power and security. The other inhabitants of India may like or dislike the British Government. The English and Anglo-Indian population must ever be attached to it, if fairly treated, and will be ready to defend its existence as the foundation of their own.

As to the second object of our author's work, the securing of our northern frontier against the perils of northern invasion, although we would not willingly overlook or despise any danger to which our empire may be exposed, we are inclined to think that the facility of an attack on that quarter has in general been rather overrated; in consequence of which, in all our temporary quarrels with Russia, the threat of an invasion of our Indian possessions has been hung over our heads as a bugbear to terrify us from the pursuit of nearer objects of policy. Such an invasion is a serious matter. It cannot be made as a *coup-de-main*. It requires great preparation, great force, and long marches, in the eye of all the world. It may be necessary to force a way through hostile nations before arriving at the empire to be attacked. Captain Head points out four lines; 'each of which,' he tells us, 'has its advocate, and they have all engaged the attention of the government at St Petersburg.' The first is from the south shores of the Black Sea, setting out from the Plains of Erzerum, which Colonel Sir John M. Kinneir has pointed out as particularly suited for collecting an army to march to the attack of Persia or India; the invading army advancing in one campaign to Herat. Here preparations would be made for a second campaign, which it is supposed might carry it on to India. As the subjugation of Persia is held to be necessary on this plan, an allowance of one campaign for the march from the Black Sea to Herat, including the conquest of Persia, is scanty enough. But this line of operations is too

long; and even if the country the invaders passed through were subdued, they could not venture to leave behind a newly subjugated kingdom. It is the route which Bonaparte, advancing from Europe by Asia Minor, in the plenitude of his power, aided by Russia, and with Turkey and Persia in his interests, might have chosen as the best and most direct. For obvious reasons it would not be so for Russia. The basis of the second line is the south shore of the Caspian about Asterabad, Herat being still the basis of ulterior operations. He thinks this the most likely to be attempted, as only the co-operation, not the subjugation of Persia, would be required. Without admitting the force of this remark, it has at least the advantage of a shorter line of operations, and the means of drawing supplies in the first instance from the heart of Russia, by water carriage by the Caspian, the Wolga, and its branches. Captain Head, we think, underrates the difficulty of the march of a regular army through Persia and Khorasan, with all its ponderous *materiel*. A country that is chiefly traversed by caravans, that is crossed by extensive deserts, that is generally deficient in water, must be passed with great difficulty by a regular force, and presents formidable obstacles even to the best commissariat. 'The third line of advance from Russia would be from the east shore of the Caspian Sea across a desert to Khiva, on the Oxus or Amu river, and thence to Balkh, and by a caravan route to the Indus. A fourth route lies still farther to the east than the Oxus or Amu river, and would pass through the city of Kohkhand, which communicates by a river with the Sea of Aral; it would proceed to Bokhara, and by Balkh to the Indus. As these routes are more eastward, they are found to be shorter; and an advance to the two latter, if attempted, would most probably be executed with rapidity. The success of the enterprise would, however, be more precarious than the western routes, and might be looked on in the light of a *coup-de-main*.'—P. 74.

In this preference we cannot agree with the author. If, indeed, Persia were subdued, and the Afghan country as far as Kandahar reduced and pacified, no places could form better points from which to start than Herat and Kandahar. But these are mighty undertakings, not to be effectually achieved in a campaign or two, and the very progress of which would sufficiently excite alarm, and call for preparation. Being carried on in a country so well known as Persia, nothing could be hid; jealousy would instantly be excited in Europe. None of her neighbours can seriously desire that Russia should extend her power. And while her western frontier was threatened, she could hardly afford to carry on these eastern operations on the extensive scale

that would be necessary to secure their success, even against Asiatic enemies. On that account, among many others, we should think India most in danger from the two last lines. They suppose the possession of either Khiva or Bokhara, or both; but, for reasons already given in this Journal,* we think that these countries, which are falsely considered as a mere Tartar waste, could be overrun, so as to cause much less jealousy than would be excited by an attack on Persia; and, if possessed by Russia, they would form a *place d'armes* where a certain proportion of troops would always be in readiness in a fine climate; where a military arsenal, stores, ammunition, provisions, and every requisite for operations in the field, could be amassed at leisure,—remote from observation, and yet at a nearer point than any other to our frontier, and close on the country which supplies the finest horses in Asia for the mounting of cavalry. Here would be a permanent danger; and the point where operations commence would be so distant from Europe, and so much removed by deserts from observation, that a campaign might be far advanced before the news of its commencement reached England. The base of operations would in this case be the Amu or Oxus at Termid, or, perhaps, even Balkh and Kundez. The difficulties of passing through the Afghan and Sikh country exists equally on all the four lines. On the two last, there would be the advantage of a much longer range of water-carriage, and a shorter land-march, than on the others: the chief difficulty would be the passage over the Hindu-kush mountains, which separate Usbek Tartary from Kabul. There are several passes over these snow-topped mountains quite practicable for cavalry, for loaded cattle, and even, according to Lieutenant Burnes, for twelve-pounders; and no invader has ever been impeded during the summer months by the difficulties they present. The transport of heavy artillery would form a delay and impediment to a modern army; but an army pushing on to act in the field would not probably encumber itself with a heavy train, but trust for a supply to success which alone would render it requisite. Even the infantry would probably be mounted till they reached the scene of action. It may be questioned whether it would not be possible to pass through the country from the Oxus to the Sutlej, even as enemies. All former invaders passed it as enemies and plunderers. The bands of Turkoman and Cossac marauders would assist not a little a Russian commissariat. But this would make the whole affair depend

* Vol. xliii. p. 104.

on one effort, would cut off any chance of regular supplies from the rear, and would throw both the Afghans and Sikhs into the interest of the English.

As to the length of the route, we shall only state that of the second and third lines as the most feasible.

	Miles.
Second line—Asterabad to Herat, . . .	610
Herat to Candahar, . . .	370
Candahar to Kabul, . . .	176
	1156

Here the second and third lines meet.

	Miles.
Third line—Mangushlae to Khiva, . . .	240
Khiva to Balkh, . . .	700
Balkh to Kabul, 540; (probably an error of the press for 240 or 340,) . . .	340
	<hr/> 1280

To start from Balkh, therefore, would save the troops nearly a thousand miles of march in a foreign territory, and bring them so much more unbroken to the field of action.

	Miles.
From Kabul to Attock, . . .	230
Attock to the Sutlej, about . . .	420

At Attock, the invaders reach the Penjab, and, if they had not previously felt the influence of the British power, it would now become visible. We have not speculated on the chance of their being joined or opposed by the Persians, Afghans, or Sikhs; but it may be observed, in passing, that for any state, not virtually subdued, to admit into its territory, as friends, such a force as must be supposed necessary for attacking British India, would be a novelty in politics. Still more would it be strange to find two or three states so disposed; though many individuals of them all might join, lured by the charms of a *chapow* or *raid* on the rich provinces of India. We have not alluded to the steps which certainly would be adopted for embarrassing the advancing force, even in the early stages of its progress. We have merely accompanied the supposed march. On reaching the Indus, however, they would meet with a new obstacle, which has sprung up but as yesterday. The command of that great river, which admits of the plying of steam-vessels of considerable size, both on it and its tributary streams, would

subject them, as Captain Head justly remarks, to numerous disadvantages. The opposing army could have the command of stores, battering, and all other artillery, reinforcements of men, and supplies of every description, which could be thrown on the point, either in front or rear, where they could most annoy the enemy, or benefit our armies. The five rivers that intersect the Penjab, and several of which are navigable to a considerable height, would afford immense advantages to the Power possessed of the water. None of our readers can have forgot the naval armament of Alexander the Great on these rivers. Native vessels of seventy-five tons still, we are told, navigate the river at Lahore. In Mr Hamilton's time, flat-bottomed vessels of two hundred tons navigated the river to Bakhor, Multan, and Lahore,* and it is only the unsettled state of the country since that time which has interrupted its navigation. For nearly a thousand miles up from its entrance, at which point the chief difficulty occurs, there is never less than fifteen or twenty feet of water, according to Captain Head, or twelve, according to General Malcolm. It cannot be doubted that the power of steam would be a new and valuable auxiliary added to our other means of defence on our northern frontier; the more so as it would not be possessed by the enemy.

We have no design to enter more deeply into the question of northern invasion, which would require many more minute enquiries and details, geographical and military, than we have leisure for; but we may be allowed to doubt whether the alarm it sometimes excites, be not a remnant of a feeling natural enough in past times, but hardly justified at present. Since Bonaparte alarmed us from Egypt, and even since that great warrior and the Russian Alexander plann'd the march of an army to the East, the East itself is changed. At the former of these periods, the escape of a few French frigates beyond the Cape was a matter of reasonable concern. The monarch of Mysore was brooding over his real or imaginary wrongs, and ardent for vengeance. His troops, his very name, were still formidable. Armies were ready to start up at the appearance of a slight European force, round which they might rally. The Nizam was uncertain; even the Nabob of the Carnatic was hardly to be depended upon. At the second period, the whole civilized world, England and America excepted, might be considered as directed by Bonaparte. After the peace of Tilsit, he

* Hamilton's *New Account of the East Indies*, vol. ii. p. 124. London: 1744.

seemed to be on the road to universal conquest. The nations of the earth quailed at his name. Even beyond the civilized world, Russia, Turkey, and Persia were believed to be under his influence. This brought the second Chengiz Khan to the very borders of India; and there the Mahratta empire was still erect; the Peshwa, Sindia, Holkar, were all great powers. A dangerous combination of native princes, and of idle soldiers of fortune, might have aided the adventurous warrior, who could contrive to enter India with but a moderate force from the north. The case is now changed. The appearance of even a strong army in India, though it would attract a few adventurers to join it, could command the alliance of no powerful prince. Even where the princes remain, the military power, with a few unimportant exceptions, is no longer in their hands. The organization of the country is entirely with the English. Time would not be allowed the invader to embody and discipline a native force. The whole brunt of the war would fall upon the original invaders, who would be daily mown away by the sword, and the climate, and fatigue. Shut out entirely from supplies by sea, the precarious reinforcements sent by a long line of some thousand miles of land communication, if they ever arrived, could never be expected to maintain their numbers or vigour. With a brave, active, and numerous enemy on every side of them, even partial victory would only lead them nearer to ruin. Against barbarians the attempt would be dangerous; against an intelligent, civilized enemy, full of resources, we consider it, in the present state of India and of Europe, as a mere dream. The dangers of India are internal, not external, and must be guarded against by good government and an enlightened policy.

Although Captain Head professes to have had the success of steam navigation principally in view in writing this volume, he has not confined himself to that object. The bulk of the work is composed of his Itinerary from India to Malta, embellished by a series of engravings, on a large scale, of the most remarkable scenery and antiquities on the route, beginning at Bombay, continued up the Red Sea and through Egypt, and finishing at Malta. They are chiefly occupied with the eternal monuments of Egyptian labour and art, accompanied by illustrations, either collected on the spot, or drawn from the works of former travellers. The work will be found useful, not only to overland travellers, but to such as confine themselves to the tour of Egypt, which has now become as common an object of foreign travel, as a visit to France or Italy was but fifty years ago.

ART. III.—1. *Ouvrages de M. Jules Janin.* 16 vols. 12mo. Paris: 1832.

2. *Œuvres Complètes de Victor Hugo.* 12 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1832.

THE literature of France has certainly for the last three years exhibited a very remarkable spectacle. The most startling contradiction seems to exist between the theory and practice of the more distinguished of its literary men;—between the principles by which they feel and admit that literature must be guided, and the actual results by which they illustrate those principles. Nowhere has the complaint been more loudly and generally urged than in France, that the spirit of selfishness, the want of religious convictions, the discordant and conflicting views of morals, the cynical and licentious tone which pervade its lighter literature, are destructive to every thing profound or permanent. Nowhere is the necessity of infusing into it a better spirit more eloquently inculcated, or the importance of belief as the basis of every thing great, either in thought or action, more forcibly stated. Yet, alas! romance follows romance, one play presses on the heels of another; and still the same chaos of opinion is exhibited—still the ties which form the cement of society are assailed—still the faith which for eighteen hundred years has survived the influence of time, the change of habits, feelings, and systems, and ‘the drums and trappings of many conquests,’ is assailed and discountenanced as an obsolete and effete principle, no longer capable of vivifying, directing, or comforting the heart, and which must give way to a newer and more perfect revelation; and still these comfortless views continue to be embodied in scenes of licentious indulgence, or revolting atrocity, succeeding each other in a giddy bacchanalian whirl. The very spirit of the ‘anarch old’ seems for some time past to have presided over this branch of the literature of our neighbours; making it one vast contradiction, a bottomless gulf of incongruities, out of which at one time arises ‘a spirit like ‘an angel with bright hair dabbled in blood;’ at another, the grinning aspect of a demon or a satyr; while every tone, from laughter to despair, even to the ‘sound of hands together smote,’ rises in confused and confusing accents from its gloomy margin.

‘Diverse lingue orribile favelle,
Gemiti di dolore, accenti d’ira,
Voci alte e fioche e suon di man con elle.’

If we could regard this state as any thing else but one of transition,—as a step towards re-conducting the convictions and opinions of men into their ancient and natural channels, the prospect would indeed be sufficiently comfortless. At this moment the literature of France has neither the calm self-balanced and tranquil dignity of a literature of belief, nor the resistless and overbearing strength which characterised the destructive literature of the eighteenth century. In truth, that literature might be called in one sense a literature of conviction. The destruction of what was then branded by the name of superstition, the belief in the boundless energies and inherent excellence of human nature,—philosophy, in short, falsely so called, was to that period the substitute for the religious convictions and deference to authority which had formed the constructive, or rather cementing principles, of the ages which had preceded it; the bond which for the time united men in the ranks of one crusade. The evils which were to be the result of this new illumination, the void which would be left in society when that terrible array should have struck its camp, and left desolate the country through which their march had lain, had not then been impressed upon the mind by that most unanswerable of teachers, Experience. No doubts then occurred to damp expectation; all were confident in the regeneration of mankind through this modern Apocalypse; actions and opinions tended to one clear and definite end—the overthrow and removal of all that was, to make way for that which was to come. So long as the walls of the old edifice were crashing around them, and temple and tower, crucifix and throne, one by one, went to the ground, all was harmony and gaiety among the workmen: they saw and were delighted with their visible progress; the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smoothed with the hammer him that smote on the anvil,—not now to build up, as of old, but to pull down; while Europe stood aghast at the tremendous power thus brought into play; and, as the echo of each successive downfall burst upon its ear, trembled within its courts and palaces, for the stability of its institutions.

But there comes a time when a more sobered and anxious feeling succeeds this first exuberance of confidence. The old edifice is in the dust; men have settled themselves down, as they best might, in the new mansion which has been run up in its room. But rocked and shaken by every wind, cold and comfortless by its very vastness, it is soon found neither to afford shelter nor security. Men begin to doubt their own wisdom, and to say in their hearts, as they compare what they have

done with what they have undone, 'the old was better.' Then comes in literature, too, a period of doubt, despondency, and complaint; contradiction and counteraction take the place of that unanimity which had given so terrible a grandeur to their concentrated efforts. When the crimes of the Revolution had shaken men's confidence in the native excellence of the human heart, even though controlled by philosophy, and when its misfortunes and sufferings had impressed upon them the necessity of some higher paraclete than the philosophy of the *Encyclopedie*, without at the same time suggesting to them how the void was to be filled;—when all began secretly to feel that there must be a deeper principle of reverence than mere utility, and yet each was left to follow in darkness such phantom of virtue or religion as his temperament, his fancy, or his interest might enable him to frame:—it was then that, according to the desponding confession of the most eminent of its ornaments at the present day, French literature, deprived at once of that central point and support which had been afforded it by the enthusiasm of general belief, and of that substitute for genuine faith which had for a time been supplied by the fanaticism of destruction, became at last an intellectual, as it had previously been a moral, nullity;—that limbo of conflicting tendencies, aimless speculations, and perverted ability, which we witness at this moment.

But, gloomy as the state of matters may at first sight appear, yet considered (and in this light we certainly regard it) as an unavoidable step in the transition to better things, it is, after all, more desirable than the splendour of the imposing but destructive period which it has replaced. When the tide which has set so long towards the abyss of fatalism and materialism first begins to be met by a contrary current, no wonder if for some time men, who are as the barks upon its surface, are tossed up in convulsive heavings, or whirled round in restless eddies by the collision of the tides; nor if this state of commotion should appear to themselves more uncomfortable than the smoother current down which they had been hitherto hurried. It may be so for a time, but it is much to think that the tide has turned towards its legitimate channel, and that as it acquires strength, all this agitation must gradually disappear, and the stream of opinion flow on once more, unbroken and majestic, through healthier channels and towards a happier shore.

We are not disposed, therefore, to look even on this literary anarchy with an unmixed feeling of regret or dislike. It indicates at least a distrust of the wrong path, if not a progress towards the right. Never again, we think, by any convulsion of

opinion, could France be brought to exhibit the spectacle of Atheism proclaimed by law, of the God of Nature superseded by the Goddess of Liberty, of a universal faith (the only faith left) in the inborn energies and unaided virtues of man. Those dreams are dissipated, and though in their room many visions, scarcely more substantial, have arisen, it is a singular, and on the whole a consoling feature, that at the bottom of one and all of them lies the admission of the necessity of a faith,—a religion. The St Simonian, the Theophilanthropist, the Mystic, the Templar, all concur in the anxious wish to re-establish on a permanent basis what the one feels to be the prop and security of society, the other to be the animating or consoling principle of the individual. When, out of this heaving mass, any thing really firm and stable may be evolved, it would indeed be difficult to conjecture. Men must be allowed, we fear, to go on a little longer blowing their own philosophical and religious bubbles, and seeing them burst by collision against each other, or by their own brittleness, ere the truth be fully impressed upon their minds, that the Christian religion, old-fashioned as it is, and unsuited as the St Simonians would persuade us it is to the new wants and relations of the nineteenth century, contains in itself all those elements which they are vainly seeking to elaborate from the philosophic crucible, and will survive to regulate the destinies and hopes of mankind, ages after their own unsubstantial and hollow idols have been shattered into atoms.

Meantime, it is right to bestow a little attention on the works which this strange fermentation of opinion has produced, distinguished, as many of them are, by a high (though not the highest) degree of ability. It is customary with those who are politically hostile to the present state of things in France, to identify the appearance of the present school of literature (if that can be called a school where all the scholars are teachers, and each teaches a different doctrine) with the last Revolution. But none who has watched the progress of French literature during the Restoration, can fail to perceive, that, though less openly displayed, the same principles, or, rather, want of principles, and the same tendencies, in regard to morality and taste, prevailed under Charles the Tenth as under his elective successor. The Revolution of July, 1830, merely drew aside the covering, and, as Asmodeus did to Don Cleofas, revealed to the public eye what has long been adorning and suffering in the inner chambers of the heart.

The Restoration had done much for the public and social, but little for the private and individual, wants of France. The

political constitution it had given, interpreted according to its true spirit, was sufficient to provide for the rational liberty of the subject; the framework and machinery of the social engine seemed unexceptionable; nay, the necessity of providing for some moving principle of a more spiritual quality than that iron talisman of terror which had been adopted under the Empire, was recognised. But, with a singular inconsistency, while the political institutions of the country had been made to bend and to take a new form from the new wants and intelligence of the time, it seemed as if in all that concerned the inward man, it was the object of government to restore the state of things before the Revolution—not the same creed merely, but the same abuses, the same theoretical though not practical intolerance, the same deferential submission alike to divine truth and palpable human imposture. The effort was made in sincerity, no doubt, but in the profoundest ignorance of mankind, and of the changes, both for good and evil, which a period of unexampled convulsion, and unrestrained, unrelenting enquiry had wrought in the national character. The Bourbons acted on this point, as if the great volume of the world's history, which had closed in 1789, could be opened again in 1814, without adverting to the blood-stained and ominous pages between, on which was written the sad story of the Revolution. But the sun cannot be made to go backward upon the dial by any human means, nor on the now hollow and everywhere undermined soil of Catholicism or Jesuitism was it really possible that any thing could be erected calculated to afford a leaning point or hold amidst the storm, which it required no great acquaintance with the political meteorology to perceive was already blackening in every corner of the sky. A form, indeed, of faith, the outward pomp and garniture of religion, might be fashioned; the due levy of 'friars and eremites, 'white, black, and grey, with all their trumpery,' might be raised; and here and there even some spirit of life breathed into their *simulacrum* of a faith by the piety and sincerity of individual convictions. But on the national mind as a whole it took no hold; it was no longer the mainspring of action, but at best a pleasing and poetical embellishment; occupying only the airy distance, while political struggles and material interests crowded the more palpable foreground. It was like the prince in the tale, half man and half marble, preserving only a paralysed and charmed existence, amidst deserted halls which had once been populous with worshippers.

Whether even a more judicious system on the part of govern-

ment—a less bigoted adherence to the defects as well as the advantages of the past, and a more careful attention to the promotion of sound, virtuous, religious, and, at the same time, enlightened education among the rising youth of France—would already have produced a very different result from that which we are witnessing in literature, it may not be easy to determine. That it would at least have palliated the evil, have prevented it from reaching its present height, nay, perhaps, have materially accelerated the turning of the tide, we certainly do believe, and regret extremely that the attempt was not made with earnestness and perseverance. The experiment commenced in the first years of the Restoration, and steadily pursued during the sixteen years of comparative tranquillity which preceded the movements of July, would have been tried with a probability of success which, we fear, it is not likely to meet with again for a considerable time.

While the character of the national mind, therefore, during the Restoration, and particularly during its closing reign, was at bottom so substantially the same with what it is at this moment, it could not be but that the substantial character of the two literatures should also correspond. The difference, in truth, is but a difference of degree. A vast chasm, for instance, divides the *Paul et Virginie* of St Pierre, or the *Estelle* of Florian, from the fierce sketches of Vitet, or the gloomy audacity of the dramas of Merimée,—a gulf broad and impassable; as if the drawbridge of the middle ages had fallen behind us, and we had suddenly plunged from the calm and measured beauty of the *Iphigenia* of Euripides, into the mystic glory and religious gloom of Calderon's *Devotion of the Cross*. But an easy slope, on the contrary, connects those chronicles of feudal times, full of unsparing pictures of atrocity and unshrinking exhibitions of feelings and manners, from which we had been accustomed to withdraw in terror, with the nightmare visions, wild ravings, and cynical indecency of the *Ane Mort*, and the *Confession*, *La Salamandre*, and *La Peau de Chagrin*. The *hardiesses* of the Theatre of Clara Gazul, graduate by no long or difficult process into the *Orgies* ('we thank thee, Jew, for teaching us that word') of Balzac and Sue, or the laboured apology for debauch which illustrates the pages of the *Peau de Chagrin*.

We perceive, in fact, in the whole literature of the Restoration, when we look back on it calmly, a literature of contention and indecision, an oscillation between two opinions, or an awkward and unsatisfying compromise between both. The same strife which in politics prevails between the partisans of

things as they were, of things as they are, and of things as the sanguine and inexperienced think they should be,—which, in religion, shows itself in the contests between the Jesuits, the moderate religious reformers, and those who, like the St Simonians, are determined to have at once a new heaven, as well as a new earth, indicates itself also in literature,—in the combats of Classicism and Romanticism, the Liberalism and Legitimatism of thought, and in the *juste milieu* system which would blend these heterogeneous elements with each other. Now one appears to be in the ascendant, now the other; and as in the case of the rival Popes fulminating bulls against each other from Rome and Avignon, none knows where the successorship of St Peter is truly vested: the principles of taste, nay, the foundations of morals from which those principles flow, are left to the arbitration of conflicting tribunals, each claiming supreme authority, and reversing without ceremony the decisions of each other. And until the tacit consent of men, founded on calmer views and deeper wisdom, shall have re-established in the literary and moral world a Supreme Court of Cassation, by which those distracting judgments shall be overruled and harmonized, no other result will ever be produced, except that which characterised the era of Charles the Tenth, as it now does still more distinctly that of Louis Philippe;—a literature ephemeral in its nature, studiously copying and flattering the passions, tastes, and prejudices of the time, and bearing on its very forehead the visible impress of its speedy mortality; supplied, not from the vital and perennial spring of an inward conviction, but from the polluted source of interest, or at best the mixed and troubled stream of passion and controversy; agitating all topics, questioning all opinions, employing and blending all styles and manners; now stern as Zeno himself, now rivalling all the lubricity of the Porch and the Garden; proclaiming, lamenting over, its own degradation and inefficiency, yet, even in penance, planning sins anew; and, like Scott's dying desperado Cavalier, hoping nothing, believing nothing, and fearing nothing!

So far only, we think, matters were made worse by the Revolution, that it gave a louder voice to the expression of the general moral confusion; and by showing its extent, spread still farther the contagion of its example. It familiarized the mind also with the sudden subversion of much which they had been accustomed to consider as firm and unquestionable, and led them to argue, not inconsequentially, from the success which had attended the political experiment, and the brilliancy with which

it had been invested, to a similar result in regard to the very foundations of civil society itself. New distributions of property, new relations of the sexes, new classifications of men according to certain imaginary standards of mental and manual efficiency, new laws of morality, a new patent religion, accommodating itself to every one's inclinations;—all the visions, in short, which had floated in cloudy reverie through the imaginations of speculative dreamers during the Restoration, now assumed a shape, and were thrust forth into the light, during that partial calenture of the brain which always accompanies or succeeds a Revolution. Another misfortune, too, inseparable from this state of things, is, that it has increased prodigiously the helots of literature—the mere day-labourers in the literary vineyard, who, without the merit of being even sincere in their schemes or speculations, are ever ready to take up and drive to extremes the latest fancy which has amused or interested the public. These men are perhaps the only class in France to whom its disorganized condition presents matter of satisfaction rather than regret. Chiefly by this craft, indeed, they have their living; and with enough of ability to render them dangerous, actuated by no higher principle than that of rendering themselves sufficiently important to be purchased by some of the contending parties that divide the State, they have done much to deepen the general confusion, and to sink still lower, in point of taste and tone, the standard of literature, already too effectually degraded. Only amidst the confusion caused by such a state of things as this, we trust, would an instance be found of one of the most popular writers of the day, Balzac, deliberately composing and publishing, with his name, a work (the *Contes Drolatiques*) in which the licentiousness of Boccaccio is imitated in the language of Rabelais;—nay, holding out to the public the agreeable assurance that the first volume, if successful, is to be followed by nine more!—or of one of the most successful dramatists of the day, (Latouche,) producing a play (*La Reine d'Espagne*), which, from the revolting indecency of the plot, was actually hissed from the boards of the Theatre! Where else, save in this chaos of opinions, would adultery or incest, actual or intended, be selected as an almost indispensable *nodus* for a narrative or a play;*—or the first dramatist of the

* We had begun to specify some instances in a note, but found the numbers increase upon us so fast, that we think it better to say at once, that about a third of the modern novels, and nearly a half of the modern plays, as nearly as we can calculate, turn on these delicate distresses.

day select for the latest subject of his muse, the infamous Lucretia Borgia, and divide the interest of the drama between his monstrous heroine and her incestuous offspring by her own brother? What a picture of the disordered condition and feelings of the rising generation of *litterateurs* in France, is exhibited by such a scene as the suicide of Escousse and Le Bras! Escousse was a young man, of about twenty, who had obtained some success (more in fact than he deserved) on the stage, by dramas,* written in the 'blood-boltered' taste of the time. But some critics did not handle him so gently as the audience; and vexed at being made the victim of spiteful epigrams,—sick of the world about him, the instant any cloud came between him and its sunshine,—without support from any principle of hope or faith within,—he saw no remedy for his suffering but in suicide. Le Bras, his friend, a young man of about the same age, had been his *collaborateur* in one of his dramas, and sharing, it would appear, his disgust with this world, was equally ready to be his companion to another. These unfortunate young men shut themselves up together in Escousse's apartment, and suffocated themselves with the vapour of burning coals. Escousse had left on the table this characteristic note: 'Escousse s'est tué parce qu'il ne sentait pas sa place ici, parce que la force lui manquait à chaque pas qu'il faisait en avant ou en arrière, parce que l'amour de la gloire ne dominait pas assez son âme, si âme il y a (!) Je desire que l'épigraphe de mon livre soit :—

' Adieu trop inféconde Terre,
 Fleaux humains, soleil glacé;
 Comme un fantôme solitaire
 Inaperçu j'aurai passé :
 Adieu les palmes immortelles,
 Vrai songe d'une âme de feu
 L'aile manquait, j'ai fermé ailes
 Adieu!'

The literature which has arisen under these disastrous influences, has been partly of an avowedly fantastic quality, partly of a kind which, though professing to deal with actual evidents, seems to be scarce less fantastic or unreal than the other, and to our minds far more revolting. The tendency towards the fantastic,—towards the creation of an unreal world, emancipated from all the laws and necessities of the actual, or even the conventional rules which regulate the ordinary world of fiction—of a

* *Faruk le Maure. Pierre III. Raymond.*

wild series of visions, changing as rapidly as images in the coals, and with as little meaning or discoverable sequence; now a cloud-castle, now a gloomy cave, now the likeness of an armed head, a dragon, or a spectre,—is no unnatural resource in those evil days of a nation's history, when the present offers little to satisfy, and the future little to encourage. Nothing else, we think, could account for that persevering, and any thing but discriminating, imitation of the Tales of Hoffman, and the intense admiration with which he appears to be regarded, which was for a year or two past so obvious in the criticism and in the literature of France. Of all men Hoffman is the least suited for imitation, his manner the least likely to succeed in any other hands. It often fails, it is often intolerable in his own; in those of a professed and literal imitator it is seldom otherwise. Its effect in his own hands, indeed, was owing to an idiosyncrasy which peculiarly fitted him to excel in this, precisely because it unfitted him for every thing else; to a temperament naturally nervous and irritable to no common degree, rendered more so by disease and dissipation; the consciousness of high and varied abilities, and the conviction that they had in a great measure been unprofitably and irrecoverably wasted. In Hoffman this preternatural sensibility had reached so great a height, that during his whole life he had a tendency to insanity, and frequently bordered upon, if he did not overpass, the thin partition which divides imagination from madness. To such a mind only,—so habitually haunted with presentiments, seeing traces of the Devil's hoof in the commonest affairs of life, and starting and trembling at the demogorgons and chimeras with which his busy fancy involuntarily peopled every solitude,—could the phantoms bred in the brain and born in a coffee-house, assume even that qualified air of truth and reality which was requisite to render their introduction into a work of fiction at all practicable. Only by such a mind, so accustomed to brood over and dissect in its own case the origin and connexion of such phenomena, and the way in which, in certain states of the mind, they blend themselves with the real influences of the world about us, could the slender vein of connexion between this phantasmagoria and human feelings and motives be detected and laid open, with that certainty and delicacy of anatomy which imparts even to the reader some portion of the spell under which the author himself seems to heave and labour. All this was incommunicable and inimitable, save by some human phenomenon as oddly put together, morally and physically, as the Prussian Judge himself; and, accordingly, of the *Contes Fantastiques* of the French, 'numbers without number,' and of which we are

almost ashamed to say we have read too many, we cannot single out one which seems to us to possess the character of a successful imitation. The authors take care indeed to have their punchbowls surrounded in the most approved style with a plentiful supply of blue flames, through which imps and *homunculi* flutter in profusion, serpents twine along the smoke up to the ceiling, faces grin upon the reader from the knocker of a door, lidless eyes glare upon them from bodiless heads; the hazy confounding effect, in short, of the *Fantasiestücke* and the *Golden Pot* is imitated with an elaborate *niaiserie*; but, alas! the true elixir which Hoffman possesses, be it from the devil's cellar or not, is still to Messieurs Janin, Balzac, Chasles, Rabou, and their brethren, as a vessel sealed with Solomon's seal.

We have said that the other large portion of French literature, though not actually styled fantastic, is scarcely possessed of mere reality. Our meaning is, that, though it admits no alliance with the invisible world, but, on the contrary, heaven knows, is material enough; though it professes to paint actions, motives, characters,—nay, to illustrate principles of polity, or maxims of morality, for instruction or reproof,—the scene might, for any practical purpose in most cases, be as well placed in the realms of space, and the characters selected from among those pre-adamite generations with which Byron in his *Cain* has peopled them. To the inconsistent and impossible nature of the characters, the inconsequential nature of the incidents corresponds, or rather the one produces the other. In reading the romances of the present day, we are perpetually reminded of our older dramatists, in two of the worst and most defective points of their character—their atrocities and their incongruities. Here also, as in our own dramatists, a touch of pathos, a stroke of passion, a profound observation or trait of character, no doubt often arrests our attention; but here also, as in them, the writer the next moment startles us with some change of character so unnatural, some incident so gratuitously horrible or unlikely, whether viewed in relation to actual experience, or even to the conventional probability and consistency which his plan seems to presuppose, that it awakens at first our special wonder; and at last, when we have become familiar with the trick, for such it is, a feeling only of irritation and weariness of the flesh. Nothing, in fact, becomes so monotonous as the repetition of the wonderful. Harlequin's first leap through a mail-coach or a post-office window, 'may shake the pit, and make the boxes 'stare;' but long before the close of the pantomime, he may reverse all the laws of nature without moving a muscle of our countenances.

In truth, no one in general has recourse to the wonderful and startling, either in character or incident, but from the consciousness of his own poverty in that invention, or just observation of nature, which would enable him to work out his effect with ordinary elements. To conceive a character, to construct a chain of incidents, which shall interest the imagination, without doing violence to the reason, is a task of time and deliberation, as well as genius; to attract attention by scenes of licentiousness or drunken revelry, incest, adultery, or murder,—by ransacking the disgusting mysteries of the *Morgue*, the *Salpêtrière*, and the *Place de Grève*—is a task which a wild fancy and a reckless hand may accomplish in a week. In nothing is this poverty of resources in the modern novels more obvious than in those romances of a semiphilosophical cast, in which some maxim or rule of life is sought to be established. Place any of them beside a romance of Voltaire's—*Candide*, for instance, or *Zadig*—see with what care every incident has been weighed and selected in the latter, to conduce towards the developement of the idea which was the object of the book; how every chapter is, as it were, a step in the demonstration, every episode a collateral proof. Then turn to any of the philosophical romances of the present day, and after discovering, if possible, the author's drift, see how imperfectly, and with what strange circumvolutions and backslidings, the idea is evolved; how often abandoned entirely, for the sake of introducing some extrinsic, and often utterly contradictory picture, or train of reasoning;—what a crazy disjointed illogical piece of joining the work forms upon the whole! 'J'ai voulu,' says Janin, speaking of his own design in the Preface to the *Confession*, 'montrer quelque peu 'la gene morale d'un homme qui sent le besoin d'une croyance, 'et qui ne trouve plus cette croyance dans le sanctuaire parceque 'elle n'est nulle part.' He wished, in short, to present a picture of what constitutes perhaps the most salient feature of the day. He had but to look around him, and the history of every family, every individual, faithfully portrayed, would have afforded an illustration of the principle. But how has he illustrated it, after all? By a story as fantastic as any thing in Hoffman, so far as regards French feelings or French manners, and which is not calculated to prove any position under the sun. Anatole, the hero, begins by murdering with his own hands his bride on her wedding night, for two of the most notable reasons conceivable; the one, that he rather disapproved of her dancing that evening, and was struck with the reflection that in time she must grow as old and hideous as a wrinkled old dame who was standing near him; the other, that when they

retired for the night, he found, to his confusion, that he had forgot her Christian name, and that he thought she showed an undue alacrity in falling asleep. He relieves himself from his embarrassment, accordingly, by strangling her on the spot. This ebullition of insanity is succeeded by remorse. He runs the gauntlet of a number of priests, seeking from each absolution, consolation. One is too indifferent—another, from a feeling of humility, does not feel himself warranted to confess or absolve him—a third is a wretched fanatic—a fourth is ready to give him absolution, without the trouble of confessing at all—a fifth, in whom he had begun to think he had found his man, he afterwards finds in suspicious conference with a beautiful Spaniard. The right man, however, does appear at last, awes him into submission, extorts from his quivering lips the confession which now, in terror, he would have withheld. Anatole then goes mad for six months, recovers his health and peace of mind, turns priest, and we take leave of him at last, with the assurance that he had got so fat, his friends would hardly have known him.

Such is M. Janin's peculiar way of illustrating the moral sufferings of a man in want of a belief, and not able to find one. A train of events so ingenious, so logically arranged for bringing out what we presume to be his conclusion—that in religion, as it now exists in France, no such principle of belief is to be found—we believe it would be difficult to parallel. Who does not perceive the propriety of choosing an incident so probable, so characteristic of the state of modern society, as that of murdering one's wife on her wedding night, in order to bring out the idea of the want of religious faith experienced at the present moment? Who does not feel that the author has successfully demonstrated the impossibility of any effectual religious consolation, by showing that the hero *does* meet with a sincere believer, and *does* derive from him the comfort of which he was in search? Truly might the author observe in his preface, that he had written 'sans plan et au hasard;' but most untruly, indeed, does he compare this chimera of his with Crebillon's pictures of his own age, which, though written certainly with great indifference to plot, have all the merit which a faithful resemblance of a most disagreeable original can possess.

It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the total incapacity of bringing out effectually the philosophical idea which forms the ground-work of the book, from the *Peau de Chagrin*, and other *Romans Philosophiques* of Balzac; but the truth is so generally felt and admitted among the French writers themselves, that we think it unnecessary to say more upon the subject.

If the above book of Janin's be a fair illustration of the illogi-

cal and preposterous nature of these so-called philosophical romances, it is also a fair representation of some of those merits by which they are distinguished—great brilliancy and beauty of style in occasional passages—episodes which are frequently described with much pathos and skill, and which generally form much the most interesting portion of the book—a humour which assists the pathos—penetrating, though not comprehensive glances, into the structure of society, somewhat like those singularly acute perceptions which at times astonish us amidst the hazy visions of intoxication. True, neither the style nor the substance long preserves this chastised and simple character. In Janin's works, in particular, there is a spirit of affectation, *intus et in cute*, which is fatal to any prolonged effort of this nature, yet here and there occurs a chapter of great beauty and simplicity. Such is the passage when Anatole, the hero, pursuing his restless pilgrimage in search of a confessor, finds himself on the banks of a river, and learns from the poor boatwoman who ferries him across, the history of the sacrifices she had made to educate for the church a son, who, in an unguarded moment, had since forfeited his clerical office and character.

‘ Qui n’a pas vu un bac villageois ? Ce large bateau au niveau de l’onde, fixé dans l’air par une corde ; ce pont ambulant chargé d’hommes, de bestiaux, de charrues, d’enfans qui jouent : toute la fortune d’un village. C’est un repos dans le jour ; le pont flottant se met en route aux premiers chants du coq, il revient le soir à la clarté des étoiles, le batelier le fixe sur la rive, et tout est dit ; voilà jusqu’à demain un coin de terre séparé du reste du monde ; la herse est baissée, le pontlevis s’élève, innocente défense de cette féodalité champêtre dont un pâtre est le seigneur.

‘ Pour le moment le vaisseau était à l’ancre, le gouvernail flottait indécis ; la batelière se tenait assise sur le banc de poupe occupée à voir conler l’eau ; la batelière était grande et robuste, gros bras grossis par le hâle, rudes mains, noir visage, blanches dents ; et le vieux chapeau de paille, le mouchoir rouge, et autour d’elle cette délicieuse odeur de goudron, préférable mille fois à toutes les senteurs dont se couvrent nos petits-mâîtres de Paris.

‘ “ Mon Dieu ! monsieur,” dit la batelière, “ je ne puis guère vous passer à présent, *l’angelus* va sonner dans un quart-d’heure ; mon petit Jean qui rame pour son père est allé chercher mon dîner, je suis seule et j’attends le passage de midi.”

‘ “ Eh bien, ma bonne,” dit Anatole, “ j’attendrai *l’angelus* et votre petit Jean. Vous aimez donc bien votre petit Jean ?”

‘ “ Ah ! monsieur, mon pauvre Jean est un homme pour moi. Il n’a pas dix ans et déjà il remplace son père ; ça travaille et ça chante à faire plaisir ; il se réveille le premier le matin, il se couche le dernier après avoir chanté tout le jour ; sans notre Jean, mon mari et moi nous serions morts de faim cet hiver avec les chagrins de l’autre enfant.”

“ Vous avez un autre enfant, bonne femme,” reprit Anatole ; “ et celui-là qu’a-t-il fait, je vous prie, pour vous donner tant de chagrins ? ”

“ Hélas ! ” reprit la batelière, “ c’est une histoire : mon aîné était prêtre, monsieur, il ne l’est plus, et nous ne savons qu’en faire à présent. ”

“ Et comment cela est-il arrivé ? ” dit le jeune homme ; “ racontez-moi cela, je vous prie, bonne femme, je m’y intéresse au dernier point. ”

“ C’est l’orgueil qui nous a perdus, monsieur. Vous voyez d’ici cette petite maison blanche auprès de la saulée : nous avions hérité de cette maison et de cinq journaux de bonne terre, nous aurions été riches avec cela ; mais j’eus l’idée de faire un curé de mon Ambroise : j’ai voulu avoir un fils qui fût salué : à son tour, qui allât dîner au château, qui dit la messe. Nous avons vendu cette jolie maison et ces cinq journaux de terre, pour faire étudier notre enfant ; il lisait dans tous les livres, il était déjà, rasé, il allait être vicaire quelque part quand un grand malheur lui est arrivé, le pauvre enfant ! Car voyez-vous, monsieur, je ne puis croire qu’il ait été criminel ; il était jeune homme, mais brave et honnête, il n’avait jamais été fier avec son père, et il dînait toujours avec moi quand il venait en vacances. O maudite robe noire que tu nous as fait de mal ! ”

“ Et la pauvre femme se désolait ; puis elle reprenait son récit, voyant qu’Anatole l’écoutait toujours. ”

“ L’automne passé, la pêche avait été bonne ; la foire avait fait gagner notre bac, si bien que nous avions amassé, mon mari, mon petit Jean et moi, douze petits écus, bon argent. Femme, dit un soir mon pauvre homme, et ce soir-là le vent soufflait, la rivière grondait et les fenilles jaunies battaient contre nos vitres ; femme, dit-il, voici douze bons écus qui nous serviront à passer l’hiver ; que ferons-nous de ces douze écus ? ”

“ Jean ne répondit pas, ni moi non plus ; nous avions déjà employé cet argent dans notre pensée mons fils et moi. ”

“ Peut-être, reprit notre homme, voyant qu’on ne lui répondait pas, peut-être ferions-nous bien d’acheter un porc, à notre voisin Jean-Pied ; le petit porc nous conviendrait, il est gros et gras et prêt à tuer ; nous le salerons, nous le fumerons, et au moins cet hiver nous aurons quelque joie dans nos repas, et nous n’en serons pas réduit à la misérable nourriture de l’hiver passé ; non pas que je parle pour moi, femme, mais pour toi et pour notre petit Jean qui est dans sa croissance et qui a besoin de manger un peu de viande tous les jours. ”

“ Cette dernière raison me fit mal, mon dernier enfant avait tant souffert que je n’avais rien à répondre à son père ; mais notre Jean reprit aussitôt. ”

“ Père, n’achète pas le porc de Jean-Pied, je vis fort bien sans manger de viande ; tout le monde dit que je suis aussi grand que toi ! Je sais bien, si tu voulais, ce que tu devrais faire de nos douze écus. ”

“ Et quoi donc ? dit mon homme, quoi donc ? si ce n’est de nous mettre un peu à l’aise ; de t’acheter une veste neuve, à toi mon enfant qui es presque tout nu, et des sabots à ta mère, et à moi un peu d’eau-de-vie pour me réchauffer quand je suis à pêcher dans l’eau jusqu’au genou ? ”

“ Je n’osais plus répondre aux raisons de mon pauvre homme, mais Jean vint à mon secours. ”

“ Père, dit-il en se levant, mon aîné est prêtre, il n'a pas de robe noire, pas de chapeau à trois cornes ; il faut lui acheter un chapeau à trois cornes et une robe noire ; nous mangerons encore du pain cet hiver, et ma mère me raccommodera ma jaquette.

“ O mon Dieu ! que mon Jean était beau, parlant ainsi ! j'en pleure encore, monsieur !

“ Fils, dit le père, je n'ai rien à te refuser, excepté cette robe noire. Ces douze écus seront pour toi, pour ta mère et pour moi ; pour ta mère et pour toi, enfant, et pour ton père. Ton frère est bien nourri, bien chauffé ; il a un lit et des draps et autant de couvertures qu'il en veut ; nous couchons sur la paille, recouverts de nos habits d'été ; il ne jeûne que pendant quarante jours, nous jeûnons toute l'année, et le dimanche nous serions heureux de dîner comme lui à ses jours de jeûne. Qu'on ne me parle pas de cette robe et de ce chapeau ; qu'on ne m'en parle pas ! femme, je ne veux pas.

“ Hélas ! dis-je à notre homme, il ne lui faut plus que cette robe et ce chapeau pour être prêtre. Encore ce sacrifice, notre homme, encore l'hiver à passer ; aimes-tu donc mieux voir au manteau de la cheminée, un morceau de lard que de voir ton fils assis plus haut que les chantres de l'église et te donnant sa bénédiction ?

“ Oui, père, reprit Jean, on méprise mon frère ; on lui demande où est sa robe ? Il faut qu'il ait une robe, mon père, donne-lui les douze écus.

“ Le père reprenait :—Si je donne ces douze écus, c'est notre mort. Prends ces douze écus, Jean, prends-les, je te les donne, et non à ton frère ; ton frère nous a ruinés ; nous avons pour lui vendu la vigne de ton oncle Robin, la maison et la vigne de mon frère le Richard : toute notre fortune a passé dans le séminaire. Tu verras, mon fils, qu'il faudra que je vende mes filets et mon bac ! Puis il se retournait vers moi :—Femme, femme, disait-il, nous aurons un prêtre au lit de mort, peut-être. Puis il tirait de sa paillasse les douze écus, il les comptait un à un, il en compta onze en soupirant.

“ Il s'arrêta au douzième écu.

“ Jean, dit-il, voilà un écu qui sera pour toi ; je veux le dépenser pour toi, Jean ; tu achèteras pour toi de la galette, des dragées, des pruneaux de Tours, du sucre d'orge, un couteau à tire-bouchon, toutes sortes de bonnes choses ; les hochets de ton frère sont plus chers, mon enfant. Allons, prends cet écu, qu'il ne soit pas dit que tu sois le seul qui n'ait pas perdu notre argent ; dépense quelque chose, Jean, pour ne pas trop faire rougir ton frère. Allons, mon fils, viens à la fête, tu danseras et tu donneras deux sous pour la contredanse. Et mon pauvre homme prit son fils dans ses bras, le baisa en pleurant, tenant toujours son dernier écu.

“ Oh ! monsieur, c'est qu'il en coûte bien cher pour faire un prêtre ! on dit aux parens : *Ca ne vous coûtera rien*, et à chaque instant il faut payer quelque chose ; il faut donner son pauvre argent à un homme noir qui ne vous dit même pas merci, et on vit de pain, et on laisse son bac prendre l'eau.”

‘ En même temps, la pauvre femme retirait une de ses rames pour rejeter l’eau qui se faisait jour à travers les fentes du bateau.’

Having said this much on the subject of Janin, we shall despatch, in a very few words, what we have to mention of his other works. All of them indicate a fervid and passionate imagination, a most defective judgment and taste, and an inability, as it seems to us, of constructing or maturing any great plan; and that fatal defect, against which none declaims more loudly than himself,—a want of any settled principle, be it in religion, politics, or morals. No one can look at his works without perceiving the high probability of what we believe to be the fact, that Janin has written, or is prepared to write, in any journal, on any side of any question, not so much from interested motives, as because no one side seems to him to have any very decided preference over the other. His earliest work, *L’Ane Mort et la Femme Guillotinée* was one of those hideous imbroglios of blood, disease, and voluptuousness, which might be supposed to have occurred to the imagination of a mad butcher in Bedlam. The confession to which we have already alluded, was followed by ‘Barnave,’ a very unfinished and defective, yet bold and striking sketch from the French Revolution, taken at that moment, as he himself expresses it, ‘où la vieille monarchie et le vieux peuple se separaient pour ne plus se reconstruire ou se reconnaître l’un e l’autre, tant ils seront changés, elle dans l’émigration et lui dans la conquête.’ Of the *Contes Fantastiques* and the *Contes Nouveaux*, his two last productions, we regret we can say nothing favourable. Even considered as tales or sketches, and without reference to their pretensions to any peculiar character, they by no means rise above the usual rate of contributions to the *Annals*; nor, with the exception of the tale entitled *Rosette*, in the *Contes Fantastiques*, and the *Essay on Crebillon the Younger*, in the *Contes Nouveaux*, is there any of them which appears worthy of Janin’s reputation.

If we had been attempting an arrangement of these French novelists according to their merits, assuredly Janin would not have occupied the first place in the list. That must have been, without hesitation, awarded to Victor Hugo, who, though still young, has already distinguished himself in almost every walk of imaginative literature;—disputing the prize of lyric poetry with Lamartine, in his *Odes*, his *Orientales*, and *Feuilles d’Automne*; occupying one of the most eminent positions on the stage, by his *Cromwell*, *Hernani*, *Marion de l’Orme*, *Le Roi s’amuse*, and *Lucrece Borgia*; and indisputably at the head of romance, since the publication of his *Notre Dame de Paris*. Superior to

his contemporaries in creative imagination,—being in fact the only one of them who seems to see his way with some clearness, or to possess the power of inventing, brooding over, and working out with patience one leading view—superior to them even in that particular in which their strength lies, mere *power* of painting and description; he is yet more visibly elevated above their sphere of inspiration by the purer spirit with which his works, as a whole, have been animated, the generous sympathy for goodness and devotion of every kind which he evinces, and the absence of those querulous doubts, those contradictory and self-neutralizing views by which in their works the reader is harassed. In many respects, indeed, he might be referred to as being ‘among them, but not of them,’—an exception from, rather than an illustration of, the spirit of his time. Still, unfortunately, he remains connected with it by sufficient ties to identify him as one of those who have written during a century of confusion; nay, whose own example, however unconsciously, may have tended to increase the perplexity. And comparing his earlier tales—*Han d’Islande*, and *Bug Jargal*, in which, amidst all the horrors in which they deal, a spirit of humanity, a fine sensibility to virtue and nobleness, always left the mind something to repose upon with satisfaction,—with his later works,—particularly his Dramas of *Le Roi s’amuse*, and *Lucrece Borgia*, in which scarcely any humane or generous emotion leavens the mass of licentiousness, incest, and murder, in which they deal,—we regret to think that instead of disengaging himself more and more from the evil influences of his day, they seem rather to be acquiring a firmer hold over his mind;—as if the moral barometer had begun to sink at last under the pressure of the loaded atmosphere which surrounded it, and the index which once pointed to calm and sunshine, were now likely to waver for a time between deluge and storm.

We trust, however, this anticipation may not be realized. It is not for a man of Hugo’s great and varied talent, to copy the mock misanthropy, and distrust of goodness, which we regret to see so generally affected by *La Jeune France*. It is never a pleasing sight to see misanthropy, the painful privilege of age, invading the province of youth;—to see the heart wrinkled before the brow. But it is doubly disagreeable, when we have reason to suspect that the author is not a whit more sincere in his misanthropy than in any thing else; and that this mask, like any other, is merely put on for the sake of effect. Nature herself forbade to Victor Hugo the gloomy walk of indifference, callousness, or cynicism, and pointed out to him the sunny path of

enthusiasm, hope, and sympathy, as that alone where he ought to wander.

Hugo's works have been so long before the public, and are already so far known in England, that any detailed accounts of them would now be out of place. The first, *Hans of Iceland*, is a northern romance, in which the youthful novelist has turned to great account the savage wilds, gloomy lakes, stormy seas, pathless caves, and ruined fortresses of Scandinavia. A being savage as the scenery around him,—human in his birth, but more akin to the brute in his nature; diminutive, but with a giant's strength; whose pastime is assassination, who lives literally as well as metaphorically on blood,—is the hero; and round this monster are grouped some of the strangest, ghastliest, and yet not wholly unnatural beings which it is possible for the imagination to conceive,—Spiagudry, the keeper of the dead-house or *Morgue* of Drontheim, and Orugex, the state executioner;—while gentler forms, the noble and persecuted Schumacher, and the devoted and innocent Ethel, relieve the monotony of crime and horror. Hugo's second romance, *Bug Jargal*, a tale of the insurrection in St Domingo, was never much to our taste. The essential improbability of such a character as Bug Jargal, a negro of the noblest moral and intellectual character, passionately in love with a white woman, yet tempering the wildest passion with the deepest respect, and sacrificing even life at last in her behalf and that of her husband, is too violent a call upon the imagination; but laying aside the defects of the plot, considered as a whole, we fancy there is no reader of the tale, who can forget the entrancing interest of the scenes in the camp of the insurgent chief Biassou, or the death-struggle between Habibrah and D'Auverney, upon the brink of the cataract. The latter, in particular, is drawn with such intense force, that the reader seems almost to be a witness of the changing fortunes of the fight, and can hardly breathe freely till he comes to the close.

Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné, has no pretensions to the character of a regular tale, yet, in its way, it is perhaps the most perfect thing which Hugo has yet produced. Like the *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*, it is merely the picture of a peculiar state of mind; the exciting cause in the one case being opium,—in the other, the certainty of an approaching death by the guillotine. Hugo, like Sterne, has taken a single captive, shut him up in his dungeon, and 'then looked through the twilight of the grated door, to take his picture.' We acquit him of the absurdity which some of his friends have imputed to him, that of seriously

intending this sketch as a pleading against the punishment of death; had such been his intention, his conclusions would follow from his premises about as logically as those of Janin. But Hugo plainly wrote with no such esoterick purpose; he wished to show how profound an interest might be given to a mere chronicle of thoughts, a register of sensations; what variety, and even dramatic movement, might be imparted to a monologue in which the scene shifts only from the *Bicêtre* to the *Conciergerie*, the *Hôtel de Ville*, and the *Place de Grève*. And such is the power of genius, that he has completely succeeded in enchainning the interest of the reader throughout, without at the same time pushing the subject beyond the verge of physical pain. There is, in truth, less that revolts or harasses the mind in this dungeon-drama, where, perhaps, we should have most expected it, than in any other of his compositions; and as the work is less known here than its companions, we shall take the liberty of extracting from it two passages, each exquisite in their way—the one, when the criminal enters the court, to receive his sentence, on a lovely morning in August; the other, when a dream of his youth revisits him on the day before his execution.

‘ Un air chaud, mêlé de bruit, vint me frapper au visage. C’était le souffle de la foule dans la salle des assises. J’entrai.

‘ Il y eut à mon apparition une rumeur d’armes et de voix. Les banquettes se déplacèrent bruyamment; les cloisons craquèrent; et, pendant que je traversais la longue salle entre deux masses de peuple murées de soldats, il me semblait que j’étais le centre auquel se rattachaient les fils qui faisaient mouvoir toutes ces faces béantes et penchées.

‘ En cet instant je m’aperçus que j’étais sans fers; mais je ne puis me rappeler où ni quand on me les avait ôtés.

‘ Alors il se fit un grand silence. J’étais parvenu à ma place. Au moment où le tumulte cessa dans la foule, il cessa aussi dans mes idées. Je compris tout-à-coup clairement ce que je n’avais fait qu’entrevoir confusément jusqu’alors, que le moment décisif était venu, et que j’étais là pour entendre ma sentence.

‘ L’explique qui pourra, de la manière dont cette idée me vint, elle ne me causa pas de terreur. Les fenêtres étaient ouvertes; l’air et le bruit de la ville arrivaient librement du dehors; la salle était claire comme pour une noce; les gais rayons du soleil traçaient çà et là la figure lumineuse des croisées, tantôt allongée sur le plancher, tantôt développée sur les tables, tantôt brisée à l’angle des murs; et de ces losanges éclatans aux fenêtres, chaque rayon découpait dans l’air un grand prisme de poussière d’or.

‘ Les juges, au fond de la salle, avaient l’air satisfait, probablement de la joie d’avoir bientôt fini. Le visage du président, doucement éclairé par le reflet d’une vitre, avait quelque chose de calme et de

bon ; et un jeune assesseur causait presque gaiement en chiffonnant son rabat avec une jolie dame en chapeau rose placée, par faveur, derrière lui.

‘ Les jurés seuls paraissaient blêmes et abattus, mais c’était apparemment de fatigue d’avoir veillé toute la nuit. Quelques-uns bâillaient ; rien dans leur contenance n’annonçait des hommes qui viennent de porter une sentence de mort ; et sur les figures de ces bons bourgeois, je ne devinais qu’une grande envie de dormir.

‘ En face de moi, une fenêtre était toute grande ouverte. J’entendais rire sur le quai les marchandes de fleurs, et au bord de la croisée, une jolie petite plante jaune, toute pénétrée d’un rayon de soleil, jouait avec le vent dans une fente de la pierre.

‘ Comment une idée sinistre aurait-elle pu poindre parmi tant de gracieuses sensations ? Inondé d’air et de soleil, il me fut impossible de penser à autre chose qu’à la liberté ; l’espérance vint rayonner en moi comme le jour autour de moi ; et, confiant, j’attendis ma sentence comme on attend la délivrance et la vie.

‘ Cependant mon avocat arriva. On l’attendait. Il venait de déjeuner copieusement et de bon appétit. Parvenu à sa place, il se pencha vers moi avec un sourire.—J’espère, me dit-il.—N’est-ce pas ? répondis-je, léger, et souriant aussi.—Oui, reprit-il ; je ne sais rien encore de leur déclaration, mais ils auront sans doute écarté la préméditation, et alors ce ne sera que les travaux forcés à perpétuité.—Que dites-vous là, monsieur ? répliquai-je indigné, plutôt cent fois la mort !

‘ Oui, la mort !—Et d’ailleurs, me répétait je ne sais quelle voix intérieure : qu’est-ce que je risque à dire cela ? A-t-on jamais prononcé sentence de mort autrement qu’à minuit, aux flambeaux, dans une salle sombre et noire, et par une froide nuit de pluie et d’hiver ? Mais au mois d’août, à huit heures du matin, un si beau jour, ces bons jurés, c’est impossible ! Et mes yeux revenaient se fixer sur la jolie fleur jaune au soleil.

‘ Tout-à-coup le président, qui n’attendait que l’avocat, m’invita à me lever. La troupe porta les armes ; comme par un mouvement électrique, toute l’assemblée fut debout au même instant. Une figure insignifiante et nulle, placée à une table au-dessous du tribunal, c’était, je pense, le greffier, prit la parole, et lut le verdict que les jurés avaient prononcé en mon absence. Une sueur froide sortit de tous mes membres ; je m’appuyai au mur pour ne pas tomber.

‘ —Avocat, avez-vous quelque chose à dire sur l’application de la peine ? demanda le président.

‘ J’aurais eu, moi, tout à dire, mais rien ne me vint. Ma langue resta collée à mon palais.

‘ Le défenseur se leva.

‘ Je compris qu’il cherchait à atténuer la déclaration du jury, et à mettre dessous, au lieu de la peine qu’elle provoquait, l’autre peine, celle que j’avais été si blessé de lui voir espérer.

‘ Il fallut que l’indignation fût bien forte, pour se faire jour à travers les mille émotions qui se disputaient ma pensée. Je voulus répéter à

haute voix ce que je lui avais déjà dit : *plutôt cent fois la mort !* mais l'haleine me manqua, et je ne pus que l'arrêter rudement par le bras en criant avec une force convulsive : Non !

‘ Le procureur-général combattit l'avocat, et je l'écoutai avec une satisfaction stupide. Puis les juges sortirent, puis ils rentrèrent, et le président me lut mon arrêt.

‘ —Condamné à mort ! dit la foule ; et tandis qu'on m'emmenait, tout ce peuple se rua sur mes pas avec le fracas d'un édifice qui se démolit. Moi je marchais, ivre et stupéfait. Une révolution venait de se faire en moi. Jusqu'à l'arrêt de mort, je m'étais senti respirer, palpiter, vivre dans le même milieu que les autres hommes ; maintenant je distinguais clairement comme une clôture entre la monde et moi. Rien ne m'apparaissait plus sous le même aspect qu'auparavant. Ces larges fenêtres lumineuses, ce beau soleil, ce ciel pur, cette jolie fleur, tout cela était blanc et pâle, de la couleur d'un linceul. Ces hommes, ces femmes, ces enfans qui se pressaient sur mon passage, je leur trouvais des airs de fantômes.’

There are incidents even in the life of the prison. The departure of the *forçats*—the arrival of the prison ordinary,—the adventure with the *gend'arme*, who speculates in the lottery, and begs the prisoner to revisit the world again after his execution, in order to communicate to him some lucky numbers,—the visit of his child,—the ride in the car to the *Conciergerie*, between the clergyman and the *gensd'armes*,—these simple incidents, handled with consummate skill and beauty, as well as truth of detail, have all the importance of the most stirring and eventful incidents in an ordinary romance. How beautifully, amidst the gloomy despairing reflections of the prisoner, breaks in the following vision of youth and innocence !

‘ J'ai fermé les yeux, et j'ai mis les mains dessus, et j'ai tâché d'oublier le présent dans le passé. Tandis que je rêve, les souvenirs de mon enfance et de ma jeunesse me reviennent un à un, doux, calmes, rians, comme des îles de fleurs sur ce gouffre de pensées noires et confuses qui tourbillonne dans mon cerveau.

‘ Je me revois enfant, écolier rieur et frais, jouant, courant, criant avec mes frères dans la grande allée verte de ce jardin sauvage où ont coulé mes premières années, ancien enclos de religieuses que domine de sa tête de plomb le sombre dôme du Val-de-Grace.

‘ Et puis, quatre ans plus tard, m'y voilà encore, toujours enfant, mais déjà rêveur et passionné. Il y a une jeune fille dans le solitaire jardin.

‘ La petite Espagnole, avec ses grands yeux et ses grands cheveux, sa peau brune et dorée, ses lèvres rouges et ses joues roses, l'Andalouse de quatorze ans, Pepa.

‘ Nos mères nous ont dit d'aller courir ensemble : nous sommes venus nous promener.

‘ On nous a dit de jouer et nous cautions, enfans du même âge, non du même sexe.

‘ Pourtant, il n’y a encore qu’un an, nous courions, nous luttions ensemble. Je disputais à Pepita la plus belle pomme du pommier ; je la frappais pour un nid d’oiseau. Elle pleurait ; je disais : C’est bien fait ! et nous allions tous deux nous plaindre ensemble l’un de l’autre à nos mères, qui nous donnaient tort tout haut et raison tout bas.

‘ Maintenant elle s’appuie sur mon bras, et je suis tout fier et tout ému. Nous marchons lentement, nous parlons bas. Elle laisse tomber son mouchoir ; je le lui ramasse. Nos mains tremblent en se touchant. Elle me parle des petits oiseaux, de l’étoile qu’on voit là-bas, du couchant vermeil derrière les arbres, ou bien de ses amies de pension, de sa robe et de ses rubans. Nous disons des choses innocentes, et nous rougissons tous deux. La petite fille est devenue jeune fille.

‘ Ce soir-là, c’était un soir d’été. Nous étions sous les marronniers, au fond du jardin. Après un de ces longs silences qui remplissaient nos promenades, elle quitta tout-à coup mon bras, et me dit : Courons !

‘ Je la vois encore, elle était tout en noir, en deuil de sa grand mère. Il lui passa par la tête une idée d’enfant, Pepa redevint Pepita, elle me dit : Courons !

‘ Et elle se mit à courir devant moi avec sa taille fine comme le corset d’une abeille, et ses petits pieds qui relevaient sa robe jusqu’à mijambe. Je la poursuivis, elle fuyait ; le vent de sa course soulevait par momens sa pèlerine noire et me laissait voir son dos brun et frais.

‘ J’étais hors de moi. Je l’atteignis près du vieux puisard en ruine, je la pris par la ceinture du droit de victoire, et je la fis asseoir sur un banc de gazon ; elle ne résista pas. Elle était essoufflée et riait. Moi j’étais sérieux, et je regardais ses prunelles noires à travers ses cils noirs.

‘ —Asseyez-vous là, me dit-elle. Il fait encore grand jour, lisons quelque chose. Avez-vous un livre ?

‘ J’avais sur moi le tome second des Voyages de Spallanzani. J’ouvris au hasard, je me rapprochai d’elle, elle appuya son épaule à mon épaule, et nous nous mîmes à lire chacun de notre côté, tout bas, la même page. Avant de tourner le feuillet, elle était toujours obligée de m’attendre. Mon esprit allait moins vite que le sien.—Avez-vous fini ? me disait-elle, que j’avais à peine commencé.

‘ Cependant nos têtes se touchaient, nos cheveux se mêlaient, nos haleines peu à peu se rapprochèrent, et nos bouches tout-à-coup.

‘ Quand nous voulûmes continuer notre lecture, le ciel était étoilé.

‘ —O maman, maman, dit-elle en rentrant, si tu savais comme nous avons couru !

‘ Moi, je gardais le silence.—Tu ne dis rien, me dit ma mère, tu as l’air triste. J’avais le paradis dans le cœur.

‘ C’est une soirée que je me rappellerai toute ma vie.’

Toute ma vie ! A life of twenty-four hours !

Notre Dame de Paris, the last and best known of Victor Hugo’s productions, is in a strain of a higher mood than any ho

had previously attempted. The idea, we have seen it mentioned is taken from the *Gitanilla* of Cervantes. The resemblance, however, is something like that between the rivers in Macedon and Monmouth: there are gipsies in both—nothing more. Here the author has brought his antiquarian learning to bear with effect, not, like another well-known French novelist, (*Le Bibliophile Jacob*—the fictitious name of Paul Lacroix,) overlaying his story with erudition, but vivifying the dry bones of history by the warmth and brilliancy of his fancy; while an extraordinary effect of unity is given to the whole, by making the whole movement of the tale emanate from and revolve round the gipsy heroine Esmiralda, and concentrate itself about the venerable terrors of *Notre Dame*. There is a play of Calderon's which bears the title '*El Mayor Encanto Amore*,'—Love is the greatest of Enchantments. This sentence seems to us to embody the leading idea of the work. Love makes the learned archdeacon forget his studies, his clerical character, his reputation for sanctity, to court the favour of a volatile Bohemian. Love for this same Parisian Fenella softens the human savage Quasimodo—the dumb one-eyed bell-ringer of *Notre Dame*—and transforms him into a 'delicate monster,'—a devoted humble worshipper of the Bohemian;—while she, who is the cynosure of neighbouring eyes, the object of adoration to these singular lovers, is herself hopelessly attached in turn to a giddy-pated captain of the guard, who can afford to love no one but himself. The charm of the romance unquestionably lies in the conception of the character of Quasimodo, and in the singular art by which this monster, who first awakens our terror or disgust, comes at last, when his mind, like Cymon's, begins to expand and refine under the passion of love, to be an object of our pity and admiration. Frollo, the archdeacon, on whose character the author seems to have bestowed much pains, is, on the contrary, a complete failure. Esmiralda herself, a sort of Marion L'Escaut in character, is a very beautiful creation. There is exquisite pathos in that scene where she is brought in to exhibit in presence of him to whom her heart has attached itself, and of his intended bride; and in that where she again catches his eye on the balcony as she passes to execution, as well as in the heart-rending scene where the Penitent, who had betrayed her into the hands of justice, discovers her to be his own daughter. In power Hugo is never deficient; but certainly nothing in any of his former works is to be compared to his description of *Notre Dame*, and the mysterious adaptation, and pre-established harmony, as it were, which seemed to exist between it and

its monstrous child Quasimodo;—of the attack of the Truands (the Alsations of Paris) upon the cathedral, and their repulse by the superhuman exertions of the bell-ringer;—and finally, of that awful scene where the archdeacon, gazing down from the tower of *Notre Dame* upon the execution of his victim in the square beneath, is seized by Quasimodo—who has now relapsed into the savage, since the destruction of the only being to whom his heart had opened—and hurled from a height of two hundred feet ‘plumb down’ upon the pavement below. This description is terrible beyond conception. Every motion, every struggle of the wretched priest, every clutch of his nails, every heave of the breast, as he clings to the projecting spout which has arrested his fall; then the gradual bending of the spout itself beneath his weight; the crowd shouting beneath, the monster above him—weeping;—(for he had loved the priest, and only the fury of disappointed attachment had urged him to this crime;)—the victim balancing himself over the gulf, his last convulsive effort ere he resigns his hold, even the revolutions of his body as he descends, his striking on the roof, from which he glides off like a tile detached by the wind, and then the final crash and rebound upon the pavement—all are portrayed with the most horrible minuteness and reality. Two other works are already announced by this indefatigable artist, *Le Fils de la Bossue*, and *La Quinquengrogne*,—in the latter of which, it is said, he proposes to do for the military architecture and manners of the middle ages, what he has so admirably performed, in *Notre Dame*, for the cathedral and sacerdotal.

Eugene Sue is, or would wish to be, the Cooper of France,—the founder of a maritime school of romance; and he had the advantage, at least, of a field perfectly unoccupied. Even in our own country, prior to the appearance of Cooper’s romances, how little had been done for the poetry of the sea! Trunnions and Hatchways, indeed, we had in abundance,—the comic side of a naval life had been displayed with ample detail; but for its loftier and more tragic aspect,—its alternations of tempest and calm, of labour and listless idleness, of battle and giddy revelry, of bright moonlights and weary days, when mists obscure the sun,—what had been attempted? Almost nothing, save the *Cor-sair* of Byron. If in our own country, where so much naval enthusiasm prevailed, so little had been effected in this way, it may easily be imagined the French were still more defective in any literature of the kind; but it would seem as if the defect was now likely to be supplied by an over-production. The suc-

cess of Cooper's romances (who, by the way, is regarded as a much greater personage on the Continent than with us) has provoked a host of imitators—Sue, Corbieres, Jal, and others, who will, in all probability, soon overwork the vein which has thus been opened. Of these, the only one of distinguished talent is the first, though it is of a kind for which we must confess our dislike—the talent of crowding horrors upon each other with such vehemence and rapidity, and of deepening these by intervening scenes of debauch, or ferocious gaiety, in such a manner, that the reader, at once stimulated by curiosity, and repelled by disgust, lays down the book a dozen times in the course of its perusal, and yet feels himself again attracted to it as by a spell. If M. Sue's picture of the French marine be correct, one would think every ship was a floating Pandemonium, commanded and manned by the devil himself and his angels. On shipboard, massacres and piracies, robberies and rapes, brutal orgies and Thracian quarrels, imprecations and blasphemies, an atmosphere of sulphur, smoke, and wine vapours, decks strewn with carcasses and fragments of flesh; on shore, tornadoes, insurrections, assassinations, treasons, conflagrations, monstrous serpents introduced into a nuptial-chamber to strangle the bride upon her wedding night,—such are the indispensable accompaniments of M. Sue's *Tales of the Sea*! One would think his idea of the naval life had been taken from the actual atrocities which took place among the despairing, famishing, blaspheming crew of the *Medusa*, drifting on their raft in the midst of a tempestuous ocean. It would be unfair to deny to the author, at the same time, a large portion of comic talent, and some command of the pathetic, when he chooses to exercise it; which is an event of very unfrequent occurrence. Of his works, *Plik et Ploh*, *Atargull*, *La Salamandre*, *La Coucaratcha*, (there may be others of a later date, for the author writes and prints with a rapidity most formidable to reviewers,) all resemble each other very closely in their general character. We think *Atargull* the best, and *La Salamandre* the worst. *Atargull* is a West Indian Zunga, and the outline of the tale (divested of the introductory histories of the slave-merchant Benoit, and the pirate Brulart, which, clever as they are, particularly the former, have no more to do with the story of *Atargull* than with that of Job) is simply this:—*Atargull* is the favoured slave of the amiable West India planter Well, sharing, with a pet spaniel and a daughter, the affections of his master. He repays his attachment with a devotion which is unbounded. A hideous series of calamities, however, suddenly plunges the

planter into ruin. His daughter, the beloved of his heart, is bit to death by a serpent in her bedroom on her wedding night; her death is followed by that of her intended husband and her mother; the crops of the planter are destroyed, the negroes and cattle carried off by disease, his habitation burned; and he himself, bankrupt in fortune, broken in heart, attended only by his faithful slave Atargull, whom no misfortune can separate from his beloved master, embarks for France. The slave toils for him, supports him by his labours, watches over the dying man, all whose faculties are fast failing him, with the apparent devotion of a son. Then, when at last stretched upon his deathbed, in his miserable apartment, on the fifth floor in the *Rue Tire-chape*, and clasping the hand of Atargull in his own, the wretched planter just retains enough of sense to feel the pang which is about to be inflicted upon him. The slave bending over him, as Zanga does over the prostrate Alonzo, thunders in his ear,—‘ ’Twas I that introduced the serpent into the apartment
‘ of your daughter; ’twas I that caused the deaths of your wife
‘ and son-in-law; ’twas I that poisoned your negroes and cattle,
‘ wasted your crops, burned your habitation! You caused my
‘ father to be executed for a crime of which he was guiltless, and
‘ thus I repay the obligation!

‘ I hated, I despised, and I destroy!’

We can devote but a few lines to some other names, deserving, however, of a more detailed and satisfactory notice. M. Paul Lacroix, better known under his assumed name of the *Bibliophile Jacob*, was probably the first who, by his *Soirées de Walter Scott*, introduced the imitation of the historical romance in France; and he has since followed up his first production by *Les Deux Fores*, *Le Roi des Ribauds*, and *La Danse Macabre*, in the same style;—the latter one of the most nightmare compositions of plague, sorcery, blood, and voluptuousness, that we have ever read. His great erudition, and minute acquaintance with the literature, manners, and customs of the middle ages, joined to some power of conception and dramatic expression, always give to his romances a certain degree of interest; but still the want of any vigorous or original conception, will never allow him to occupy an exalted rank in the world of fiction. Latterly, however, he has shown by his *Divorce*, and his *Vertu et Temperament*,—novels of the present day,—that his field of observation has by no means been confined to former centuries, but that he has been an accurate and discriminating student of the opinions and moral evils of the perplexed and perplexing society by which he is sur-

rounded. Michel Raymond (also, we believe, a *nom de guerre*) has presented us with three most powerful pictures of Parisian life in *Les Maçons*, *Les Intimes*, and the *Contes de l'Atelier*. It would be well for himself and his readers if his sensibilities were as just as they appear to be keen;—his sympathy with virtue as obvious as the sarcastic and gloomy strength with which he can portray the deformities of vice. Balzac, the author of the *Peau de Chagrin*, *Romans Philosophiques*, and some thousand contributions to reviews and literary journals, is a writer whose cast of mind a good deal resembles that of Janin, with rather more of a masculine character. Could he be persuaded to concentrate his talents on one work, instead of wasting them on a crowd of trifling tales, he seems to us to possess most of the materials of an effective writer; with one sad want only,—the want of any regard to decency in his delineations, a cynicism, which the example of others about him may render less remarkable, but which nothing, in a man of genius, can excuse. Of Paul de Koch, who now reigns in the stead of Pigault le Brun, the novelist of the *Grisettes* and *Badauds* of Paris, our readers have already heard enough: of M. Rey Dusseuil, with his endless host of romances, which are in truth political pamphlets in disguise, we hardly suppose they are desirous to hear any thing. We would willingly, however, have introduced to their notice some of the tales of Madame Girardin,* and those of M. Sand,† which are written in a calmer, truer, and better spirit than those with which we have been occupied. But we fear we have already lingered too long over a subject which may hardly appear deserving of being treated so gravely, or at such length; and, therefore, being somewhat in the situation of old Ariosto—

‘ Poiche da tutti lati e pieno il foglio ’—

we must postpone the consideration of these, and some others, to a more convenient season.

* *Le Lorgnon. Un Marriage sous l'Empire*, published under the name of Delphine Gay.

† *Indiana. Melchior. Valentin.*

- ART. IV.—1. *Excursions in India, including a Walk over the Himalaya Mountains to the Sources of the Jumna and the Ganges.* By Captain THO. SKINNER. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1832.
2. *Pen and Pencil Sketches, from the Journal of a Tour in India.* By Captain MUNDY, late Aide-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1832.
3. *Tours in Upper India, and in Parts of the Himalaya Mountains; with Accounts of the Courts of the Native Princes.* By Major ARCHER, late Aide-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1833.

THE recent extension of our arms and our influence over the Upper Provinces of India, and far into the Himalaya Mountains, has called into action the pens of an uncommon number of agreeable and instructive tourists. Indeed, the accession made to our knowledge of India, altogether, within the last few years, from the journals of various travellers, has been very great; and it may be remarked as a circumstance which at first sight may appear singular, that nearly the whole of them have been persons whom accident or some casual official duty carried into the East, for a short limited period only; and that where these journals were the productions of men long familiar with the manners and the natives of the East, the particular route which they describe is a new and untrodden one. Our oldest possessions in India are, perhaps, those of which a general reader is likely to know least. This, after all, is quite natural, and what happens nearer home. It is akin to the comparative ignorance in which the great body of us generally are regarding the scenery or singularities of our own country. A man of curiosity and research who goes to India, with the intention of spending there many years of his life, even if he has formed a fixed resolution to describe, at some future period, its natural and moral situation, unless he resolutely adheres to his determination of marking down, at the first moment, the impressions made on his mind by the scenes around him, and by the characters of the individuals or classes whom he meets with, will soon find that much of the spirit of lively and striking observation has evaporated. Anxious for the perfect accuracy of his information, he delays from day to day, and from year to year, his final judgment and description, till he discovers that every thing which he sees has lost its interest; and, like those who have gone before him, he finds it hard to imagine that what has

so long been familiar to himself and to all with whom he is in habits of intercourse, can be an object of curiosity to any one else. The case is different with those who come and who go as strangers. Every thing to them has the hue of novelty; the contrast of scenery or manners strikes them vividly; and they know, that if they do not seize the moment presented them to describe what excites their wonder, they will speedily be far removed from any means of correct or authentic description.

The authors, the titles of whose works are prefixed to the present Article, appear to be all of this latter class. The last two of them accompanied Lord Combermere as his aides-de-camp, during his temporary residence in India: the first belonged to a King's regiment stationed in that country. All of them write with liveliness, intelligence, and good-humour. From travellers situated as they were, we are not to look for any profound observations on manners or national character; nor for any intimate acquaintance with the history, literature, or domestic usages of the various races of men whom they visited. But they abound in what, to the reader who is in search of amusement, is generally fully as gratifying,—lively representations of all that strikes the eye as new, beautiful, or strange; descriptions of the external appearance, and of the more obvious manners of the natives; accounts of introductions to native courts; and spirit-stirring recitals of lion and tiger hunts, enlivened by their risks, dangers, and escapes. The route of all of them, with some exceptions, is nearly the same—from Calcutta, by Lucknow, to Agra and Delhi; thence to Meerut, the great military station in the upper provinces; and then forward to the countries on and beyond the Sutlej, or the sublime mountain scenery above Hurdwar, towards the sources of the Ganges and Jumna. In descending to the lower provinces, Captain Mundy and Major Archer visited the camp of Sindia, and the province of Bundelcund; and they describe a tract of country of which little has been written; though it brings us close to the districts whose history and present situation have been so well illustrated by General Malcolm and Colonel Tod.

It would be vain to think of following these travellers through the numerous and diversified objects that excited their attention. We shall give a few extracts, which, better than any remarks of ours, will show the nature of their journals, and of the objects that excited their attention.

Captain Mundy being ordered to join the Commander-in-chief at Cawnpore, about six hundred and fifty miles from Calcutta, set off from that city along with two friends, all travelling *dak* (post) in their palankeens.

'To those uninitiated into the mysteries of Indian travelling,' says he, 'the prospect of a journey of six hundred miles, night and day, in a hot climate, enclosed in a sort of coffin-like receptacle, carried on the shoulders of men, is somewhat alarming; but to one more accustomed to that mode of locomotion, the palankeen would, perhaps, prove less fatiguing and harassing for a long journey, than any other conveyance. The horizontal or reclining position is naturally the most easy to the body; and the exhaustion consequent upon a journey in the heat of the day, generally secures to the traveller as much sleep during the cooler hours of the night, as the frequent interruptions of the bearers at the several stages will allow him to enjoy. I had laid in a good store of tea, sugar, and biscuits, a novel, some powder and shot, a gun, and a sword, and plenty of blankets, as a defence against the coldness of the night. Our baggage consisted of a dozen boxes (patarras) appended to bamboos, and carried by men; these, with two torch-bearers (mussalgees) to each palankeen, completed our cavalcade.'—*Sketches*, p. 2.

The amusing journals of Bishop Heber have rendered the Upper Provinces so familiar to every reader, that we hasten over them to the wild and beautiful scenery of the Himalaya mountains, which are now frequented by numbers of our countrymen for the purpose of recruiting their health, exhausted on the burning plains of Hindustan. The Gorkha war subjected to us a large extent of these mountains; and the smaller ~~Siikh~~ ^{Pahar} chieftains on the south of the Sutlej having placed ~~themselves~~ ^{themselves} under the British protection, the range of our influence ~~has been~~ ^{is} widely enlarged; the farthest western boundary of our dominions now corresponding with the farthest eastern advance of Alexander the Great—a striking proof of the superiority maintained by the nations of Europe at an interval of two thousand years. The country itself is one of the most beautiful and romantic in the world.

'A little above Hurdwar, so celebrated for its great fair, lies the valley of Dhoon, which,' says Captain Skinner, 'in all respects deserves the name of beautiful. It lies between the Himalaya mountains and a low range that bounds the plains, and serves as an outer wall to the formidable fastnesses that divide India from Tartary and Thibet. It has every variety of scenery, and the Ganges and Jumna flow through it. The road into the valley is a very fine one, cut over the river (Ganges) in the bosom of the hills, and built up with masonry on the outward side. Doowallah, which is about eighteen miles from Hurdwar, was the name of the ground on which we encamped the first day of our halting within the valley. The road was for some time level; it then wound over a richly wooded hill, making one of the most beautiful passes I ever beheld, not excepting even the magnificently wild one within a short distance of Kandy in Ceylon, which

I had always considered the most superb piece of Eastern scenery in the world. The view from this pass, however, far exceeded it. It was bounded by the Himalaya mountains—the snowy range, white and clear as possible. The sun had not long risen, and I could gaze without being dazzled at all the beauties it illuminated. Below and above the road was thickly wooded, and displayed a great variety of foliage, while the creepers, which are so numerous and so rich in this country, wound about the rocks and the trees in the loveliest manner.—*Excursions*, i. pp. 189—204.

As our travellers rise into the higher ranges of hills, the difficulties of moving forward increase, and the scenery becomes wilder and more majestic. Mountains rise in successive ridges peak over peak, ending in those crowned with eternal snow; deep, and gloomy, and narrow banks enclose the streams, which are passed only by a huge tree thrown across, or by a rude suspension-bridge; all is silence and solitude.

‘We begin to find our travelling the most laborious and novel that can be imagined,’ says Captain Skinner. ‘After scrambling up the face of a rocky hill this morning, we were forced to slide down a polished surface of stone, with not a place to rest the foot on, as well as the comfortable prospect of an uninterrupted fall of many feet, should we swerve from our course. No description can convey an idea of the usual style of a day’s journey over the Himalaya. Lines of irregular peaks towering one above the other, and in every relation possible to each other, oblige you to be constantly climbing up or sliding down. In every depth we find a roaring torrent to pass, and on every height an almost inaccessible rock to scale.’—*Ibid.* p. 262.

‘We are now placed opposite a strange-looking village, named Burkotee, perched upon the summit of a high rock, overhanging the stream. It seems unconnected with mountains about it, as if torn from them by some convulsion of nature. Behind it rises a wood; and below the Jumna flows round several islands, and among the tall trees of some of them browse many deer—they form, in fact, many miniature parks; and I regret that such beautiful scenes could not be removed to a country where they could be more frequently visited. I have beheld nearly all the celebrated scenery of Europe, which poets and painters have immortalized, and of which all the tourists in the world have been enamoured, but I have seen it surpassed in these unfrequented and almost unknown regions. Although I have seen the Alps; although I have witnessed the sun rise from the summit of Mount Etna, certainly one of the grandest objects in Europe, my awe and astonishment, so far from being diminished by such scenes, exceed all I felt when I first saw

“Hills peep o’er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!”

I was almost sorry that I could not cast off the ties of another world, as it were, and remain in these mountains for ever!—P. 267.

Akin to these feelings were those of the other journalists.

Captain Mundy judiciously points out one circumstance, which all travellers have found to give a great superiority to the views in the Alps over most other mountain scenery. After describing the expansive prospect from Simla to the south, over the lower ranges of hills and the ocean-like plains of Hindostan, he continues:—

‘ The attributes of the northern prospect from Simla are still more grand; the valleys are more extensive, the mountains of more expanded proportions than those of the south view, assuming more the appearance of ranges, and rising gradually one above the other, until the panorama is majestically terminated by the snowy crescent of the great Himalaya Belt, fading on either hand into indistinct distance. In fine weather, these stupendous icy peaks cut the dark blue sky with such sharp distinctness of outline, that their real distance of sixty or seventy miles is, to the eye of the gazer, diminished to one-tenth part. During a residence of nearly two years in Switzerland, the first object that my eyes opened upon every morning was the snow-clad summit of Mount Blanc; and I thought *that* a glorious sight. But the glaciers that now form, next to the Omnipotent Being who created them, my first objects of matutine contemplation, present a battalion of icy pinnacles, amongst which Mount Blanc, with his pitiful fifteen thousand feet, would scarcely be admitted in the rear rank! But, *belle Suisse!* let me hasten to do you justice on another point: though Himala may boast of loftier mountains, and throw her Ganges and Jumna into the scale against your offspring, Rhine and Rhone, where are her lakes of Leman and Constance? She has none. In my tours through these hills I never saw a body of water, collected in one spot, that covered an acre of land. This lamentable deficiency of that most requisite ingredient of scenery, and necessary of life, creates a hiatus in the Himalayan scenery which is not to be supplied. The eye, fatigued with the rugged profile and sombre tint of the mountains, and the brown horror of the pine-forests, yearns for the refreshment and repose which it would enjoy in the contemplation of such a lake as that of Thun, reflecting in its mirrored surface, dotted with sails, the blue sky above, and, in its soft medium, giving a flattering double of the impending scenery.’—*Sketches*, i. pp. 233—235.

It is now well ascertained that these mountains are by much the highest of our globe; some of them approaching to 27,000 feet of elevation above the sea. Even the Passes, which lead to the farther ranges, are as lofty as the top of Mount Blanc.

‘ The Passes leading from the lower hills to Kanowr, through the first snow range, are no less than fifteen, some of them of easier passage than others. The Shaitool is nearly 16,000 feet, and the Borendo, which I had the pleasure to visit, is 15,200 feet, although one of the peaks, which serve as gateways, is fully 16,000. From the top of this there was a magnificent view into Kanowr.’—*Archer's Tour*, i. p. 336.

The sudden rise of these mountains from the burning plains of India, by producing a rapid change in the climate, has proved an invaluable resource to our countrymen, exhausted by the diseases incident to that country.

‘Quitting the plains,’ says Major Archer, ‘their peculiar productions are soon lost, and the heart of the exile responds with feelings of pleasure at meeting with the flowers and trees of his native land; doubts of their identity were only to be dispelled by repeated gatherings. The violet and hawthorn were among the earliest; wild pears, holly, and bramble soon appear, and then come the pines. These remembrances, with an elastic bracing air renovating the body, gave health to the spirits; it was then that home and its endearing associations seemed nearer than the distance permitted it to be. The climate of the hills, according to our feelings, is the most delicious and agreeable in the world; and to those Europeans who have suffered from the diseases incidental to the plains of Hindostan, it presents a sure and certain resource for their restoration to health and spirits. To the Upper Provinces the advantage is incalculable; for the distance of the hills from several of the large civil and military stations is within the compass of a few days’ journey, and mostly within thirty-six or forty-eight hours dak travelling. As a relief to a residence in the plains, and exposure to the burning hot winds, and the no less oppressive weather on the cessation of the rains, the climate can only be justly appreciated by those who have been fortunate enough to experience its beneficial and invigorating effects.’—‘In Kanowr, the province just beyond this high ridge, the rains are not periodical, but quite irregular as to time and amount, at least with reference to those of the plains. In consequence, the inhabitants enjoy a climate more agreeable and delightful than any other yet known; so it is said by Europeans who have resided there. European fruits and roots are indigenous to the soil, and are produced without much horticultural science or labour.’—*Ib.* pp. 336-9.

The inhabitants of the mountains are represented as honest, frank, and hospitable, cheerful and gay, fond of dancing and singing, good-humoured and kind, but indolent, and what in mountain countries is uncommon, devoid of courage or enterprise. It is well known that among them, by a singular custom, a family of several men have only one wife in common.

‘I asked a pretty woman of about eighteen years of age, who had come out to present us with a bowl of raspberries, how many husbands she had?—“Only four,” was the reply.—“And all alive?”—“Why not?” She questioned me in return, and asked where my country was. “And where is your wife?” was the next enquiry. On my declaring I had none, an universal cry of “Bah, bah! djoot, djoot!” A lie, a lie! showed how little they believed me. I found it impossible to convince them of my veracity, and I fear I lost a little in

the estimation of my mountain friends by asserting so palpable an absurdity as any man being without a wife appears to them.—‘The young population is not very great, but the likeness that prevails in a village from the singular intermixture that occurs from the mode of marriage is so strong, that it seems puzzling to discover the different children. The eldest brother is the father, *par excellence*, of each family, and on his death, that office devolves on the next, and so on. Till all die in the course of nature, there can be no orphans. Such an institution of marriage is for the purpose of keeping property as much in one family as possible, an equal division of it being the *custom* of inheritance; and where so much labour is necessary to cultivate the soil, and good soil so difficult to obtain, it seems important to prevent its being broken into portions so small as not to be able to afford food for their possessors. Their crops being the only subsistence of the mountaineers, and their land so limited, it was necessary, too, to devise a means of preventing an overgrown population. It is not surprising, therefore, that people who are still buried in the most hopeless darkness, should have fallen upon such a plan.’—Skinner’s *Excursions*, i. p. 238.

The reasons here assigned for this singular usage, we have no doubt are the real ones; particularly the last, which is at the root of the other. We learn that the travellers sometimes found difficulty in getting corn, the villagers declaring that they had none for themselves; and even where some was found, they were unwilling to sell it,—a sure proof that they had no superfluity. The excess of population in which this unnatural custom appears to have originated, has produced its other ordinary malignant effects,—a partial slave-trade, and infanticide. Several young women were offered for sale to gentlemen of the party by their parents; and the excuse was, that it was the custom, for they had more women in their villages than they knew what to do with. Major Archer informs us that the practice of infanticide exists, but is resorted to by those only whose means of subsistence are limited, and that in this case females alone are the victims. The different facts explain one another in a melancholy way.

The mode of putting children to sleep by the action of water, mentioned by former travellers, is again described.

* The child, whose age might be a year or two, was laid by its mother on a charpoy (bedstead), placed on a sloping green bank, along the top of which ran a small spring stream. A piece of bark introduced through the embankment, conducted a slender spout of water, which fell at the height of about half a foot, on the crown of the infant’s head. It was fast asleep when I witnessed the process! The natives believe that it is a great fortifier of the constitution.—Mundy’s *Sketches*, i. p. 244.

Goitres are frequent, which, with whatever truth, they ascribe to the snow water.

In descending from the northern mountains, our travellers passed through the territories of the Sumroo Begum, a name familiar to our countrymen in India; and as the account given of her history by Major Archer seems to be more authentic than any we have met with, we shall venture to extract it, though somewhat long. A female sovereign and warrior, in such a country as India, will, by most of our readers, be regarded as rather a novelty.

‘Sirdanah is the city and head-quarters of the Begum Somroo, who possesses the country around as a life-fief or jagheer; which, originally estimated at six, is, by her extreme good management, made eight lacs annually. The history of this remarkable woman is such, that a slight and perhaps imperfect account, or rather glance at it, may prove of interest.’—‘In early life she was a nautch girl, but who her parents were, or from what part of the country she came, is now lost to information; it is, however, conjectured, from her exceeding fairness of complexion, and peculiar features, that her family were of northern extraction. Her attractions and accomplishments secured the attentions of a German adventurer, by name Somroo, which, it appears, was an appellative given him for his constant sombre and melancholy appearance. It was this miscreant who superintended the murder of the English gentlemen of the factory at Patna, in 1763. Flying from the resentment of the British, who shortly afterwards recaptured Patna, Somroo bent his course for Upper India, and entered the service of the Rajah of Bhurtpore, and subsequently of other native chiefs, until, from favourable circumstances, which were taken advantage of by his abilities, he became possessed of a large space of country to the north-east of Delhi. He died in full possession of his power. The Begum subsequently married a Frenchman, but by neither of these unions had she any children, at least none are now alive.’—*Tour*, i. p. 137.

It appears that her second husband, Le Vassu, having tired of his barbaric dignity, meditated a return to Europe, and collected all the jewels, money, and valuables which he could amass, to carry off along with them. The Begum had discernment enough to foresee that in Europe her consequence was gone, and that she must be at her husband’s discretion. She dissembled her dislike, but resolved to frustrate the plan. She privately communicated to some of the officers of her troops her husband’s intentions:

‘To her husband she spoke of false fears of detection, and pointed out the dishonour that must attach itself to their act of desertion; and, for her own part, vehemently protested, that she would die by her own hand, rather than be compelled to return by force.’—‘It was solemnly agreed between them, that in case of being interrupted, they should both die by their own hands.’—‘At the dead of night he mounted his

elephant, and she got into her palankeen. At the appointed spot the ambush was ready, and all things answered the Begum's intentions. The opposing party soon made the escort of the Begum and her husband fly. The attendants ran to inform him that the Begum had shot herself. In the noise and confusion many matchlocks had been let off, so that he could not tell if her having been molested was probable or not. On rushing to her palankeen to ascertain the truth, he was alarmed by the clamour and apparent affliction of those who surrounded it; and, upon a towel saturated with blood being shown him, as confirmation of the Begum's having destroyed herself, he placed a pistol to his head and shot himself. The Begum, who till then had never appeared in male society, throw open the blinds of her palankeen and mounted an elephant. She harangued the troops upon her attachment to them, and her opposition to the commands of her husband; she professed no other desire than to be at their head, and to share her wealth with them. The novelty of the situation lent energy to her action, and eloquence to her language; and amid the acclamations of the soldiers, she was led back in triumph to the camp.'

From this time she assumed the personal command of the army, and directed the whole affairs of her territories.

'Colonel Skinner, we are told, during his service with the Mahrattas, has often seen her, then a beautiful young woman, leading on her troops in person, and displaying, in the midst of carnage, the greatest intrepidity and presence of mind.'—*Sketches*, i. p. 371.

'Since she has grown old, she has turned her attention to the agricultural improvement of her country. Her fields look greener and more flourishing, and the population of her villages appear happier and more prosperous than those of the Company's provinces. Her care is unremitting and her protection sure. Formerly a Mahometan, she is now a Roman Catholic, and has in her service many priests and officers of that persuasion. At her metropolis she has erected a very beautiful church, on the model of St Peter's: it is almost finished: little remains to be done, and that is on the outside. The altar is remarkably handsome; it is of white marble from Jypoor, and inlaid with various-coloured stones.'—*Tours*, i. p. 142.

'During her long life, many acts of inhuman cruelty towards her dependents have transpired, one of which is thus narrated. The Begum having discovered a slave-girl in an intrigue, condemned her to be buried alive. This cruel sentence was carried into execution; and the fate of the beautiful victim having excited strong feelings of compassion, the old tigress, to preclude all chance of a rescue, ordered her carpet to be spread over the vault, and smoked her houkah, and slept on the spot; thus making assurance doubly sure.'—*Sketches*, i. p. 374.

At Meerut the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Combermere, and his party, were invited to dine with her. As he entered the gates of her palace, he was received with presented arms by her body-guard, and on the steps of the portico by the old lady herself. In person she is described as very short, and rather

embonpoint; her complexion is unusually fair; her features large and prominent; her expression sagacious, but artful. Of her hands, arms, and feet, the octogenarian beauty is said to be still justly proud. The dinner was served in the European style. The party consisted of sixty persons, the Begum being the only lady at table. She seemed in excellent humour, and, we are told, bandied jokes and compliments with his Excellency, through the medium of an interpreter.

A considerable portion of all the three works before us is filled with the account of sporting expeditions,—of fowling, hunting, and hawking, and of boar and tiger hunts,—which are extremely well told. Though not much addicted to field sports, we will acknowledge that, like other persons accidentally brought into the midst of the excitement of a hunting party, we found it difficult, from the animation and eagerness felt by the sportsmen, to avoid being betrayed into a lively interest in their proceedings. In the chase of animals like the tiger and lion, the parties meet on so much fairer terms than huntsmen and game generally do,—so much presence of mind and courage are called into action, and so much risk endured,—that the danger dignifies the sport.

‘The 1st of March,’ says Captain Mundy, ‘will always be a *dies notanda* in my sporting annals, as the day on which I first witnessed the noble sport of tiger-shooting. The Nimrods of our party had, ever since we entered upon the Dooab, been zealously employed in preparing fire-arms and casting bullets, in anticipation of a chase among the favourite haunts of wild beasts, the banks of the Jumna and Ganges. Some of the more experienced sportsmen, as soon as they saw the nature of the jungle in which we were encamped, presaged that there were tigers in the neighbourhood. Accordingly, whilst we were at breakfast, the servant informed us that there were some *gongwalas* or villagers in waiting, who had some *khubber* (news) about tigers to give us. We all jumped up and rushed out, and found a group of five or six half-naked fellows, headed by a stout young man’—‘who announced himself as a jamadar’—‘and gave us to understand that a young buffalo had been carried off the day before, about a mile from the spot, and that their herds had long suffered from the depredations of a party of three tigers, who had been often seen by the cowherds.’—*Sketches*, i. p. 109.

A party of ten, mounted on as many elephants, with twenty pad-elephants to beat the covert and carry the guides, was immediately formed and set out.

‘The jungle was in no place very high, there being but few trees, and a fine thick covert of grass and rushes. Every thing was favourable for the sport. Few of us, however, expecting to find a tiger, another man and myself dismounted from our elephants, to get a shot at a florikan, a bird of the bustard tribe, which we killed. It after-

yards proved that there were two tigers within a hundred paces of the spot where we were walking. We beat for half an hour steadily in line, and I was beginning to yawn in despair, when my elephant suddenly raised his trunk and trumpeted several times, which my mahout informed me was a sure sign that there was a tiger somewhere "between the wind and our nobility." The formidable line of thirty elephants, therefore, brought up their left shoulders, and beat slowly on to windward. We had gone about three hundred yards in this direction, and had entered a swampy part of the jungle, when suddenly the long wished-for tally-ho ! saluted our ears, and a shot from Captain M. confirmed the sporting *eureeka* ! The tiger answered the shot with a loud roar, and boldly charged the line of elephants. Then occurred the most ridiculous, but most provoking scene possible. Every elephant, except Lord Combermere's, (which was a known stanch one,) turned tail and went off at score, in spite of all the blows and imprecations heartily bestowed upon them by the mahouts. One, less expeditious in his retreat than the others, was overtaken by the tiger, and severely torn in the hind leg ; whilst another, even more alarmed than the rest, we could distinguish flying over the plain, till he quite sank below the horizon, and, for all proof to the contrary, he may be going on to this very moment. The tiger, in the meanwhile, advanced to attack his Lordship's elephant ; but, being wounded in the loins by Captain M.'s shot, failed in his spring, and shrunk back among the rushes. My elephant was one of the first of the runaways to return to action ; and when I ran up alongside Lord Combermere, (whose heroic animal had stood like a rock,) he was quite *hors-de-combat*, having fired all his broadside. I handed him a gun, and we poured a volley of four barrels upon the tiger, who, attempting again to charge, fell from weakness. Several shots more were expended upon him before he dropped dead ; upon which we gave a good hearty "whoop ! whoop !" and stowed him upon a pad elephant. — Having loaded and re-formed the line, we again advanced, and after beating for half an hour, I saw the grass gently moved about one hundred yards in front of me ; and soon after a large tiger reared his head and shoulders above the jungle, as if to reconnoitre us. I tally-hoed, and the whole line rushed forward. On arriving at the spot, two tigers broke covert, and cantered quietly across an open space of ground. Several shots were fired, one of which slightly touched the largest of them, who immediately turned round, and roaring furiously, and lashing his sides with his tail, came bounding towards us ; but, apparently alarmed by the formidable line of elephants, he suddenly stopped short and turned into the jungle again, followed by us at full speed. At this pace, the action of an elephant is so extremely rough, that though a volley of shots was fired, the tiger performed his attack and retreat without being again struck. Those who had the fastest elephants had now the best of the sport, and when he turned to fight, (which he soon did,) only three of us were up. As soon as he faced about he attempted to spring on Captain M.'s elephant, but was stopped by a shot in the chest. Two or three more shots brought him to his knees, and the noble beast fell dead in a last attempt to charge.

He was a full-grown male, and a very fine animal. Near the spot where we found him, were discovered the well-picked remains of a buffalo. One of the sportsmen had, in the meantime, kept the smaller tiger in view, and we soon followed to the spot to which he had been marked. It was a thick marshy covert of broad flag reeds called Hogla, and we had beat through it twice, and were beginning to think of giving it up, as the light was waning, when Captain P.'s elephant, which was lagging in the rear, suddenly uttered a shrill scream, and came rushing out of the swamp with the tiger hanging by its teeth to the upper part of its tail! Captain P.'s situation was perplexing enough, his elephant making the most violent efforts to shake off his backbiting foe, and himself unable to use his gun for fear of shooting the unfortunate Coolie, who frightened out of his wits was standing behind the howdah, with his feet in the crupper, within six inches of the tiger's head. We soon flew to his aid, and quickly shot the tiger, who, however, did not quit his gripe, until he had received eight balls, when he dropped off the poor elephant's mangled tail, quite dead. Thus, in about two hours, and within sight of camp, we found and slew three tigers; a piece of good fortune rarely to be met with in these modern times, when the spread of cultivation, and the zeal of English sportsmen, have almost exterminated the breed of these animals.—*ib.* pp. 109, 117.

We have already indulged ourselves long enough in the rambling varieties of these agreeable volumes. The admiration expressed by our travellers on examining the architectural remains which they visited, especially the Taj-mahl, and the ruins of the Black Pagoda in Orissa, had almost led us into some remarks on the architecture and sculpture of India; to which, except by Bishop Heber, we think that justice has hardly been done. Some of the buildings, particularly those in the Saracenic or Mussulman style, excite in every unprejudiced observer sentiments of strong delight and admiration, and indicate architectural genius of the very highest class. Whatever the mass of the population may have been, India, in the architects of such structures and in their patrons, must, ages ago, have possessed minds of no ordinary refinement and taste. At all events, the number and beauty of these buildings adds another collateral question to the yet unsolved problem,—by what process the architects of such structures as our Gothic cathedrals, could improve and cultivate the talents and refined powers of mind, by which their works have continued to be the admiration of every succeeding age. Some large though secret fund of knowledge and sentiment must have existed, cherished in the seclusion of the cloister or elsewhere, and which, however apparently at variance with the state of society and measure of science of the times, was founded on an intimate and long cultivated study of those feelings of the beautiful and sublime, which in works of manual art most

deeply affect the great body of mankind. The time was when the most beautiful specimens of Gothic and of Moorish art were regarded as relics only of barbarism. The pedantry of an exclusive study of the fine forms of Grecian and Roman architecture and sculpture, so worthy in themselves of all admiration, is past; and the age, more enlightened and more liberal, is disposed to admit the various productions of Egyptian, Etruscan, Gothic, and Oriental art, to their fair place in the scale of human genius.

The last half of Major Archer's second volume is occupied with observations on the local government of Bengal, and on the army attached to that Presidency. His situation in the Commander-in-Chief's family gave him an opportunity of knowing much of the military arrangements of India. We are far from agreeing with him, however, in several of his opinions; and the violence and asperity with which he treats the Directors and Board of Control, regarding the *half-batta order*, is any thing but commendable. Soldiers do not appear to most advantage when haggling about pay. They never can be the proper judges of what ought to be their emoluments; and unless under a military despotism, they never can be made so. In the revenues of India a deficit has been announced, attended by a debt of thirty millions; and retrenchment has reached the army, as well as all other branches of the public service. Considerable discontent among the civil as well as military servants has been the consequence. But the country is already as much burdened as it can bear, and recourse must therefore be had, not to new taxes, but to retrenchments. In such a case, all who suffer have an undoubted right to represent any grievances supposed to affect themselves, or their own situation; but in an army in which two formidable mutinies have existed, in the memory of man, on the subject of allowances, all such representations ought to be temperate and respectful. The tone of irritation and scorn is not graceful in England, and is dangerous in India. Reason is the same in the East and the West; and the style that might be adopted by English military men in speaking of acts of the Horse-Guards, will be found in the end the best, in talking of the Indian authorities at home, and of the difficult duties which fall to the lot of our high-minded countrymen who direct the interests of England in those distant climes. We do not enter into the merits of the question regarding the particular retrenchment alluded to. Perhaps the fault is not so much that it is made now, as that it was not made more gradually, and, above all, begun a great deal earlier. The present administrators of India are suffering the penalty of the neglects of their predecessors.

ART. V.—*Characteristics of Goethe.* *From the German of Falk, von Müller, &c. With Notes, original and translated, illustrative of German Literature.* By SARAH AUSTIN. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1838.

IN a former Number, we had occasion to make some remarks upon the theory of translation; a subject on which we have no inclination to resume our controversial labours, and to which we should not have alluded at present, had it not been for a sort of challenge offered by Mrs Austin, in her interesting Preface to the work before us. The conclusion at which she arrives in discussing this topic is, that there are two perfectly distinct aims of translation;—the one, to use her own words, where matter alone is to be transferred; the other, where both matter and form. Wherever, she adds, the form and colour of an author is important, a translation, proceeding upon the principle of considering how the author would have written in English, is, in her opinion, a failure; and for this reason, (we are sorry she has selected an instance so little to our taste,) she never can prevail on herself to read Pope's Homer; finding it impossible to take the least interest in a work in which the very peculiarities which she wants to know are effaced, and replaced by others. And she quotes, in support of her own opinion, a passage of Goethe, which she pronounces oracular, and decisive of the point; but in which that author seems to us, according to his usual fashion, to have rather stated the difficulty than resolved the problem.

Unquestionably there is much truth and reason in her arguments, and we are inclined most willingly to admit all the license which she demands, except the actual substitution of foreign for English idiom. When once the simple rule of taste, which forbids this transgression, is violated, the work in question can no longer be said to be 'rendered into English,' for words alone do not constitute a language; otherwise the interlineations in a Hamiltonian grammar deserve, as far as we can perceive, the honours of accurate and perfect translation. But we are much inclined to fear, that Mrs Austin's argument on this subject, although its purpose be not confessed, is intended as a covert defence of that most barbarous style which has been introduced of late by too many German scholars and men of talent, under pretence of making us acquainted with the peculiarities of our neighbours; and which only tends at once to corrupt the purity of our native composition, and to occasion in

our minds an insuperable dislike to the foreign tongue which we only know through the medium of this hideous travesty. Whether this be the case or not, we are certain that no translator ever stood less in need of an apology on his own behalf than the authoress of these volumes. We can scarcely find the means of expressing, except in language which may be misinterpreted as the diction of indiscriminating flattery, our admiration of the truly extraordinary manner in which she has rendered all their various contents—metaphysical reasonings, poetical declamation, and social dialogue—into correct, nervous, vernacular English. Most of our readers will remember the interest which was excited by the appearance of the ‘German Prince’s Travels in England;’ and how obstinately, notwithstanding all the assertions of critics and booksellers, and the strongest internal evidence of authenticity, many people persisted in believing the work to have been manufactured at home, merely because the language did not offer the slightest traces of transfusion from a foreign original. The volumes before us evince the same elegance of expression, the same felicitous rendering of each original phrase by its English counterpart, at once with accuracy and freedom, employed on a far more difficult subject; for we have here to deal with Germans speaking of and to their countrymen, and employing allusions and modes of diction appropriate to a truly national subject. Mrs Austin has demanded, in her Preface, much more extensive powers than we would, perhaps, have willingly confided to her; but in her execution she has in no respect overstepped the limits which the most fastidious partisan of Dryden and Johnson’s laws of translation could have laid down. The only license which she has assumed has been the employment of certain technical words, used by the Germans in a strict philosophical sense, whose correlatives in our dialect, although not sanctioned by usage, might be pure and classical according to the analogy of the language, and for which we have no current substitutes. And with this slight assistance only she has succeeded in more faithfully representing to us the characteristics of the modern German school of writers, than has been done by those numerous translators, who have not scrupled to distort and disfigure our language in the most merciless fashion, under the plea of modelling it to reproduce the peculiar diction and idiom of their original.

There is only one portion of her attempts in the way of translation, which, we must confess, we wish she had left untried,—namely, her literal versions of passages from Goethe’s lyrical pieces and elegies. It is very true that they are most exact, and

as elegant as such exactness will permit; and that she apologizes for their insertion as merely intended 'for the convenience of those who do not read German. It would give me extreme 'pain,' she says, 'that they should be regarded as intended in 'any degree to represent Goethe's poems. They are intended 'only to illustrate the text, by showing what is the matter of 'those poems.' But it would be fairer, we think, to leave her unlearned clients in their original ignorance. It seems almost impossible to read any poem, and more especially light and fugitive pieces such as these, in a literal translation, without extreme distaste; we can hardly picture to ourselves the existence of beauties in the original, when the copy before our eyes presents so melancholy a residuum, exhausted of all grace, life, and elegance. Such a version may indeed be of great value to a learner; and, in the case of a poem such as 'Faust,' where a great moral purpose and a great dramatic plan are developed, interest may probably be found even in the most prosaic and unornamented rendering. But in a book intended for mere English readers, and with respect to poems of which the beauty is of so ærial and evanescent a character, we cannot but think it injustice towards the author to drag him in this unseemly fashion before a cold irreverent audience. Perhaps also Goethe suffers more than any other poet from such exposure; his exquisite sense of melody, and power over the mechanism of verse, having been almost the mightiest instruments of his magic. Great as the musical flexibility of the German language is, no one had imagined before his appearance that it could be employed in such various forms of harmony, each equally consummate and faultless. This is a point on which an English critic may hardly venture to pronounce an opinion; but, in echoing the universal homage paid by Germany to Goethe's unrivalled excellence in this respect, we do but express our own sentiments, founded as they are on imperfect knowledge. There is no modern poet whatever, in reading whom we have derived such constant pleasure from the more imaginary tones, the idea of melody which verse creates. His own saying respecting Wieland, might be, with still greater truth, applied to himself,—that if any one had shot down a cart-load of words on his desk, he would have found means to arrange them into a beautiful poem. In the employment of ancient metres (which has been successfully practised by no modern nation except his own) he has equalled in sweetness, and much surpassed in variety, his master Voss, the father of the domestic idyl. The harmony of his *Elegies*, of 'Reynard the Fox,' of 'Herman and Dorothea,' is peculiar and original, founded on that of the ancients, and yet

not precisely the same ; a flourishing colony of classical rhythm, transplanted into a barbarous soil. In the octave metre of the Italian romancers, to which he has imparted a melancholy sweetness quite different from the character of his models ; in the rapid tones of his ballads ;—in rhythmical prose, unrhymed iambics, and the long, irregular, sustained melody of the splendid soliloquies of 'Faust ;'—his command over the rugged joints and sinews of language, to mould them into smoothness in every possible shape, is equally perfect and inexplicable.

Mrs Austin has presented us, in these three volumes, with a variety of materials for judging of the character of Goethe, both as a man and an author. The first two are principally occupied with a translation of Falk's little work, 'Goethe Portrayed 'from Personal Intercourse,' with valuable notes and comments by the translator, containing versions of most of the passages in Goethe's works, to which allusion is made in her text. Falk was a sort of Boswell in his way, a professed eulogist of Goethe ; and we are not to look for much philosophical discernment among the indiscriminate praises which he bestows on every part of his hero's character. He seems to have regarded his friend rather as a seraphic creature of pure intellect, than an earthly philosopher ; and it appears not a little surprising that such a work can have been published during the lifetime, and almost under the eyes of Goethe himself. But its chief value arises from the conversations which are reported in it. The wonderful versatility of the poet is conspicuous in the declamatory lectures which they contain, delivered by him on an infinite variety of subjects,—always interesting, and frequently rising into lofty eloquence ; but creating, upon the whole, that unsatisfactory impression so often produced by the reported sayings of men who speak for display, from the difficulty of distinguishing between their sober earnest, and their voluntary assumption of paradox. Several other little treatises make up the compilation : such as Friedrich von Müller's 'Goethe considered as a Man of Action ;' M. Soret's 'Notes on Goethe,' originally published in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève* ; a couple of Memoirs of the Grand Duke of Weimar and his Consort, and fragments of some other works. We are inclined to prefer among these the Memoir of M. Soret, a Genevese gentleman attached to the Court of Weimar. Although, by living in the company of Goethe and his intimates, he has acquired something of the tone prevailing in that *coterie*, and of the style of vanity and affectation in which, like all other small societies, they speak of their own especial great man, yet, as a foreigner, he views his subject less after the fashion of a party, and with

more general intelligence than the other authors of this compilation; while, from close personal intercourse, he has much valuable information to communicate. We must however confess, that we have looked through these volumes with some feelings of disappointment, perhaps unwarranted, in finding that they add so little to our knowledge of the poet's personal history. Most of his biographers, as far as we have been able to ascertain, have hitherto done little more than compile from his own narratives of different periods of his life; and these narratives are curious, for the most part, rather from the psychological developements which they exhibit, than from any variety of incidents. These he either briefly commemorates, or hints at after an enigmatical fashion of his own. Probably few points of interest would be found to attract the general reader in the course of a career so little diversified. Goethe was placed in the situation of Privy Counsellor at Weimar, at the age of twenty-six; and almost the whole of his after time was spent in the quiet circle of that little court, and in the fulfilment of the routine duties of his situation. Still, in a work professing to give an account of the illustrious deceased, we expected to find some new details respecting the events of his life; for every life has its adventures, and although they may be in themselves of an ordinary and uninteresting cast, yet common domestic occurrences may contribute powerfully to the developement of genius, and leave on such a mind a more indelible impression than the most varied and exciting actions and sufferings on that of a common adventurer. But Mrs Austin appears to have abstained purposely from personal details respecting her hero, upon a principle of delicacy, which may, we think, be too rigorously observed. We fully appreciate the honourable feeling which induced her to refuse any extracts from the anonymous gossip of the '*Büchlein von Goethe*;' and to decline rendering her work more popular, and more provocative to our appetite for scandal, by insertions from an unauthenticated and hostile pamphlet. But why pass over such details as her own authorities furnish her with? Why, for instance, omit all M. Soret's anecdotes respecting Goethe's early love affairs? If they contain any thing more than a mere transcript of Goethe's own mystic revelations in the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, we must confess that we should like to have known a little about this important part of a poet's biography. A few such narratives would have interested us more, perhaps, than several of the miscellaneous matters with which she has swelled her compilation; such as the *résumé* of Schelling's metaphysical system, or the facetious remarks of the

Jekyll of Weimar, Herr von Einsiedeln, the only specimens of German humour which these pages contain, but adding very little to their liveliness.) In M. Soret's Memoir, we find a very moving episode concerning a certain Lili—a paragon, it should seem, of beauty and intelligence, whom Goethe loved 'as tenderly as she loved himself: there was no obstacle which it would have been impossible to surmount,—and yet he could not marry her!' The elective affinity in this case went so far, that the poet appears to have thought of quitting Weimar and the Privy Council, for a cottage, with Lili, in the backwoods of America. Who was Lili? What was her name, degree, and complexion? How did this promising love-affair arise, and why was it broken off? If Mrs Austin is able to answer these questions, we are sorry that her reverence for departed genius has induced her to withhold such desirable information. As it is, she has given us no commentary whatever on M. Soret's performance, except one long note on 'Goethe's Golden Jubilee';—a sort of speech-making and musical pageant, enacted at Weimar in 1826, which seems to have been an exhibition agreeably uniting the stately emptiness of an Oxford commemoration, with the vivacious insipidity of a Stratford festival.

But it would be unjust and unreasonable to judge of a work like the present simply as a biographical memoir. It has, in fact, very different claims on our attention. Mrs Austin has abstained altogether from pronouncing her own opinions respecting Goethe and his works: her object has been to set faithfully before us the portrait which is drawn of him by his countrymen and contemporaries. He is placed not in the point of view in which it might be easiest or most fashionable to contemplate him, but in which he is actually regarded by those who have been bred up in intimacy with his person, and nourished on the literary food contained in his writings. Thus we obtain, as it were, a reflective view of Goethe: for we have the words and sentiments of men who measure him according to the standard of thought which he has himself raised in their minds;—the recollections of a great man proceeding from the pens of his own disciples, while his words are still sounding in their ears, and his ideal presence still fresh in their apprehension. The narratives of such writers possess many of the advantages, together with many of the defects, which attend an autobiography. Their descriptions are more characteristic, the conclusions at which they arrive more congenial with the spirit of the subject of their work, than those of distant and unconnected observers. But, on the other hand, we are to expect from them no impartial criticism, and no discrimination. All these notices of Goethe

are in fact little more than so many funeral eulogies. There is no attempt to bring forward the strong points of his genius in a more marked manner, by contrasting them with his weaknesses: he is painted, as Queen Elizabeth was by the artists of her Court, without shade or perspective. Mrs Austin has thought it incumbent upon her to adopt without reserve the same laudatory tone, wherever she speaks of her hero in her own person. All that has been urged against him, in this country as well as in his own, is dismissed in a tone of indignant contempt, as if it could only proceed from the scandal-loving and depreciating spirit of the age. We are treated to a constant repetition of the usual circular argument employed in such cases—that if we do not like Goethe, it is because we do not understand him—if he appears to us obscure and enigmatical, it is because we possess not the true feeling of sympathy which would safely conduct us to the solution of all his mysteries.

Of this tendency to the mysterious, which detracts so greatly from the pleasure experienced by the ordinary reader in perusing the works of Goethe, his admirers, of course, speak in the most reverential terms. They desire, in plain language, that we will exercise our faith in receiving, without hesitation, all which appears dark to our unrefined understanding. ‘Goethe,’ says his excellent and undoubting eulogist, Herr von Müller, ‘had a strong liking for the enigmatical, which frequently interferes with the enjoyment of his works. I have heard him often maintain that a work of art, especially a poem, which left nothing to divine, could be no true, consummate work: that its highest destination must be ever to excite to reflection; and that the spectator or reader could never thoroughly enjoy and love it, but when it compelled him to expound it after his own mode of thinking, and to fill it up out of his imagination.’ ‘Goethe,’ says M. Soret, ‘might have revealed himself more distinctly; but mystery was with him the object of a sort of reverence, or the result of a system. We may suppose him to have said, “I will reveal myself only to those who can understand me, and they will divine me at half a word.”’ Mrs Austin eloquently and warmly, after her fashion, defends her hero against the same charge. ‘The truth is, I have never yet met with a German who affected to understand Goethe throughout. How far this is his fault I do not take upon me to discuss, much less to decide. It is possible that “the mysterious, the sibylline, the incoherent,” in his writings has no meaning; but it seems unlikely.’ And she quotes, in support of this modest deference to superior acquirements, a remark—

able passage of Mr Coleridge with respect to the *Timæus* of Plato; showing the reasons why it is more probable that the obscurity of the great philosopher argues our want of profoundness than his deficiency in clearness; and concluding, 'therefore, utterly baffled in all my attempts to understand the ignorance of Plato, I conclude myself ignorant of his understanding.'

This is a doctrine and an illustration which, notwithstanding all our admiration for the departed genius, and our agreement with Mrs Austin in her general estimate of his merits, we cannot allow to pass without controversy. The example of Plato bears, in our apprehension, no reasonable analogy to the case of any modern writer. Little as we are aided by the dim external light which ancient history throws on the purpose and character of that philosopher, we may affirm thus much with tolerable certainty; that his writings, for the most part, were not intended for the comprehension of the unassisted reader; that they bear a symbolical character; and that the few, to whom they were dedicated, were aided in their study, not merely by superior intelligence and wisdom, but by the actual possession of certain lost canons of construction, keys, or antitypes, perhaps arbitrary in great measure, and certainly enveloped in artificial, intentional concealment. When, therefore, modern authors take Plato and the other early philosophers for their model, and deem their studied and emblematic diction a fit subject of imitation, they are, in fact, like men mimicking arbitrary signs and gestures to which they attach no meaning, but which, among those who first employed them, bore a conventional significancy. There is in the present day no sect of transcendentalists,—no secret Eleusinian language used among literary men of the higher order. He who writes for the world must use the dialect of the world; and if the general consent of his readers, including his devoted followers, pronounces him unintelligible, we may safely conclude that there is no hidden meaning which a few privileged persons only can develop. Unless it is asserted, that we are to continue to see, like the neophytes of old, darkly and through a glass, where is the use of exalted talent and genius, if they are wasted in exhibiting a gift of tongues? Is not the possessor a barbarian to us? What avails it to the student, that Goethe is pronounced to have possessed an exalted wisdom beyond the reach of vulgar comprehension, if it be enveloped in whole volumes of elaborate 'amphigouris,' in verse and prose, in which the bewildered admirer is perpetually in search of a meaning which seems constantly near, and as constantly eludes his grasp?

And it is not the least embarrassing peculiarity which the reader of Goethe has to encounter, that there is no obvious line of distinction, in his writings, between the palpable and the indefinite. Almost every one of his more important works (except such as were written for the stage) leads us gradually out of daylight into his favourite region of shadows. When we would willingly content ourselves with remaining exoteric admirers of his genius, he forces us to become the unprofitable hearers of his revelations: for as soon as we become interested in his incidents as facts, in his personages as human beings, they are straightway carried off in a cloud from the surface of the earth, and we are forced to bear them company into a region where they reappear only as abstractions or personified oracles. All his visions, like Virgil's pageant of the shades, conclude with the ivory gate, which warns us that all we have seen was but a dream. Thus from the dramatic reality of 'Faust,' wonderful in its delineation of character, profound but simple and earnest in its severe philosophy, inviting thought and amply repaying it, we are plunged, in 'Helena,' into an incoherent, revolting mass of unsubstantial contradictions. In 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship,' we travel on for a long while, pleasantly enough, in company with a singular collection of personages, many of whose ways, and much of whose language, are neither very interesting nor always intelligible; but who entertain us, in spite of ourselves, by their mixture of humour and instructiveness, and by the singularity of the adventures which befall them. But no sooner are the principal characters brought within the walls of the fatal castle which is the term of their wanderings, than all their individuality vanishes at once, and we are left to fight our way to the end of the three volumes, through a series of devious, intricate passages of thought, occasionally emerging into light, only to plunge again into deeper gloom. And in the continuation, the travels of Wilhelm Meister, the hero is sent forth no longer to encounter real adventures among creatures of flesh and blood, but as a sort of metaphysical Don Quixote, armed at all points to encounter, in endless controversy, a host of dreamlike, shapeless chimeras; while the wearied reader is kept awake only by his admiration and astonishment at the unwearied powers of language which are wasted in this unprofitable parade.

Nor is it encouraging to feel ourselves impelled to the conviction, that much of Goethe's obscurity, even in the merely æsthetic parts of his works (to use a German distinction), arises from habitual cautiousness—from a reluctance to commit himself by embracing decided opinions on any subject. In their didactic

portions this peculiarity is still more evident; his meaning seems constantly half-expressed; it is left incomplete, we will not say from fear, but from a sense of the peculiar position which he occupied,—a kind of literary sovereignty watched by jealous rivals. At once a courtier and a man of the world, he lived in society, and was forced to conform to its sentiments, yet anxious all the while to form a reputation of originality. And this reflection leads us seriously to consider the effect produced upon the genius of Goethe by his external circumstances. He may be pronounced singularly fortunate among literary men. From the time of his early youth to his protracted decease, he passed an easy, untroubled life, whose wants were all anticipated; surrounded by admirers, in the bosom of a friendly court, where he was received on terms of equality, such as even the pettiest prince has rarely adopted towards a son of the Muses. Notwithstanding the whispers of his devotees concerning internal conflicts, mental difficulties, and struggles with the world, his pilgrimage was, after all, little more than a continued sail, with favourable wind and tide, down the stream of time. But it is our deep conviction that all which the poet gained in personal happiness by this singular good fortune, was lost to him in eventual celebrity; and that his genius was diverted from its natural path into a less profitable direction.

In maintaining this opinion, we shall find ourselves in direct opposition to the ordinary partisans of Goethe. They seem to think that any complaint of the undecided and enigmatical tone of his propositions respecting society, morality, and religion, amounts to an accusation of servility. This is by no means the sin with which we think him justly chargeable. Goethe's mind was, naturally, as independent and upright as an enthusiastic love of virtue, and a clear and active intellect, could jointly make it. By living attached to the rulers of a small and powerless monarchy, the friend of the honest, straightforward, benevolent Duke of Weimar, and his more gifted consort, he was not liable to fall into that intentional obsequiousness which degrades the writers who traffic for the favour of greater Princes. There were at Weimar no great interests to be served by the prostitution of literary talent; and Goethe cannot be accused of having, in any one instance of which we are aware, sought or received the wages of an advocate. But the effect of perpetual contact with the world, in blunting the acuteness of genius, seems much more insidious and impalpably progressive. He who devotes himself to society, and has already attained its highest honours, must be constantly thinking of self, of the place which he occupies, and the means of best securing that place; which he soon finds

to consist in avoiding all provocations to vehement controversy, and acting quietly and constantly on the defensive. While most of those around him are struggling to change their position or direction, his unconscious effort, like that of a man standing still, is to preserve an equilibrium. All great displays of strength, all violent emotions, are consequently out of his province. This is so marked a peculiarity of Goethe's disposition, both as a man and as a writer, that his eulogists derive it from a supposed natural propensity. 'In Goethe's character,' says Falk, in the first page of Mrs Austin's translation, 'we find a most sensitive shrinking from all intense impressions, which by every means, and under every circumstance of his life, he sought to ward off from himself.' And, with the true philosophy of a wet-nurse, he proceeds to derive this softness of temperament from the poet's mother, of whom he tells several edifying stories to the same effect. Can this be said, morally, of the author of 'Werter,' the impassioned youth of whom Goethe himself has left the portrait in his memoirs? or, physically, of the man who, as he informs us in his Campaign of 1792, would ride within reach of a battery, in order to experience that strange and exciting sensation known to military men abroad by the name of the cannon-fever? Is not the marked manner in which he avoided all vehement literary agitation, rather to be attributed to the education of circumstances, and the caution early learnt by a man of worldly and ambitious character?

One of the most evident results of Goethe's social relations on his opinions is to be found, as may be expected, in his views of the moral and political destinies of mankind. We are none of those enthusiasts who reject alike the discursive reveries of the poet, and the reasoning of the philosopher, unless these happen to have espoused warmly their own favourite sentiments on matters of common public discussion. We are far from wishing that Goethe had been a partisan in any sense. He might have occupied a place of much more imposing dignity, as arbiter between the prejudices and passions of ordinary men. But there are many who do complain, and we think not unreasonably, that he systematically averted his regards from all the great questions which agitate society. He refused alike to meddle with the petty discussions of the day, and with the vast conflicts which have been fought for years, or for centuries, and which involve the happiness of our own, as well as all future generations. Not only he would not himself look for a moment at any of these things, but his spleen and indignation were vented upon all persons who embraced party with any degree of warmth. Because he knew

that naked forms of government are insufficient to make nations happy, therefore he deemed all men foolish or insane, who would dream of improving society at all, except by the utterance of some thousand sage saws and enigmatical maxims, in verse and prose; of which the general bearing seems to be, to recommend all mankind to exercise the virtues of patience and moderation, and let the world go on as it has hitherto done:—very judicious advice, which we hear every day from the mouths of many privy-counsellors who have little in common with Goethe, except his title, and his fondness for the *juste milieu*. Indifference became a fixed idea in his mind, and he embraced it with exclusive and dogmatical ardour. All who attached themselves to any sect or party, with zeal and steadfastness, were dreamers or mountebanks in his imagination, according as he supposed them to be actuated by honest blindness or by hypocrisy. ‘Goethe wanted to observe,’ says Falk; ‘his age wanted to act; and to seize upon every occasion, however slight, which presented itself as a possible reason for action. It was this which once led him to say to me, “Religion and politics are a troubled element for art: I have always kept myself aloof from them as much as possible.” There was but one party, for which, with such views, he could declare himself; that, namely, under whose influence tranquillity might be expected, or even hoped for, let it be found how it might.’

In Döring's life of Goethe, (a work, we believe, of little value, except from the occasional memoranda of Goethe's personal acquaintance which it contains,) the reader will find an account of a conversation with Schulze, in which Goethe's zeal against the zealous is strongly portrayed. Mrs Austin, of course, makes the most of her favourite's character on this as on other points. ‘That Goethe was indifferent to the progress of human improvement, and the sum of human happiness, appears to me incredible. . . . Indifferent to many of the questions that are most fiercely debated, he might—nay, rather he *must*—be: for his wide and prophetic glance pierced far beyond the strife of the hour. . . . It was not, surely, that he was indifferent to the welfare of mankind, but that he thought it a pernicious illusion to look for healing to sources whence he was persuaded healing could never come. His labours for the improvement of the human race were unwearied, calm, and systematic. But if the political neutrality he obstinately observed, subjected him to the vehement denunciations of many of his countrymen, it will probably be still more revolting to English readers. It is, however, unreasonable to expect the same earnestness and vehemence in support of any cause or system

‘from a man who sees it with all its limitations and possible attendant evils, as from one who can perceive nothing but advantages. The same clear, serene, far-reaching glance which enabled him to discern “the soul of goodness in things evil,” and thence inclined him to tolerance and indulgence, revealed to him the evil that lurks amid the greatest apparent good, and thus moderated his expectations and tempered his zeal.’

This is eloquent pleading, undoubtedly; but it does not, we think, reach the root of the matter, or evolve the primary motives of Goethe's mind. If there be any moral purport to be arrived at by a general comparison of his works, it amounts only to this: that the highest aim of man is to accommodate himself to the circumstances in which he is placed with relation to the natural world and to his fellows; to attend to his own æsthetic developement; to consider the perfection of art as the most consummate scope of all industry; and to leave both social and supernatural interests to take care of themselves. ‘But,’ says Falk, with much *naïveté*, ‘it happened that religion and politics, church and state, were exactly the cardinal points within which the age in which he lived was destined to be remodelled.’ (We should like to know ‘within’ what other ‘cardinal points’ any age ever was or can be remodelled.) ‘All action and all science were irresistibly determined to this centre.’ In all ages and countries, religion and politics have been the great engines of improvement; and, in the history of European kingdoms, those periods are the darkest in which they have been neglected, and art substituted for them as the main object of men's thoughts. To perceive that a strong tendency towards æsthetic developement, in the mass of a nation, is often accompanied by a vicious, mean, or insignificant character, we need only look at the peasantry of Greece, and the populace of the streets of Italy. That where obtuseness of feeling, on these points, is compensated by a serious and reflective disposition, strongly excitable by religion and politics only, the greatest public happiness prevails,—Scotland, Holland, and America may witness. The man of superficial refinement, acting upon Goethe's principle, shrinks from the coarse violence and vulgar prejudice which indicate the state of popular feeling in such countries as these. The philosopher who sees a little farther into the great problem of human life, knows that these very defects are signs of the inward health and vigour of the commonwealth. But Goethe, according to Falk, ‘would rather talk, in society, of one of Boccaccio's tales, than of matters on which the welfare of Europe was thought to depend. Such characters as Luther and Coriolanus’ (an odd juxtaposition)

'excited in him a sort of *uncomfortable* feeling, which could only be explained on the hypothesis, *that their natures stood in a sort of mysterious opposition to his.*' Therefore the reader will look in vain, in Goethe's works, for counsel on any matter of public interest. All is dark; and although acute minds fancy they discover occasional suggestions, which lead them, as they imagine, into the spirit of the author, another page, or another work, will produce quite a contrary impression. On religion, for instance, (and we select this topic not to please English prejudice, which very unreasonably insists on measuring the opinions of foreigners on that subject by the standard of our insular orthodoxy, but merely as affording a strong instance in our favour,) it is quite impossible to attain to any definite view of his sentiments. In early youth, he framed a sort of Pantheistic system for himself. Some of his works bear the occasional impress of a mystic devotion. Even the Catholics have sometimes claimed him for their own. On the other hand, the beautiful little poem, 'Die Geheimnisse,' seems rather to regard Revelation as an ideal scheme than a substantial fact. A remarkable passage in Wilhelm Meister's 'Wanderjahre' would seem to indicate that the writer had at last settled down into a sort of ultra-rationalism. But, from the general contemplation of his scattered notions on this subject, only one conclusion can be arrived at;—namely, that in his opinion, no sect whatever was, or could be, in the right. Goethe has been compared to Voltaire: in some respects, the comparison does him injustice; but Voltaire had one decided advantage over him;—that of a clear, consistent, intelligible purpose: for, as Herder thought, Schiller wrote, and Goethe himself cited with admiration,

'Self-contradiction is the only wrong;
And, by the laws of spirit, in the right
Is every individual character
Which acts in strict consistence with itself.'

Goethe's mind, on the contrary, was a power which refused all direction; which wandered without distinct aim or object;—given to quarrel with all those who possessed a firmer faith or a more practical disposition. As a poet, he is immortal; as a thinker, (pity that two such titles should be divided!) he has formed no school, produced no system;—rendered his mind, in no respect, a portion of the mind of the time in which he lived, and for which he wrote. The admiration which he has achieved is but a barren wreath, whose flowers can never ripen into fruit. But we must not do Goethe injustice as a man, if we are inclined to think that too cold and cautious a demeanour dimi-

nished his literary influence on society. In his mind, early and cherished feelings of patriotism were combined with an ardent personal attachment to his friends, the Duke of Weimar, whom he had accompanied into France, and by whose side he had shared the dangers of the Duke of Brunswick's ill-starred invasion; and his noble-minded Duchess, whose calm and princely dignity, during the disasters of 1806, rebuked even the petulant mood of Napoleon. He felt most acutely the temporary degradation of his sovereign during the miserable years which followed the battle of Jena. The following passage strongly portrays his high-minded loyalty, and will serve also as an admirable specimen of the talents of our graceful and energetic translatress. Falk had related to Goethe some acts of imprudence on the part of the Duke, which had subjected him to the displeasure of his imperial oppressor.

‘Goethe heard me, in silence, up to this point. His eyes now flashed with fire, and he exclaimed, “Enough! What would they have then, these Frenchmen? Are they human? Why do they exact the utterly inhuman? What has the Duke done, that is not worthy of all praise and honour? Since when is it a crime for a man to remain true to his old friends and comrades in misfortune! Is the memory of a high-minded man so utterly nothing in their eyes? Why do they require from the Duke to obliterate all the noblest recollections of his life—the seven years’ war—the memory of Frederick the Great, his uncle—all that is great, glorious, and venerable in the former condition of Germany, in which he took an active part, and for which he at last set crown and sceptre on the die? Do they expect that he is to wipe out all this as with a wet sponge from the tablets of his memory, like an ill-reckoned sum, because it pleases his new master? Does your empire of yesterday, then, already stand so immovably steadfast, that you are exempt from all, even the slightest, fear of participating in the changes of human things? * Formed by nature to be a calm and impartial spectator of events, even I am exasperated when I see men required to perform the impossible. That the Duke assists wounded Prussian officers robbed of their pay, that he lent the lion-hearted Blücher four thousand thalers after the battle of Lübeck, that is what you call a conspiracy!—that seems to you a fit subject for reproach and accusation!

“Let us suppose the case, that to-day or to-morrow misfortune befell your grand army; what would a general or a field-marshal be

* We seem to hear the poet echoing the indignant apostrophe of his favourite Prometheus to the new Deities of Olympus:

νίον νίον κρατῖται καὶ δοκίται δὴ
 νῆκιν ἀπύθη πέργαμ’ οὐκ ἐκ τῶνδ’ ἐγὼ
 δισοῦς τυράνους εκπιόντας ἡσθόμεν;

worth in the Emperor's eyes, who would act precisely as our Duke has acted under these circumstances? I tell you the Duke shall act as he acts, and he must act so! He would do great injustice if ever he acted otherwise! Yes—and even were he thus to lose country and subjects, crown and sceptre, like his ancestor, the unfortunate John, yet must he not deviate one hand's-breadth from this noble manner of thinking, and from that which the duty of a man and a prince prescribes in such an emergency.—Misfortune! what is misfortune? This is a misfortune, that a prince should be compelled to endure such things from foreigners: And if it came to the same pass with him, as formerly with his ancestor Duke John; if his ruin were certain and irretrievable, let not that dismay us; we will take our staff in our hands, and accompany our master in his adversity, as old Lucas Kranach* did; we will never forsake him. The women and children, when they meet us in the villages, will cast down their eyes and weep, and say one to another,—That is old Goethe and the former Duke of Weimar, whom the French Emperor drove from his throne because he was true to his friend in misfortune; because he visited his uncle, the Duke of Brunswick, on his death-bed; because he would not let his old comrades and brothers-in-arms starve!"'

We have heard it remarked by an acute, although fanciful, metaphysician, that all thinkers take their part early in life, and become, according to the bent of their disposition, either Platonists or Aristotelians. It seems to have been Goethe's ambition to combine the two characters. With a mind naturally prone to enthusiasm and mysticism, he purposely placed himself in what appears to us a false position;—endeavouring to consider the external world in a strictly objective point of view, to observe individual objects without attempting to generalize, and to submit mind and matter alike to the test of experience. He seems to have voluntarily abdicated, as a dangerous preeminence, the poetical supremacy which he had so early acquired; and to have laboured, throughout his later life, to neutralize the effect produced by 'Werter,' 'Faust,' and his earlier dramas, and to persuade mankind that his real vocation was of quite another sort. His admirers are enraptured with what they call his 'manysidedness,' (one of the words which Mrs Austin insists on naturalizing,) that is, as they explain it, his power of withdrawing his mind from itself, 'divesting himself of intellectual identity, becoming that which he contemplated or described, feeling the sensations and thinking the thoughts of other beings.' They

* Lucas Kranach, the painter, petitioned Charles V. to be allowed to share the captivity of his patron, John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, when made prisoner at the battle of Mühlberg; and was actually confined with him for five years.

endeavour to represent him as at once an accurate observer of nature and art, and a sagacious describer of that world of which he was a citizen, possessed of an acute and learned spirit of human dealings. It is hardly necessary to remark that such praise appears, *a priori*, unphilosophical and ungrounded. There are few instances indeed—may we not say none?—in which the same person has obtained celebrity as a natural philosopher, and as a dramatic delineator of human passion and thought. But we apprehend that neither of these excellences constituted the distinctive characteristic of Goethe's talents. His friends portray his life as one continued course of empirical observation. He studied, they say, the characters of those around him—was ever more anxious to obtain their opinion, and to trace their modes of thinking, than to develope his own;—and it is noticed of him, that in later life, when all persons of distinction who came to Weimar made a point of paying their respects to him, he always preferred seeing his visitors one by one, in order to get as much as possible out of each of them. It will be recollected that Sir Walter Scott described his own self-elected course of mental education in precisely similar terms. The extremely different result which, in the cases of these two great men, followed the same line of practice, will at once convince us of the radical difference which existed between their mental powers. The dramatic or descriptive scenes of the English writer are chiefly admirable, as all Europe knows, from what German critics would call their intense objectiveness. They call up to the reader's imagination the most vividly distinct impressions of the things represented, and never remind him for an instant of the peculiarities, or the very existence, of the author himself. The least interesting passages in his works are those comparatively rare ones where he speaks, either expressedly or impliedly, in his own person. In the writings of Goethe, on the contrary, the fruits of his observation seldom reappear without having undergone a most curious process of alteration within the ever-active laboratory of his thoughts, and becoming mixed and identified with his own idiosyncrasy. We call a dramatic essay *natural*, either where the events are such as might consistently happen, or where the personages are made to act probably in improbable positions. In the novels of Goethe, the events are, for the most part, highly improbable; and the personages act and think after a fashion of their own, wholly different from the ordinary way of the world. We cannot but look on them less as actual characters, than as personified theories or abstractions; or as embodying sometimes wild reveries of the author's own imagination, sometimes those which he had perceived to be gene-

rally prevalent among the ardent and fanciful spirits with whom he associated. And with regard to his observations on Art and Nature, they seem to have been always pursued rather in search of arguments to support some preconceived metaphysical theory, than in the true spirit of patient investigation. In this estimate of Goethe's genius, we feel that we are venturing to differ from much which is written and said respecting him in his own country; but we have preferred drawing our own results from a comparison of his works, however imperfect, to echoing the voice of his disciples, who, perhaps, portray him less as he actually was, than as he wished to be represented.

His history seems to afford abundant evidence of this peculiar self-deception, or self-misrepresentation. The first work by which the young citizen of Frankfort became at a single start the most prominent character in Germany, was the 'Sorrows of Werter.' It is not easy to decide on the real excellence of a performance, which derived so much of its success from reproducing in a tangible shape the undefined longings and crude sentiments prevalent among a large class of society, in those peaceful but dissatisfied times. But assuredly its magic does not consist in any thing like an approximation to existing characters or probable incidents. There is no individuality or distinct personal character in either of the two lovers; they are generalizations of human passion—symbols of the workings of the young author's mind, excited by those which fermented in the breasts of his comrades, the children of his generation. 'Goetz von Berlichingen' afforded food of another kind to the restless and discontented spirit of these youthful enthusiasts; not by its vivid pictures of ancient times and thoughts, in which it is excelled by many other works of the same description, but by collecting into one centre all the vague feelings of discontent with existing society and institutions which then prevailed; and reproducing them in the character of a magnanimous, honourable rebel, edifying all readers by his noble contempt for laws and lawyers, and his generous assertion of the *Fist Right*, and maintaining himself in singleness of purpose against the guile of men in authority. The portrait of Goethe, at this period of his life, is just what might be expected from the character of these early works. 'Goethe was with us,' writes his friend Jacobi, in 1774, 'a handsome youth of five-and-twenty, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, all genius, power, and strength, a spirit of fire with the wings of an eagle, *qui ruit immensus ore profundo*. . . . The more I think him over, the more intensely I feel the impossibility of writing, to one who has neither seen nor heard Goethe, any thing comprehensible concerning this extraordinary

'creature of God: . . . He is one of the Possessed, to whom it is allowed in scarcely any event to act otherwise than involuntarily. It requires to be only an hour in his company to find it in the highest degree ridiculous to desire him to think and act in any other fashion than his own.' Wieland, who saw him for the first time when he removed to Weimar, in 1775, writes of him in the simplicity of his heart:—'Goethe, *who has been with us eight days*, is the greatest genius, and the best and most amiable man whom I know.' Many other instances might be adduced of the impression which he made on society by his fiery unrestrained genius, his extraordinary eloquence, and youthful imagination. How then did it come to pass that so ardent and impetuous a character, at so early an age, assumed at once the cautious habits of a courtier, threw aside by a single effort the romantic tendencies which had so long impelled him, confined his wishes to the possible,—his views to the horizon which bounded the common eye? Sagacity and ambition may have produced such a change in his outward demeanour; but years could hardly have wrought so complete an alteration in the intellectual and moral man. The *apparent* reaction, however, was complete. Admitted into a new world, and becoming conversant with its children, instead of the sympathizing enthusiasts, male and female, in whose company his former years had been passed, Goethe conceived the bitterest distaste to the whole cast of thought and behaviour which himself had so powerfully contributed to produce in Germany. He became suddenly convinced, that as the world could not be reformed by the yearnings and strivings of philosophers of twenty, it became the duty of an enlightened man steadfastly to oppose himself to all longings after theoretical perfection. With a heart still full of romance, he forced himself to adopt a system coldly and deliberately sceptical—to believe only in the Practical, over which personal experiment and observation had given him the mastery.

But the efforts of Goethe to recall within bounds the wild current of youthful energy, which his own example had sent wandering in all directions but the right, were, to his great disappointment, wholly ineffectual. The Storm-and-Power epoch, as the Germans call it, had commenced, and the ardent leaders of the fashion held on their way,—Werter and Berlichingen their watchwords in the charge,—inundating the land with supernatural horrors, exaggerated sentiment, and extravagant mysticism. Numberless lovers, in blue frock-coats and yellow waistcoats, (the *costume de rigueur* of a 'sentimental-passionate ascetic,') raved and despaired at the feet of their respective Charlottes, who came gracefully from parlour and store-room (the favourite

retreat of a German heroine) to flirt with their husbands' unmarried friends; and future Goetzes schemed their Utopian revolts, which the approaching time was about to exhibit in stern and savage reality. While the Privy-Counsellor was directing the theatre at Weimar, studying classical antiquity under the auspices of Herder, and going through his apprenticeship in the little world of which he had become a member, the lustre of his general popularity was on the wane, eclipsed by the brilliancy of newer comets. He has recorded a singular instance of the rebellion of the spirits which he had raised against himself, in the narrative of his interviews with young Plessing, in the second part of his 'Memoirs;' an occurrence which he improved into a poem in his worst taste, the 'Harz-Reise im Winter.' A somewhat similar contrast was strongly marked in his first interview with Schiller, in 1787. The latter poet, ten years younger than Goethe in age, and with still greater disparity of disposition, whose 'Robbers' had exercised a similar influence with that formerly produced by the author of Werter on the students and young ladies of Germany,—who, more recently, in his 'Don Carlos,' had endeavoured to portray ideal excellence in the character of a philanthropic statesman,—was not likely to meet with much favour at the hands of the elder author, now waging determined war against enthusiasts of every class. Goethe, moreover, had at this time taken part against the Kantian philosophy;—expressed himself adverse to the study of final causes, and all reasoning *a priori*; while Schiller had adopted these and other imaginative doctrines with all the warmth of a partisan. To him, therefore, Goethe appeared 'ein kalter Mensch,' a cold experimentalist, a slave of intellect, and an enemy to reason. But the difference was rather in seeming than in reality; for Goethe's tendency to mysticism, notwithstanding his sedulous endeavours to restrain it, still exercised paramount influence over his mind; while the ardour of Schiller in pursuing the 'high priori road,' was gradually wearing away before the added experience of years. Partialities and prejudices were laid aside by both; and these two noble minds were soon united in intimate friendship, which the early death of Schiller alone divided. His memory was zealously defended by Goethe against his posthumous assailants; and Mrs Austin has reported some expressions uttered by the latter in conversation, a year only before his death, which form as noble a eulogy as ever orator pronounced over the tomb of departed genius. 'He,' (Schiller) 'strode forward with awful rapidity. If I was a week without seeing him, when we met I was astounded, and knew not where to lay hold of him, I found him so much further advanced.

‘ And so he went on, ever forwards, for forty-six years—then, indeed, he had gone far enough ! ’

For many years these two poets continued their labours together ; a rare, perhaps an unparalleled instance of writers of high and original genius following the same career together, without jealousy or suspicion, and aiding each other by the free intercommunion of their knowledge and fancy. Many of their ballads and miscellaneous poems were composed in a sort of amicable rivalry ; and they strongly illustrate the difference that prevailed between their characters. Those of Goethe possess, perhaps, much greater variety of ornament, and display higher flights of imagination ; some of them, the ‘ Bride of Corinth ’ for instance, are perfect epic compositions in their miniature shape. Yet there is something far-fetched in the conception, and complicated in the structure, of most of them ; they seem constantly to suggest, in a dark manner, the existence of some hidden meaning beyond their first and obvious import ; and they very rarely appeal to the common sensibilities of our nature. Schiller’s, on the contrary, seem all simplicity and earnestness, full of popular sentiment, and natural, unaffected pathos. There could not, in fact, be a stronger external contrast than that between his frank, impetuous, open nature, and the courtier-like reserve and ironical caution of his older companion. Schiller was inclined to trust all the world ; he wrought as it were in public, and liked, as Goethe says, to converse with others on any poetical subject which he had undertaken, and to frame and discuss all manner of plans and evidences for his intended work. Goethe laboured on a contrary principle. He always preferred enveloping his own designs in silence, and catching information and assistance obliquely from the minds of others, without exposing his own. This propensity he describes in his mystical manner, calling it ‘ a superstition which had been confirmed by experience, that I must not speak of an undertaking, if I would have it succeed. A very deep meaning lies in that notion, that a man in search of buried treasure must work in utter silence ; must speak not a word, whatever appearance, either terrific or delightful, may present itself. And not less significant is the tradition, that one who is on an adventurous pilgrimage to some precious talisman, through the most lonesome mountain-path or dreary desert, must walk onwards without stopping, nor look around him, though fearfully menacing or sweetly enticing voices follow his footsteps and sound in his ear.’ (Mrs Austin’s *Characteristics*, vol. ii. p. 322.)

Many volumes of commentaries have been written on the drama of ‘ Faust,’ and each new expositor has thought it his duty

to invent some theory respecting its object and intention ; attributing to its author numberless ingenious designs which he never dreamt of. But there is some truth, we cannot but think, in the supposition that it records to a certain extent the change in his sentiments and mode of thinking (*Denkungsart*), which did partially take place within his mind, and which he endeavoured to persuade himself and others had been wholly accomplished. Although not published until 1790, we know that the first part of this extraordinary work was conceived and partly executed many years before ;—that its idea was in fact coeval with his earliest poetical plans. It seems to express, in its complete form, the feelings of two very different periods of his life. We see at once that the philosopher in his study, made restless and miserable by his sense of the worthlessness of earthly science, and pouring out his soul in eloquent aspirations after communion with superior essences, is no other than the young and eager student himself, revolving now the subtleties of Spinoza, and now the riddles of Paracelsus. There is not a line which does not bear the impress of some ardent feeling, which had glowed in the bosom of the poet with tenfold fiercer heat than even his own burning words could express. Is it not also possible, although not quite so evident, that the magician in the second phase of his earthly existence,—when the sceptical fiend has taught him to lay aside the study of final causes, and confine his views to practical results,—no less represents the writer himself in the self-chosen abasement of his spiritual dignity? We do not mean that the experiences of the outer world, to which Goethe subjected himself when he abandoned his own inner contemplative being, were of the same nature with the scenes into which he conducts his student-hero. What he meant to represent, (if this theory be true,) was the immediate passage from the speculative to the practical, of whatever particular sort this last might be. And he wished to depict the change as complete at once, far more complete than it could really become, or than it actually was within his own heart. This supposition explains what sometimes appears an inconsistency in the conduct of the piece, when it is merely considered as dramatic, and the personages as stage characters. From the moment in which Faust completes his contract with the fiend, and becomes externally an altered man, the change in his character is also effected : except in one scene, which appears in rather forced contrast to those which accompany it, there is scarcely any recurrence, even in recollection, to his former state of being. The aspiring Magian is entirely lost in the sensual libertine, or the reckless

lover. Even on the Harz, surrounded by mysteries, in the exciting atmosphere of a half-revelation of the spiritual world, he shows scarcely any desire to penetrate into the higher secrets of the place; he exhibits little curiosity or amazement, and no wish except to find out the prettiest witch for his partner in the waltz. He acquiesces without reluctance in Mephistopheles's suggestion to keep out of the crowd, and find out some quiet nook beyond the crush and turmoil of the festival; even as the young courtier at Weimar sought to avoid the public exhibition of his talents, and the excitement of bustling society, and tied down his genius to the purpose of amusing and delighting a small circle, and piling together miscellaneous instruction for himself.

For several years after his establishment at Weimar, Goethe wrought comparatively little for his reputation. His labours were principally confined to the production of lighter pieces for society and the stage, in the management of which he took a prominent and highly useful part, at once directing public taste, and encouraging native and imported talent. Weimar soon became, and continued for many years, a place of pilgrimage, to which literary men resorted from all parts of Germany; some for instruction and entertainment, others in search of patronage. 'Bertuch, the father, who was treasurer to the Duke, used, in after times, to speak with great glee of a singular head in the accounts which he had to submit in those days. It consisted almost entirely of breeches, waistcoats, shoes and stockings, for German literati; who came wandering within Weimar's gates, slenderly provided with those articles.' Meanwhile the poet occupied his mind in studies of a very extensive, but very desultory nature. He seems to have early adopted the resolution to know something of every thing. His favourite empirical philosophy admonished him to collect observations from all quarters, to form no theories, but to lay steadily and surely the foundation for future inductions. Such were the principles he laid down for himself; but the innate poetical and generalizing tendency of his mind directed all his struggles to very different results. He had always been an admirer of art; he drew, etched, (indifferently enough, we fancy,) studied music, botany, chemistry, natural philosophy, and learnt a little of every language of which a grammar and vocabulary could be procured. He gradually adopted the notion that nature had intended him less for a poet than a great experimentalist and discoverer in physical science. He imagined a new theory of vegetation—as wild and rhapsodical as ever presented itself to the brain of an early philosopher, before Bacon had bidden experience supply the place of fiction. And, by that singular contradiction, of which his life

affords so many instances, he insisted that this theory was deduced from no imaginary process of reasoning, but from his own actual remarks; and was extremely discomposed whenever practical botanists treated his visionary scheme as a 'poësie manquée,' instead of respecting it as a real discovery. He writes from Naples in 1786,—'I must, moreover, tell you in confidence, that I am very near the whole secret of the generation and organization of plants, and that it is the simplest thing that can be imagined. Under this sky one may make the most beautiful observations. The main point—where the germ really lodges—I have discovered beyond all doubt; all the rest I have a general view of, only some points must be more distinctly made out. The archetypal plant (Urpflanze) will be the strangest creature in the world, which Nature herself shall envy one. With this model, and the key to it, one may then invent plants *ad infinitum*, which *must* be consistent; *i. e.* which, if they do not exist, yet might exist, and are not mere picturesque shows and shadows, but have an inward truth and necessity. The same law will be applicable to all animal bodies.' This is rather a Platonic piece of natural history. But he expanded the same idea, in 1797, into the form of a very beautiful elegy, (the 'Metamorphosis of Plants,') for which shape it seems much more fit than for that of an elementary treatise. A very singular passage in Falk (vol. i. p. 70) would seem (could we feel certain in reading any discourse or production of this extraordinary man, in his later years, that his words are really to be understood as expressing definite opinions) to indicate, that he assumed a similar hypothesis as the basis of his views of the whole series of creation.

More eloquent inspiration breathes in none of Goethe's elaborate works, than in those delightful 'Letters from Italy' from which we have extracted the above quotation. None exhibit more strongly the struggle which existed between the imaginative tendency of his genius, and his cherished practical doctrines. They lay open to us the very heart of the poet; and every object of which he speaks with real feeling, is coloured with the tints of his high-wrought enthusiasm. But in those very details on which he seems to pride himself—acute remarks on society, tasteful criticisms on art, graphic descriptions of scenery—in these, we think, the most ordinary book of travels often surpasses him. He has noted down all his impressions with sedulous minuteness, but without selection or discrimination; so that the whole would be tedious from its prolixity, were it not for the occasional outbreaks of the poetical spirit through this undigested mass of observations. From very early youth, the desire of seeing Italy had been incessantly present to Goethe's mind—a constant and even painful sensation. No man has de-

scribed so well what none ever felt more acutely, that unconquerable, indefinable sentiment, which seems an original passion in many minds—that yearning after change of place—that attraction towards the distant and unseen, which envelopes foreign climates and scenery in hues of imaginary brightness. This feeling had thrilled a thousand times within the heart of the youthful poet, exciting the same wild longings which his Faust expresses, when wandering forth, a wearied student, from his closet, to feel the influence of the sunset.

‘ For Matter aids not with corporeal wings
The Spirit’s light imaginings :
Yet to each soul that hidden pulse is given,
That whispering voice which beckons her away,
When o’er our heads, lost in the expanse of heaven,
The lark entunes her thrilling lay :
When sweeping o’er the forest-brake
The eagle’s mighty pinions strain,
And o’er wild heath and marshy lake
Speeds to his home the banded crane.’

This restless feeling was exalted and dignified, in respect to Italy, by the desire to behold the source of nearly all which makes life ideal. There never yet was a student with a soul in the slightest degree elevated above the mere routine of classical instruction, in whose mind, at one period or another of his life, the wish to visit the shores of the Mediterranean, and to worship the spirit of the Past in its holiest shrine, the City of the Soul, has not amounted to an importunate longing. But among the greater number of those who are not early enabled to fulfil their wish, the cares and manifold distractions of the world gradually deaden the edge of this peculiar sentiment, until its acuteness survives in recollection only. It was, on the contrary, a singularity in Goethe’s mind, that in him the enthusiasm of youth retained all its freshness, at a time of life when most look back upon it as a loss past recalling, and others, who still possess, are rather apt to conceal it, from habitual fear of ridicule. Perhaps, too, the quiet and almost collegiate character of the little circle in which Goethe lived, tended to keep alive these juvenile feelings, which are so soon stifled among the bustle of more active society. He felt and wrote like a schoolboy, when, at the age of seven-and-thirty, his long-cherished hope of seeing Italy was at last on the point of fulfilment. He longed, like his own Mignon, after the land of the orange and myrtle : he counted the degrees of latitude as he advanced, and fancied that every southern breeze brought with it the airs of a more favoured

climate. 'God be thanked,' he writes from Venice, 'that I am enabled once more to love all which I have valued from my earliest youth! How happy I feel myself in venturing once more to approach the classical authors! For I may now unburden my mind, and acknowledge my own weakness: For many years I have not dared to look into any Latin writer, or to contemplate any thing which renewed the idea of Italy in my mind. If such an impression was produced by accident, it caused me the most acute suffering. Herder often used to taunt me with learning all my Latin out of Spinoza; for he had remarked that this was the only Latin book which I read: he did not know how sedulously I was obliged to guard myself from the ancients, how I took refuge from the very anguish of my spirit in those abstruse generalities. Had I not taken the resolution which I am now fulfilling, I must have gone to utter ruin: to such maturity had the desire to see these objects with my own eyes arrived in my mind. Historical knowledge availed me nothing: the things themselves stood only at a hand's-breadth from me, but parted by an impenetrable wall. And now, the impression which they produce on me is scarcely as if I saw them for the first time, but rather as if I were re-visiting them.'—'At last,' he writes a few weeks later from Rome, 'I have reached the capital of the world! The desire to arrive at Rome was so great, increased so strongly with every moment, that all attempt at delay was vain, and I remained only three hours in Florence. Now I am here and at rest, tranquillized, as it seems, for the rest of my life. For it may well be said that a new life dawns within us, when we see that with our eyes as a whole, which we knew before only by fragments and by rote. All the dreams of my youth I now behold in actual life: the first copperplate prints which I remember (my father had the views of Rome hanging in an antechamber) are now become a reality, and all which I have long known in pictures and etchings, prints and woodcuts, plaster and cork, stands collected before me. Wherever I go, I fall in with some acquaintance in a new world: it is all as I had imagined it, and yet all new. Even the same I can say of my own observations and ideas. I have had no absolutely new thoughts—have found nothing entirely strange; but my old ideas are become so pronounced, so lively, so connected, that they may pass for new ones. When Pygmalion's Elisa, whom he had fashioned to the fullest resemblance of his wish, and to whom he had given as much truth and existence as the artist can, at length came before him and exclaimed, I am she! how

‘different was the living creature from the sculptured stone!’ Naples affected him, if possible, still more powerfully. ‘When I attempt to write words, pictures only will present themselves to my mind; the fruitful land, the free ocean, the vapoury islands, the smoking mountain: and I do not find within myself the organs wherewith to reproduce all this in description. I have seen much, and thought much more: the world opens itself farther and farther, and all which I have long known becomes now, for the first time, truly mine. How early man knows; how late he is enabled to use his knowledge! And yet the world is but a simple wheel, similar to itself in every point of its revolution, and appearing to us so strange and multiform, only because we are ourselves carried round with it.’

It was not until his return from Italy that Goethe's mind can be said to have received its full developement, and to have displayed, with greater maturity of powers, the same activity which had characterised his early youth. It was then that he published, within the space of a very few years, *Faust*, *Tasso*, *Iphigenie*, *Reineke Fuchs*, *Wilhelm Meister*, and his works on optics and botany, besides miscellaneous pieces;—the whole comprehending, either in substance or episode, almost every species of composition. To attempt a critical analysis of all, or any of these works, would equally exceed our limits and our powers. Of ‘*Wilhelm Meister*,’ in some respects the most remarkable of them all, we shall only observe here, that of all Goethe's works of fiction, it deserves, perhaps, the least attention from the reader who is only attracted by incident, character, or description; but affords matter of peculiar interest to him who considers it as deciphering, according to the author's adopted conclusions, the riddle of human life; who loves to pursue the workings of his mind, and to track the strange, enigmatical, tortuous wanderings of his genius; or to engage in the ever baffled, yet ever attractive, chase after his meaning, through the labyrinth of his flowing style and multifarious imagery. No book has been more extensively misunderstood; some rejecting it as an unintelligible treatise on metaphysics under the garb of an ill-arranged fiction; others again praising it as displaying wonderful knowledge of the actual world, and delineating a host of natural characters and situations. We cannot understand the merit which is attributed to it in this respect. To us the characters, with one or two exceptions, seem rather like personifications of so many different trains of thought, than like real beings, such as we meet with in the world. Or rather they have a twofold existence; the one as creatures of

pure intellect under different modifications; the other as managers and actresses, barons and shopkeepers, who are introduced performing their ordinary affairs, and represented to the life in their household garbs and daily necessities, with the minuteness of a Dutch painting:—but their adventures, their passions, the more exalted part of their domestic history which furnishes the ordinary stuff of dramas and romances, all appear incongruous, far-fetched, unnatural. As for the extreme vulgarity with which this performance has been reproached, the slovenly dressings and undressings, the dirty cookery, the gross and greasy eatings, drinkings, and love-makings, with which it abounds, one observation is perhaps important—that if this unpleasant singularity do partly proceed from that want of sufficient feeling for the physical dignity of man's nature, which has been said, we know not how justly, to characterise both Goethe and Germany, it is perhaps in a greater measure owing to the system which the writer had deliberately adopted; that the real circumstances of life in all their variety, without concealment or refinement, were the fittest subject to which the reader could apply his attention. Upon the whole, the perusal of this strange romance draws us on with irresistible captivation, wandering from one half-resolved doubt to another still less satisfactorily answered, until, at the end of each long and dreamy stage in our pilgrimage, we feel half convinced that the author has been sedulously mystifying us,—half inclined to believe that there lurks some profound revelation in the pages which we have read: thus alternately attracted and repulsed, constantly tempted to throw down the book altogether, we are yet carried on, as by an involuntary agency, to the end of the three long volumes, to close them at last with the conviction that the author is one of the inspired—a man of true and original powers, although we cannot make our own idiosyncrasy coincide with his, or answer why he is at times so unfathomably deep, at others so inane and superficial.

The remainder of Goethe's more important original works, produced at a later period of his life, and many of them within the last fifteen years, exhibit, we think, but too manifest proof that the fertility of his mind had outlasted both the fire of his genius and the discretion of his better taste. We are quite aware how strongly this opinion is at variance with most of the judgments which have been passed by his compatriots on their great national author;—by critics who, undoubtedly, are qualified by education and habit to feel, comprehend, and estimate him far better than ourselves. But we do not set our sentence in opposition to theirs; for we perceive immediately that the

premises from which we reason are entirely different. Our standards of taste are so widely, so irreconcilably apart, that what to us appears a gradual degeneracy from the simple into the unintelligible, from fact and nature into paradox and affectation, is esteemed by them a gradual advance towards perfection. Goethe, they say, was ever learning, ever instructing himself as well as others; his mastery was obtained by a true and vast comprehension of the world and its manifold contents; and as he acquired every day fresh intelligence, so he strengthened and sharpened his power of expressing that intelligence. All this is founded on views widely different from our own, both of the strength of Goethe's character, and of the immutable laws of art and human nature. Posterity will judge whether our English realism, of which Goethe himself and the host of his followers speak with such extreme contempt, or the idealism of Germany, be the truest medium through which the objects of thought are contemplated; or whether there be a mixture of right and wrong in both principles, and the discovery of the real laws of taste and imagination is to belong to happier times, and a more instructed society. In the meantime we are bound to reverence the writer whom the most literary nation of Europe selects as the worthiest representative of her genius—we are not blind to the innumerable beauties which sparkle through the dross of his meanest performances—but it would be mere cant and affectation to join in the praise of humour and pathos which we cannot relish; of sentiments manipulated, softened, and smoothed away, until we can no longer sympathize with what remains of them; of philosophy which appears to us sometimes mere trivial discourse, sometimes incomprehensibly mysterious—such as we find them in the principal of Goethe's later works,—the '*West-Oestlicher Divan*,' '*Wilhelm Meister's Travels*,' and the lately published Continuation of '*Faust*.' After long hovering over the boundary-line between the real and unreal, Goethe's muse seems at last to have deserted the day, and taken her flight into the land of shadows, where English intellect cannot presume to follow her.

For these reasons we much prefer to contemplate Goethe's character, in his declining years, as the critical head of German literature, and the umpire and legislator of Art, in the extended sense in which his countrymen apply the word, rather than in his capacity of original author. He possessed among his fellow-citizens the same authority which, half a century before, the Patriarch of Ferney had so widely exercised, but with more benignant philosophy, and among a generation schooled to distrust the brilliant paradoxes which had misled their fathers.

Never, perhaps, was literary preeminence so widely recognised and for so long a time, as that which he enjoyed, especially from the death of Schiller and Wieland to his own. In reviewing the ever varying aspect of European society during the last half century, it is pleasant to turn our glance from that turbulent external world to the quiet microcosm of Weimar; and behold Goethe—whose dictatorship outlived the German Empire, the French Revolution, the Rhenish Confederacy, the dynasty of Napoleon, and the Holy Alliance—calmly surveying, with no troubled or changeful eye, the successive waves which burst and raged impotently at his feet. Up to his very last moment, the activity of his mind was undiminished; he was as insatiable in his thirst for information as any of the young companions in whose society he delighted. Philology, art, and natural history, were passing in constant review before him; on whatever subject he was addressed, he was always found ‘au ‘courant du jour;’ whether in discussing the productions of the modern French school, which he terms the ‘littérature du désespoir,’ the odes and tragedies of the most popular modern Italian authors, or the various works of our own later writers, with whom, in many departments, he had a very extensive acquaintance. If his notions on England and English society were somewhat confused, and founded on hasty assumptions, (as we should be apt to conclude from the dialogue contained in the German Prince’s Travels in England, if correctly reported by that ingenious writer,) we attribute this less to want of information, than to the habitual rapidity with which he was wont to convert the various matter which his insatiable curiosity received from all quarters into the form of a theory. He took a deep interest in the progress of Lord Byron’s life and authorship,—beginning, perhaps, from the notion which he entertained that Manfred was an imitation of his own Faust;—an idea more true in reality than it may appear at first sight; for although Lord Byron was certainly unacquainted both with the language and the poem, yet it is impossible not to perceive, upon comparison of the two dramas, that the spirit and tendency of the earlier one had, by some indirect channel, penetrated into the mind of the English author, and become a portion of his thoughts. But Goethe appears, generally speaking, to have taken less interest in our imaginative and philosophical literature, than in the progress of our industry, the practical discoveries of our men of science, and, still more, in the narratives of our travellers and colonists. Here, the bigoted realism of which he accused us was in its right place; and the value of our sedulous diligence in the collection and arrangement of facts was duly estimated.

When we add to these studies his zealous and unwearied exertions to render popular Oriental, Romaic, and Spanish literature, and the poetical fragments of the inferior European tribes, by translation and criticism, and consider also the constant claims of society on his time, we shall hardly find a similar instance of persevering energy continuing to the most advanced age, or a mind whose original strength has lasted so long and so well. To retain in old age the full power of mental enjoyment, when the soul is too often occupied only by mournful sympathy with the decay of its earthly companion;—to carry the wakeful curiosity and apprehensiveness of youth, together with the collected energy of manhood, even to the very gates of death, and meet that event at last in such tranquil guise, that it scarcely appears more than a casual halt in the passage from temporal to eternal contemplation;—this is the true *Eugeria* of the ancients, and their much desired *Euthanasia*.

In the thirty-third volume of Goethe's works, now before us, we find a collection of Reviews written by him for the *Frankfurter Gelehrten Anzeigen*, in 1772 and 1773, and for the *Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung* of Jena, in 1804, 1805, and 1806; while another volume contains his remarks on, and extracts from, various recent works,—among others the Tragedies of Manzoni. How long, how wonderful a train of associations is called up by the aspect of these little books! The mind's eye is fatigued and dazzled by the long succession of images, the phantasmagoria of sixty years—

‘ In dim and shadowy vision of the past
Seen far remote, as country which hath left
The traveller's speedy step, retiring back
From morn till even’——

all of which passed in substance and reality before the eyes of this patriarch. He abode among us, in his latter years, like the old Venetian republic, connecting what may be called ancient with modern history; for the rapid march of events has anticipated time, and made us look upon the period of his youth as an age gone by. In our country, those years have witnessed the decay of the dominion of Pope and Johnson; the rise of the latter empire, as Byron insisted upon calling it,—the dynasty of a class of writers whose taste and stylo were mainly formed by importations from Germany, principally furnished by Goethe himself, aided by Schiller, Wieland, and Kotzebue, in their respective capacities. They have seen this school attain an extent of popularity which literature had never before enjoyed in England; and have seen it finally dwindle and decay by the successive deaths or abdications of the chiefs of its aristocracy. In

Germany still greater changes have taken place : a language has been refined, almost from barbarism, to a degree of elegance and polish of which it had not been thought susceptible, and from which, in the opinion of some, it is already beginning to degenerate. And during all this time the founder of the new sect has inhabited his academy by the banks of Ilm, and exercised a critical sovereignty over forty millions of his fellow-Germans ; appealed to, first as the youthful and ardent discoverer of the mine ; next, in full manhood, as its most successful and persevering explorer ; lastly, in his old age, as the surviving witness of the days of its lavish wealth,—of the luxury and gorgeousness which it spread around,—of its gradually decreasing productiveness, perhaps of its final abandonment.

Upon the whole, we cannot, after using our best endeavours, adopt the Teutonic mode of judging this great writer, which it is the main object of the present work to recommend to us. But we are not the less admirers of his genius, and conscious of the extraordinary influence which he has exerted on contemporary literature, both within and without his country ;—in this island especially, where numbers have imbibed, from intermediate transfusion, a portion of his spirit, who are utterly ignorant of his language and his works. With this feeling, it is a subject of regret to us that Mrs Austin has employed her unusual knowledge of that tongue, and her eminent talents for composition, on such service as the present. Where is the use of endeavouring to make an unlearned public acquainted with the vague, circumlocutory eulogies poured forth by the admirers of Goethe, when Goethe himself—the author—is absolutely unknown among them ? Forty volumes of his works are on our shelves ; sixteen posthumous ones are in course of publication ; of all this mass, how much is penetrable by the English reader ? A few German students may peruse Mrs Austin's volumes as a matter of curiosity and interest ; but to them the original is attainable, and she cannot expect that the great body of those whom she wishes to instruct can derive much benefit from these detached notices of a writer of whom they are completely ignorant, except by reputation. She announces, in her present work, that she has undertaken to translate the correspondence between Goethe and his friend Zelter ; and we doubt not that she will thus communicate to us much curious information ; but were it not too late to dissuade her from a labour already commenced, we would most earnestly request her to do something towards removing our ignorance of the writer, before she introduces us farther to the man. We know of no translator who has shown one-tenth part of the capability which she has evinced for undertaking so diffi-

cult a task. We have, indeed, a translation of 'Wilhelm Meister' by the hand of a master of the language; but its author has adopted, upon principle, that Anglo-Teutonic style, which no scolding or admonition will ever make palatable to our prejudiced taste; and it is, moreover, a work, which, as a whole, it is perhaps impossible to read with advantage in any tongue but the original. But Goethe, in his prose compositions, is, as it seems to us, one of those writers who might be most easily made known to us by fragments; because his several works seldom present a distinct unity of object, but consist, for the most part, of a number of detached trains of thought, alternately taken up and laid aside. His tales, romances, and reviews, his memoirs, (hitherto exceedingly ill translated,) and their still more interesting continuation in the Italian travels, the Campaign of 1792, and the 'Tag und Jahres Hefte,' (from which the notes to the volumes before us contain most interesting extracts,)—all these might surely afford materials which, when wrought on by such a hand as Mrs Austin's, would do more towards imparting to the British public some knowledge of the great idol of their Teutonic brethren, than if some persevering translator were to render accessible to us all the heavy volumes of insipid or paradoxical commentary, with which his admirers have sought to overlay correct criticism, and to deter the student from forming a free and impartial estimate of his character and powers.

ART. VI.—*Recollections of a Chaperon.* Edited by Lady DACRE.
3 vols. 8vo. London: 1833.

IT is not our purpose to enquire whether the present great demand for novels is to be attributed to the increased number of those who seek amusement from reading; to our undramatic habits, and the decline of the stage; to the impulse, still unspent, contributed by the example of the author of *Waverley*, and the minor successes of others; or to the accidental absence at this time of any great and unexhausted poet. It is probable, that all these causes combine in a greater or lesser degree to stimulate the demand for this agreeable species of literature; and it is immaterial to ask which cause is most likely to preponderate. Neither shall we enquire whether the supply bears a just proportion to the demand, or whether the public are satiated with its abundance. Be this as it may, we see no near prospect of a material diminution; and while it continues, we must hail with

satisfaction the appearance of those works which best fulfil the promise of their pretensions.

It is no longer necessary to defend the novel against those sweeping denunciations by which it was once assailed, and which were at no time either philosophical or candid. It is true they were once seemingly justified by the multiplicity of bad publications of this kind, and the extreme paucity of good ones. But even if there had been *no* good ones, a truly sagacious and philosophical critic ought to have perceived the inherent capabilities of this species of composition. Fictitious narrative can often better illustrate those general truths which experience teaches, than the bare relation of partial facts; and many a novel, devoid of every other merit, may not be without its value as a faithful portrait of the manners of the day. It is sometimes urged, that from a delineation of the customs and manners of a single class, no just inference with respect to the state of society can be drawn; but it should be remembered, that in fact no novel does treat of one class only. Society in England is composed of ranks that press so closely on each other, that though we can view its lengthened chain as a whole, or mark at long intervals the variety it includes, it is difficult to distinguish each link that binds it together. Nevertheless, each link is a departure from the single narrow circle; and we venture to assert, that the simplest tale of the most uneventful life, was never yet related without the introduction of characters moving in different spheres. Under the vague title of 'fashionable novels,' (a title which it pleases publishers to give, and the public to adopt, without much propriety or meaning,) we may collect a tolerably accurate delineation of almost every description of the educated classes in this kingdom; and it must be allowed, that from this mass of productions, posterity will receive that faithful portrait of the social habits and feelings of the day which we would so gladly have received from our predecessors. The readers of the twentieth century will be in this respect more fortunate than we are. We have received in the garb of fiction some sketches of the social habits and feelings of other times, but they have been conveyed in the less elastic and comprehensive form of the poem or the play. In both of these the language is more conventional, and description is almost excluded from the latter; and we therefore receive from them less information than if novels had been written in their stead.

Novels are now so numerous, that whatever may be their claims to a permanent reputation, they are scarcely regarded by the public in any other light than as ephemeral publications. They are read rapidly and soon forgotten; and the tale of one

week is almost obliterated from the mind of many a reader by the novelty of the next. There is, therefore, no point of view in which the public is less disposed to regard the novel than as a record of the present time, addressed to the readers of a future age. This, it may be said, is not their object. If it were, the aim would be too ambitious. They are not written with the hope of being read in another century. On the contrary, they are, perhaps, beyond all works, save the periodical essay, or the party pamphlet, written peculiarly for the present day. This is true; yet we may be allowed to consider the use of a work as distinguished from its object—its applicability, as well as its intention. Novels are not meant for records—but they may become records nevertheless. This is an ulterior use, independent of present success, and not determined by the same qualities; save only the one great quality which ought to be alike essential to success, either present or to come—the adherence to *abstract truth*. This adherence is not indeed essential to the acquisition of present popularity so much as we could wish; but it is evidently essential in order that a novel may possess any claim to utility as a record of present habits to future times. The dullest novel possessing this quality, will, under this point of view, have a value, which we must deny to the most amusing production that possesses it not. In saying this, we mean only to recommend more strongly our adherence to abstract truth—not to advocate dulness, or decry the faculty of conveying amusement—for the novel, if dull, be it as faithful as it may, will not float down the stream of time; and unless it bears with it a rich freight of interest and entertainment, it will not reach posterity at all.

Under this view of the uses of the novel, that species which describes existing manners is to be preferred to the historical romance. We regret with reason that the days of Elizabeth and the Stuarts produced no novels descriptive of manners as they then existed; but we cannot equally regret that the writers of those times did not give us historical novels, describing manners and customs as they believed them to have existed in the days of the Plantagenets. Such works, attractive as they might have been to those for whom they were written, would, as records, be valueless to us. The best historical novel is but an approximation to the truth. In reading those of Sir Walter Scott, we dwell with delight on that charm so peculiarly their own, whereby we are transported to times long past, and made to live in the age of which they treat. The minuteness of his descriptions has lent an air of truth to his rich details of picturesque costume. He has even heightened the illusion by inventing a style of language to which we are unaccustomed; and so dexterously

has he contrived an amalgamation of the real and ideal, that we fondly desire to accept the whole as a truth. But reflection tells us, that true to nature as are the characters described (for human nature in its passions and capacities may be alike in all ages), it must ever be remembered that when the rude customs of comparative barbarism are ornamented with the refinement and feelings of superior civilisation, the beauty of the picture may be heightened, but the portrait is no longer faithful. Historical novels may combine research with originality; but the most accomplished genius of the nineteenth century could not view the events of past times with other feelings than those of the present. We are therefore inclined to think, that novels, descriptive of the manners of the day, if imbued with a sufficiency of talent to enable them to live, will be more acceptable to our successors than equally well-written novels of the historical class.

We will now turn to one of the most pleasing recent specimens of the former of these classes, the '*Recollections of a Chaperon*;' a collection of tales, which rumour assigns to Mrs Sullivan, the daughter of their accomplished editress, Lady Dacre. The name of the lady under whose auspices they are thus offered to the public, could not fail to ensure their perusal, and to excite expectations of their merit which, if not fulfilled by all the tales, has been fully redeemed in that of '*Ellen Wareham*,' and in many parts of '*Milly and Lucy*.' Of the others, entitled, '*The Single Woman of a certain Age*,' '*Warrenne*,' and '*An Old Tale, and Often Told*,' we prefer the former. It is simple and natural; but, like the other two, deficient in interest and power. Perhaps it deserves to be more interesting than it is, and than the unromantic title would lead us to expect; for the heroine is truly a heroine of the best kind—full of that passive heroism which belongs to woman more than to man—a much-enduring and uncomplaining spirit, who has generously sacrificed her own happiness for that of another. '*An Old Tale, and Often Told*,' is the enumeration of those mortifications to which a divorced woman is subjected by society, whose laws she has outraged. Nothing can be more natural than the incidents in this plotless tale; but it bears its condemnation in its title; and the subject has, moreover, been better treated before, in a posthumous fragment entitled '*Emmeline*,' by a female writer of distinguished talents, the late Mrs Brunton. '*Milly and Lucy*' is the history of a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination has been wrought upon by the simple tale of her widowed nurse Milly, to determine never to marry any one to whom she is not devotedly attached. The narrative which produces this laudable determination, and which forms a kind of

preface to the tale, deserves much commendation. It is very pathetically conveyed, and without any vulgarity or effort, in the simple language of uneducated life. The following passage will appeal strongly to those who have known the half-formed apprehensions that crowd on the mind on approaching a home under circumstances of anxiety. It is the conclusion of a wife's journey to join a dying husband in Canada.

'I looked at the sun, and it was not above half way down. Just then there was a rise in the road, and I could see some smoke, and the roofs of some low huts, and some little patches of ground that were cultivated, and I strained my eyes to try and make out the last but one; I don't know how I got over the ground, but I soon did reach the first house, and I saw a child at play, and I asked him which was John Roberts's. I could hardly breathe while he answered, "He lives out yonder." He lives! and when I heard him say that, I first knew I had been afraid of never seeing John again.

'I ran as well as I could to the hut. It looked wretched and half-finished; the door was ajar—I pushed it open—there was nobody in the kitchen—I heard no noise—I listened—I did not dare step on. Just then my child cried, and a voice from within said, in a hollow tone, "Who's there?" I ran into the bedroom, and there lay my husband, sick, pale, and weak, but it was my husband alive, and all seemed well.'

Nor do the ungrammatical superlatives of poor Milly diminish the sympathy she inspires in the following account of her husband's last moments:—

'Yes, Miss Lucy,' and her faded eyes flashed with almost youthful brightness; 'He was the kindest-hearted, the truest-hearted, and the bravest-hearted man as ever lived. He feared nothing, but to do wrong, and to part with me. His thoughts were always on me; and when he was taken, the last words he ever spoke were, "my own Milly," and the last look he ever gave was for me, and my hand felt the last pressure his ever gave.'

Lucy, though heroically determined to marry for love, becomes dazzled by the rank and possessions of an admirer old enough to be her father. Mistaking the flutter of gratified vanity for genuine attachment, she hastily concludes that Lord Montreville's well-bred toleration of her childish pleasures is a proof of congeniality in feeling and in taste; and incurs the disappointment of discovering how much the good-nature of the husband may fall short of the good-breeding of the suitor. Lord Montreville, the husband, is a middle-aged *roué*, who 'had lately succeeded to the title of his elder brother; having 'passed through the career of a gallant gay Lothario, with the 'reputation of having been the most irresistible, and the most 'discreet, but the most general of lovers.' His newly acquired rank and possessions suggest to him the propriety of marriage;

and his palled taste is captivated by the fresh beauty and hoyden gaiety of the simple-minded daughter of a retired Colonel. There are few extremes that are less likely to meet advantageously than the *roué* who has seen too much of the world, and the unfashioned girl who knows nothing of society. The sickly fastidiousness of the one is perpetually shocked by the ignorance of the other; and the growth of confidence is unavoidably checked by a state of chronic misunderstanding of the wishes and motives by which each is actuated. Lucy discovers that luxury is not always comfort, nor wealth independence; and the mutual disappointment produced by this ill-assorted marriage, is depicted with much delicacy and truth. Lord Mulgrave has, in his novel entitled 'The Contrast,' written a story similar in purport, but inferior in execution. In that story we are reminded of the stage—in 'Milly and Lucy,' of real life. In 'The Contrast' there is too much exaggeration—too great a sacrifice of probability, both in character and incidents, to the great object of *effect*. In 'Milly and Lucy,' rusticity has not descended into vulgarity, nor humour degenerated into farce. In this tale, too, the ill-assorted union is rendered more probable than it is in 'The Contrast'—the disparity of condition is less glaring—and greater address is both required and displayed in pointing out the unsuccessful results of the matrimonial experiment.

'Ellen Wareham' is incomparably the best of these tales. It is a striking piece of domestic tragedy, told with more than ordinary force—simple in its construction, yet of deep interest, sustained unbroken to the end. The main incident on which it turns is similar to that which forms the groundwork of the tragedy of 'Isabella,'—the reappearance of a husband supposed dead, when his wife is married to another. Ellen Wareham, the ill-fated wife, is the meek and amiable daughter of a poor, proud, and testy half-pay captain, the interior of whose *ménage* is described with a pleasant mixture of liveliness and pathos. She is hurried into marriage with an ardent and self-willed suitor of large fortune, but uncongenial temper, who, after a few years of questionable felicity, often embittered by the jealous vehemence of his affection, goes over to France alone on business, during the short peace of 1802, and becomes a *détenu* at Verdun. Time rolled on, when one morning Ellen 'read in the papers an official return from the depot at Verdun, 'and among the deaths she saw the name of Charles Cresford, 'Esq.' her husband.

'She expected to receive some parting word, some last injunctions, from one who had been so fervently devoted to her. But nothing of the kind ever reached her. She had no friends among the *détenus* to whom she could write, and she was obliged to rest contented with no

farther details of the melancholy event, than the report of Colonel Eversham, who had been one of those who followed his remains to the grave, and who had soon afterwards effected his own return to England. He told her that Cresford had made various and desperate attempts to escape, which had all failed, and that his friends attributed his illness to mental agitation, as he did not seem to labour under any particular or positive complaint.

‘She heard with some satisfaction, that his remains had been decently deposited in the Protestant burying-ground without the town, and that a considerable number of the most respectable of his fellow-prisoners had attended his funeral.’

After a while she becomes attached to a man far superior to Cresford, and in every respect suited to her, and is married to him at the expiration of her second year of widowhood. Nearly two years of happiness ensue, ‘when one morning, at breakfast, Ellen received a letter from her brother, enclosing one directed to her as Mrs Cresford, and addressed to the house in London which she had formerly inhabited.’

‘The post-mark was foreign, and there was something in a letter addressed to her by that name, which struck her as being so strange that she did not open it; but, folding it again in her brother’s envelope, she waited till she could retire to peruse its contents. She continued to perform her part of hostess at the breakfast-table, and told herself it must be a begging letter,—from some one, perhaps, who had known Mr Cresford at Verdun.’

‘Still the letter haunted her, and she could scarcely smile at the gay jests which passed round the breakfast-table, or listen to the news and gossip contained in the correspondence of the other members of the society. The outside was so covered with post-marks, and various directions, that she had not remarked in what sort of hand the name was written; and she quietly took it out of the envelope, just to see if it did look like a begging letter. Her former name always made her shudder, she could not tell why; and she had often reproached herself for the feeling as an unkind and ungrateful one towards the memory of him who was gone. It was that strange instinct which had made her so quickly put this letter aside, and it was with an unaccountable trepidation that she again drew it forth to examine the handwriting. She looked and looked again, till her eyes swam. It was very like the writing which was only too familiar to her. It was,—it must be his writing,—she could not be mistaken; only it was impossible,—quite impossible. Yet it might contain his last behests, which had, from some cause, never been delivered before. She could not open it. She hastily concealed it, and turning deadly pale, she sat, scarcely conscious of what passed around her, till the last person had been helped to his last cup of tea.

‘She longed to know the contents, but there came a sickness over her heart, which made her postpone the dreaded moment. At length the company rose one by one, and straggled towards the windows. She summoned all her might and walked steadily to the door—she sought her own boudoir, and seating herself upon the sofa, she again

unfolded the envelope,—she again gazed on the outside—she had not yet courage to break the seal.

There was something dreadful in thus receiving the dying injunctions of one husband, one who had loved her, too, so passionately,—in reading the ebullitions of his vehement affection, when she was the adoring wife of another. She felt as though he were about to speak to her from the grave.

She looked at the post-marks. There were upon it, in various coloured inks, Gratz, Vienna, Dresden, Magdeburg, Hamburg. No Verdun post-mark! How strange! Wonder, terror, conquered all other feelings—she tore open the seal—it was indeed his own handwriting!—the date, Gratz, June 1808.—What could it mean? She looked at the end—it was his own, very own name!—it was addressed to her! It began, “My beloved wife, my own Ellen!” She could read no more; the letter dropped from her hand, and she fainted on the floor.

The unfortunate pair, now no longer husband and wife, instantly resolve to separate till the truth is ascertained beyond possibility of doubt, which is, ere long, entirely removed by the arrival of Cresford in England. He had escaped from Verdun by means which, though difficult, we cannot pronounce to be impossible; or even if they are incompatible with the regulations adopted at Verdun, of which we are not aware, yet as these are not generally known, we think Mrs Sullivan fairly entitled to make such alterations in them as might suit her convenience. A fellow-prisoner administers an opiate to Cresford, and, we suspect, a bribe to the garrison surgeon, (though the authoress forbears to compromise that individual,) and, accordingly, he is pronounced dead, and placed in his coffin. On the evening of the funeral, this dexterous confederate, as Cresford tells us, ‘begged to be allowed to weep in private over the bier of his best friend, and took that opportunity of opening the coffin, dressing me in the clothes which he had conveyed into the room, filling the coffin with some billets of wood which had been brought to make up the fire, and of concealing me in an adjoining closet till the moment arrived for the procession to move on. I then mixed among the mourners, and by favour of the darkness, escaped detection. As most of the other officers were on parole, there was no difficulty made as to the number who passed the gates, and with a palpitating heart, I found myself, unfettered by any pledge of honour, beyond the walls of Verdun.’ Attempting to escape through Germany, he is seized as a spy, and immured five years in an Austrian dungeon, his reason unsettled, and all communication rigidly interdicted, till the interposition of those about him obtains his liberation. He returns half maddened, and he and Ellen meet again. The interview is strikingly told; but we are rather doubtful whether sincerity required that Ellen should have met him with an unequivocal denial of retaining

for him the slightest particle of affection. The avowal, as delivered, would have been almost harsh towards a criminal; and Cresford is not criminal, but unfortunate. This avowal, which, for her heroine's sake, Mrs Sullivan had better have softened, serves in some degree to excuse the subsequent violence of the husband, who causes his wife to be carried before a magistrate, and bound to take her trial at the assizes for bigamy. The trial and preceding details are so related as to excite much interest, in spite of our confident anticipation of a favourable result. Ellen is necessarily found guilty, but recommended to mercy, and the judge, with becoming lenity, orders her to be fined one shilling, and discharged. She has, however, undergone more than enough of mental suffering, and she is, moreover, indissolubly the wife of Cresford. Here, then, is an occasion where that power of life and death, with which novelists are invested, and which, like all irresponsible power, is too frequently abused, may be exercised in a beneficent manner. It is essential for the happiness of two deserving persons that Cresford should die; accordingly, the authoress, without violating probability, and with a promptitude which deserves the acknowledgment of her readers, contrives to put an end to his miserable existence; and Ellen is then happily reunited to the object of her second choice. Such is the outline of a tale, the treatment of which, in order to ensure its success, required both delicacy and boldness—and both, we think, have been displayed. Its merit consists rather in its dramatic force, and in the vigorous and straightforward management of the incidents, than in the exposition of sentiments or the delineation of character. Skill in this latter department is not the quality which most attracts our attention; while, at the same time, it is but justice to say, that none of the characters are *ill* drawn. Before we take leave of these tales, we will add one commendation, which belongs to them all. They are told without affectation; and simple and easy as this merit may seem, we regret to say it is a rare one. They are pictures of many-coloured life, undisturbed by the *patois* of ridiculous classifications which society does not really acknowledge. We are not promised initiation into social mysteries which have no existence, or perplexed with the *shibboleth* of imaginary routs. They are the productions of one who seems to be well-bred enough to have ventured to write naturally—to have eschewed the mincings and lisplings of pseudo fashion—to have abstained from the intermixture of French in her dialogues, permitting even her duchesses to speak plain English—and to be content to have allowed her pretensions to a competent knowledge of London life to rest unsupported by any display of an intimate acquaintance with the tradesman's 'Directory.'

ART. VII. *The Inferno of Dante, translated*, by ICHABOD CHARLES WRIGHT, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. 8vo. Second Edition. London: 1833.

DO writers take precedence according to their popularity? How is it that Dante comes to us, resplendent in the admiration, and tarnished by the neglect, of five hundred years? Is the 'Divine Comedy' worth translating; is it capable of being translated; are we worthy that it should be translated for us; what manner of spirit or of knowledge should its reader bring with him? These are questions, which, no doubt, Mr Wright has asked himself. At all events, he is authorized to expect that his critics and his readers should pause upon them, in order to a just appreciation of his labours. How it can be translated best, is a further question; and it is one which, we allow, the present volume has gone a long way with us towards deciding.

Late foreign critics tell us that this is the age for studying Dante. We are glad to hear it is the age for studying any thing, and especially a poet. Dante, it is true, can be understood by study, and cannot be understood without. This characteristic of the great Florentine, is, however, far from being a facility to his naturalization among us at present. It is unfortunately the very ground of one of our principal apprehensions. Modern consumers of poetry seem just now divided into two classes—the mystics and the time-killers. The one sit down to a book as they sit by the seashore, with no particular wish to find a meaning there. Dante's figures, quarried out with the statuary boldness of an antique, are not vague and misty enough for them. The others (for the most part frivolous, unteachable, and almost unamuseable) hate a concealed thought as much as an epicure hates a concealed fish-bone. They hold it for a first principle, that, where a line requires to be read twice, the fatigue of having read it once is a greater compliment than it deserves. Yet these are the pleasure-readers for whom 'the mob of gentlemen that write with ease' are the elect composers. When we see the materials which go to the making of a 'popular' preacher or a 'fashionable' novel,—when we perceive what tricks, on every sort of stage, the vain, the ambitious, and the needy, are playing with their talents and their character, and what are the trifles and artifices which succeed,—when the public, the last and only patron, withdraws its favour from all works of real thought and learning,—when literature is loved, not for its own sake, its truth and beauty, but is looked to as a

ladder, a purse, or a substitute for ennui,—when the Muses have fallen from their high estate, and are become the dancing girls rather than the priestesses of the temple,—is this an age to flatter with the tidings that it is the age for studying Dante?

If Italy and France are girt for the enterprise, we wish them joy. But, devoted to politics, commerce, and the lounging learning of a reading-room, the present is scarcely the appointed season in which England is likely to step forward, and claim her place among the children of the promise, to whom belongs the inheritance of the 'sacred poem.' However, what is it which this inheritance can anywhere amount to? Let us grapple with the fact, be it to the credit or discredit, whether of the poet or of mankind. Is it true that Dante in any age, past, present, or to come, could be the favourite poet of ordinary readers? No such thing. The greater incompetency of our own social condition, is an incompetency only of degree. Architects to the minds of others, depend for their success on what it is they have to build, both with and to. The substances must be capable of uniting. Much—we should fear, most—of the 'Divine Comedy' must always have been extremely difficult; difficult from the allegories, one or more; from the crowd of historical and personal allusions; from transitive meanings, (more frequent, Foscolo says, even than in Virgil,) and from the use of words (as Dante boasted, and Bembo afterwards complained) in a sense different from other poets. Difficulty is one of the elements of its power, in the concise construction and prophetic character, which form at once the energy and the obscurity of its style. There can be no mistake in saying, that such a work must, in the nature of things, be too abstruse, austere, and lofty for the majority of any nation.

Mr Wright's translation may be in the highest degree successful, without becoming popular. This is a truth, which he and the public ought, for their several edification, equally to understand. A translator, who knows his place, will never expect to fare better than his original. It is almost impossible, for a variety of reasons, every one of which is all but conclusive, that he can fare as well. Now, what has hitherto been the fortune of the great Alighieri? For this purpose, it is necessary briefly to revert to the literary history of Italy itself, as well as of France and England, in the cases most conversant with, and likely to be most influenced by, Italian literature. The retrospect will show that there are but few minds—and those—minds not only of a superior, but of a peculiar cast—which can put themselves duly in communion with Dante.

Before the invention of printing, manuscripts appear to have

travelled slowly in the lifetime of their author. Petrarch left his 'Africa' a posthumous work. He saw the 'Decameron,' (long the popular work of his intimate friend,) for the first time, only just before his death. It is almost certain, that no more than a passage or two of the 'Divine Comedy' was made public during Dante's lifetime. In which case, it can scarcely have been from a sense of its merits that the fugitive Tyrtæus of his party received houseroom up the staircases of Verona and Ravenna, or descended, drest in the solemn vestments of a poet, into his honoured grave. The importance of a man of eloquence and letters 'in those non-newspaper days' to a politic prince and people, amid the storm of contending factions, will well account (and Poet was only one of Dante's many titles) for the glory which gave him strength to turn his back on the miseries of exile. Within thirty years, however, of his death, the 'Divine Comedy' was attracting the curiosity or interest of all ranks. The bold Visconti, not content apparently with the timid family-annotations of the *Anonymo*, had already set six scholars to work on commenting it. Manuscripts of it were become so common, that the fact, that he could get it anywhere, is Petrarch's excuse for being without one. His fastidious sufferings from the applause of the lower orders, on the recital of its murdered lines at theatres and in market-places, is his conceited reason for abandoning the cultivation of the vulgar tongue. This was no more the true reason than the plague of applications from starving minstrels for a few verses, on the recital of which they afterwards subsist for as many weeks. If the Italian of the 'Divine Comedy' is answerable for the Latin of the 'Africa,' it is in another way. Petrarch, who appears to have been as jealous in poetry as in love, mentions that the first place, among the masters of the vulgar tongue, was given to Dante, the clothier of 'noble ideas in a rude garb;' the third to Boccaccio; only the second to himself. The intensity of the popular feeling is confirmed by a letter which Boccaccio sent to Petrarch, together with a copy of the 'Divine Comedy,' written out in his own hand—the generous and reproachful present of one who was proud to own himself the poetical son of Dante. But the question is, was it popular as a whole? If not, what were the portions of it which were thus vehemently admired; and under cover of which the rest was passed, and their divinity established? All, it is readily admitted, would find something to charm them in its pages. The whole legend was a splendid ghost story for the superstitious: the gossips traced there, as in a chronicle, the feudal families of Lombardy; the glorious haters of those times found in it the vulture's offal, immortal as their

malice—among invectives, so deep and comprehensive, that Tasso trusted they were inspired more by his fiery passions than his real opinions. While the 'Divine Comedy' remained the only well-known native poem of higher pretensions than a sonnet or canzone, the two or three, to whom poetry is a necessity of nature, would be gathered together in its temple. Yet there are few cantos which we can imagine common readers of poetry to have enjoyed throughout as poetry, much less, which we can imagine sung from the beginning to the end for pleasure, either by the Tuscan vinedressers or the Gondoliers of Venice.

We happen to have their own authority. But we want it not to be sure, that men like Boccaccio and Tasso must see in Dante the greatest of Italian poets. The converts of Boccaccio were probably more numerous when he was called upon to do the poet honour in another character. The church, by a masterpiece of policy, had for a season the boldness to half-canonize the imperial partisan and Tuscan Wickliffe as the greatest of theologians. The reign of University lectures on the 'Divine Comedy' began in time for the penitent Boccaccio to deliver his comment discreetly and devoutly from the cathedral pulpit of Florence. Whatever Dante might have thought of the exposition, he would have delighted at least in the feeling, by which Theology was beautifully announced to be nothing but the poetry of God. While this fashion lasted, annotator allies flocked in from a camp, where poetry recruits but seldom. It was a muster of Aristotelians and school divines. The invention of printing brought on, after 1470, twenty editions in thirty years. The Reformation broke out, and Dr M'Crie scarcely seems aware how instantly the Protestants claimed Dante as a Reformer. Upon this, it became more difficult than ever for Bellarmine and the Jesuits to keep the field with a proposition, which the Inquisition had very wisely left for the sophistry of a darker age to play with. Still Dante had been too long recognised for an obedient son of the church, whose only imprudence was, the being a little too desirous to display his learning, to make it politic to retract. The ancient compromise was continued. Print as many editions as you please, on condition that you either conceal the true meaning, or aid us in inventing false ones. In this manner, singularly enough, the poet of the 'Divine Comedy' became authority both to Papists and to Reformers. Nevertheless, during the greater part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the by-battles of grammarians were his greatest glory; and so little was heard of him in Italy, that Bettinelli and others got French enough to be, in fact, ashamed of him. It is within these fifty years that it was re-

served for Lombardi, to redeem his works from the Della Cruscan and the Jesuits, and that the studios were recalled to them by Dionisi. As yet, however, to the nation, Dante slept. His real resuscitation was the voice of the times, the stirring rush of new opinions; above all, the examples of Alfieri and of Monti, —the first by character, and the last by genius, shadowing out a hope of *Dante rediivo*.

In so complicated a question, there is room for wide difference of opinion on the degree in which the several elements of the 'Divine Comedy' were at different periods, and with different classes, the grounds of the attention it received. The alternation of its fortune, now in sunshine, now under a cloud, looks more like the changing fashions by which systems of philosophy rise and fall, than the even course of a standard work of taste and imagination. After the retrospect we have taken, it would be folly to deny that Italy has always been, in one way or another, more or less aware of the curiosity and importance of the great phenomenon of her literature. Whether she knew at any time the true use of the magic lamp, which she happened to possess, is another question. Is there any proof that she has so used it? what visible traces can be shown of its influence on the moral, political, or literary history of the people? Has it not rather stood alone—a few worshippers here and there prostrate before it—some in the light, some in the shade, amid the glare and darkness, which, like unto the fortune of itself and of its great creator, it emits by turns? It still stands so. Before we can share in Warton's surprise that Dante's successors should have acknowledged no other model, and together with his excellences, have transcribed and perpetuated all his extravagances, we must have better evidence of the fact. Lord Byron, as presumptuous in his sally on behalf of Dante as of Pope, gave Frederic Schlegel the lie direct, for saying that Dante has 'at no time been much of a favourite with his countrymen.' Foreigners on such a point are fooled frequently by appearances. Foscolo was formed by nature, education, and circumstances, to be the unrivalled commentator of Dante. He is an authority without appeal the other way. Whatever we may think of the contrary presumption, Foscolo declares, that, with the exception of the learned, the nation throughout the earlier period, even the higher ranks, knew Dante only by name;—that not only were his prose works, in which the story of Italy and his personal character were best delineated, neglected, but that his nominal popularity fell so low, that there were no competent judges of his poetry during the last century. The Della Cruscan editors of the late splendid edition, dedicated to Canova, are denounced by him

as scholars not ashamed of showing that they have scarcely looked into a book, in illustrating which they have nevertheless the vanity of aspiring to a personal display. 'The truth is, that few or none, since the hour it was first published, up to the present time, have ever really read the whole. It requires many days and long studies, and a mind continually on the stretch. And the profit is not answerable to the cost, except when the poet finds readers with a mind congenial to his own, and steeped in the age which he has drawn.' (*Discorso sul Testò di Dante, da Ugo Foscolo.*—P. 116.)

We shall, indeed, rejoice if the Italians of to-day have acquired, in sufferings and through misfortune, the power of understanding Dante. They may learn of him the grandest lessons which poetry has been ever called upon to teach. Of all great poets, he is certainly the most peculiar and local. First and most, he is himself. Next, he is the personification of Italy in the thirteenth century—its learning, aspirations, passions. We need not waste the name of Dante in questioning those of his descendants, who—at once Guelphed and Ghibellined by the confederacy of their old oppressors—are yet quietly at home eating their macaroni. But can the prouder spirits of Italy—driven from its soil, yet the real representatives of its honour—so put back the dial of their mind and country, as to make themselves colleagues of their great predecessor in misfortune?—of the visionary and vindictive exile?—of him, to whom heaven and hell seem often only to have existed for the sake of the party politics of Florence, and in whose grasp the next world was scarcely large enough to hold the objects of his patriot indignation and Ghibelline revenge. The *Trecentists* have laboured hard to moor the Italian language fast to the time of Dante's. But where is the fire and energy that created it? Feeble scholars and a degenerate people may preserve the words of haughty genius: but what they are preserving will be the cinders and not the flame.

The French Helicon has no more connexion than the water-works of Marly with transalpine streams. If any French writers were likely to have so far broken the ice of their chilly literature, as to put themselves in some sort of intelligence with Dante, it might have been expected to have been Voltaire and Madame de Staël; both favourable to the literary *mouvement* party. The hundred volumes of Voltaire, who lived to repent of his injustice towards Ariosto, contain no similar amends to Dante. He never mentions even his name while discussing the epic poets of Italy. In the letter on Dante, enlivened by the humorous translation which Warton and Foscolo agree in praising, Vol-

taire sees nothing in him but a great master of the *gout bizarre*, whose reputation is likely to gain strength from the fact, that nobody now reads him. Madame de Staël has all but excluded from her work on literature a genius so eccentric to the classical orbit. She contents herself with observing, in a single sentence, that the energy by which some few passages are distinguished, is derived from the share he took in the political troubles of his country, while his innumerable faults are to be attributed to the general character of his age. In England our opportunities have been far greater; for our poetry is quite as much indebted, directly and indirectly, to modern Italy as to ancient Rome. Nevertheless, beyond a small circle, which Mr Wright, will, we hope, do much to widen, the influence of Dante has been unfelt, and the true nature of his writings comparatively unknown.

The morning of our poetry did not open without due homage to the day-star which had gone before. Dante, in classing the poets of his country according to the subject-matter of poetry—love, arms, and *morals*—claimed for himself the latter post. One might have expected, therefore, that he would be more than ‘a certain poet of Italy,’ in the enumeration made by the moral Gower. But Gower passes over the very name of Petrarch. It is probable, therefore, that he was little of an Italian scholar. Chaucer, however, crossed the Alps, at least in spirit. He translated the entire story of Ugolino; besides frequent references to ‘the grete poets of Italie that bight Dante,’ whom he is bold enough to compare to Virgil. Lydgate, who had travelled in Italy, recommends expressly the three books on Heaven, Purgatory, and Hell. In his ‘tragedies,’ gathered from Boccaccio, on the mutability of fortune, he makes Dante appear to Boccaccio, and with the authority belonging to the ‘laureate poete of Florence, demure of loke, fulfilled with patience,’ command him to do poetical justice on Walter its ducal tyrant. Our Plantagenet poets, though natives to the clime, nevertheless found themselves in the condition of birds of passage, which, mistaking the season, arrive a month too soon. It is not singular, therefore, that they should not have had the means of bringing over a stranger under their wing. There were no means of making the ‘wise poet,’ as Chaucer termed him, any thing more than the poet of a few learned scholars. English students, who admired him for his learning, were not content until he was travestied into their universal language. Accordingly, two English Bishops, while in attendance at the Council of Constance, were principal parties in persuading Fra Giovanni to undertake his Latin version.

When our ‘rude and homely vulgar poesie’ next ventured

to aim at establishing itself a home among us, it came under the more polished auspices of Wyatt and of Surrey. They are called by the most authoritative of our early critics 'the two 'chief lanterns of light' to succeeding writers; and are celebrated as 'novices newly crept out of the schools of Dante, Ariosto, 'and Petrarch,' to reform our English metre by the sweet and stately measures of Italian verse. Dante can be only named here by way of compliment; for, from any thing in English imitations to the contrary, Italian poetry might have begun with Petrarch. Wyatt was our best didactic satirist till Bishop Hall. But the manner of Dante was so alien to his genius that his poetical epistles contain no resemblance whatever to the great satirical Italian epic, except the metre. They are written in *terza rima*; of which, if, in the well-bred epistolary style of Lord Byron to his publisher, 'your British blackguard reader as yet 'understands nothing,' the neglect of Wyatt is to blame for it. The Reformation broke off only our spiritual intercourse with Italy. Our literary connexion grew stronger and stronger, as the press, aided by advancing civilisation, enabled us properly to comprehend our literary interests in a trade where we were importers only. This was the time when Ascham entered his puritanical protest against our national sinfulness in betaking ourselves to the 'fonde books,' brought out of Italy to mar men's manners. The writings of Dante, had they been otherwise to our taste, would not have come within the ban, as they are not of a kind to make Papists, or to displace works of godly learning. But from the day of the complaint that our 'English-man Italianated had more in reverence the *Triumphs* of Petrarch than the *Genesis* of Moses,' to the era when the muse of Italy was driven out by a Tragedy Queen whom we hardly know how to call the muse of France, the influence and the name of Dante continue almost utterly out of sight. Sackville's *Descent into Hell*, in the *Mirror of Magistrates*, has little more than a similarity of subject. Spenser took his plan from Ariosto, and whole pages from Tasso; but it has surpassed the industry of Dr Todd to find more than half a dozen parallel passages, which can be, by any ingenuity, tortured into a suspicion that he had ever heard of the 'Divine Comedy.' When we arrive at Milton, we find ourselves on a sudden in contact with a poem thoroughly Dantesque. What can he have meant then by acknowledging to Dryden that Spenser was his original? He must have been speaking only of the knowledge and management of our language; since, if Milton had any original in mind and character out of his own nature, that original undoubtedly was Dante. He resembles him much in subject—

more in genius and in spirit: They are accordingly companions in the degree and nature of their fame—admired by everybody, read only by few.

The 'Divine Comedy' was still a sealed volume in scholastic libraries, when the two Wartons, who had some life in them during one of the dearest periods of our literature, distinguished themselves by their endeavours to attract to it the attention of the English public. So little was it known, that Thomas Warton introduced an analysis of it in his *History of English Poetry*. He had mastered it sufficiently to perceive that the dispute between the Pontificate and the Empire was the predominant topic of Dante's mind. In case any single view of a poem, which has a dozen sides to it or more, could be correct, to call it a satirical history of his own times, would be a correct description. Joseph Warton assigns the first place among the Italian poets to Dante, on account of his wonderful originality, and ranks the 'Inferno' second only to the 'Iliad.' Reynolds' picture of Ugolino (a subject, the graphic capabilities of which Michael Angelo had already verified in a bas relief) gave him the courage to declare that he recollected no passage in any writer so truly pathetic. A prose translation was, however, all he ventured upon. The passage, he says, had been, in 1719, for the first time translated into English, in blank verse, by Mr Richardson, in his 'Discourse on the Dignity of the Science of a Connoisseur.' The wayward charms of Ariosto, and the more uniform, though not more studied elegance of Tasso, had found translators, almost from the first, in Harrington and Fairfax. Nothing but the immense difficulty of working on his granite to any purpose of use or ornament, can account for the distance at which, in the meantime, every one had been standing aloof from Dante. At last Boyd and Hayley laid hands upon the ark. They failed. Their boldness, however, broke the spell. Mr Cary advanced next. If we are at all correct in our suspicion, that, notwithstanding the recommendation of Mr Coleridge, he has been principally consulted as a help towards construing the original, the field is still open to Mr Wright. Mr Cary and Mr Wright are both translators of very unusual merit. In case they do not find readers in the first instance, they are entitled to expect—if the thing be possible—to make them. Their manner of dealing with their original is, however, very different. Notwithstanding the efforts of distinguished predecessors, Mr Sotheby has justly appropriated to himself the *Georgics*. The present version may, we think, entitle Mr Wright to hope, that, with due pains, he may yet secure to himself the English Dante as his own.

Popularity is more than we can promise. Lath and plaster

easily find a nail stronger than such slender materials can hold. Unless a new spirit is gone forth, far beyond any thing we are aware of, or unless the spirit of Dante can be brought down more within the level of our common poetical associations, past experience does not seem to warrant any sanguine expectation that a general taste can be created for his mysterious and often grotesque inventions. A thorough-going admirer must be one who can *anachronise* his mind; set not only Statius and Virgil, but Boethius and Cicero, at the same table; who can mix together classical imagery and feudal manners; can welcome the poetized hypotheses of ancient philosophy under Christian disguises; forgive a complete ignorance of almost all our rules of arbitrary criticism; and submit to a substitution in their stead of some occult system, supposed to bind up its books, cantos, and rhymes, into a mystical and sacred whole. The proper spirit is scarcely a more arduous problem than the proper knowledge. In case a reader resolves to make this literary expedition, it is difficult to settle the amount of baggage in the form of learning which, if he be judicious, he ought to prepare beforehand. However ample, he will be constantly feeling the want of more; however scanty, it will be often in his way. Our first wish is to get to the bottom of every thing that was floating in the poet's mind. Our own prudence, as well as the necessity of the case, puts a speedy limit to so boundless a curiosity. The materials which Dante himself has left for our instruction are more interesting than precise. They establish one truth, and open a door to infinite conjectures. Perhaps, after all, they can be turned to no better account than that of teaching us not to be misled too far from our poetical enjoyment in hunting out secrets he has been at so much trouble to conceal.

Allegories were the picturesque passion of the early part of the middle ages, and long after. They walked the streets in pageants and processions, and the masque of hell itself gleamed over the Arno from the bridge of Florence. The supposed necessity for an allegory continued to be so much a matter of course, that Tasso, after having composed his *Gierusalemme*, was obliged to tax his ingenuity in accommodating one to his story. Spenser, according to his own account of the 'Fairly Queen' in the letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, over and above incidental varieties, laid the continuous allegory of the whole, three deep. There are sceptics who will not take Dante's own word, for his ignorance of Greek, or for the history of his life, or for the nature of his compositions. Such wilfulness is far beyond the reach of any argument which third persons can hope to bring. The existence, on the other hand,

of latent meanings, is what no sane critic will ever doubt. The degree in which one or other of the several continuous allegories was present to the minds of Spenser or of Dante, on the whole, or in particular passages, they perhaps hardly knew, nobody can now conjecture. It is a mist into which now-a-days it is egregious folly to think of wandering. The rational part of mankind ought to leave sceptic to do battle against sceptic. Critics, who in the teeth of Dante's personal statement in the *Convito* on his general method of writing, and in defiance of his express declaration in his epistle to Can Grande, that the 'Divine Comedy' specifically has *polysensum* or many meanings, nevertheless assert it to be no more an allegory than Ossian or Homer, are well matched by the opposite fanaticism. There is little to choose betwixt them and dreamers, who, after reading the *Vita Nuova* and the *Convito*, seriously deny the reality of Beatrice Portinari; or see in her nothing but a fantastic lady, whom every novice of a secret society adopts, together with a pair of white gloves, on his initiation. We do not pretend to reconcile the proceedings, images, or comment of Dante with our present notions. What then? The loves of most men, even in these prosaic times, are generally affairs much more of the imagination than of the heart. A marriage of ambition within a twelvemonth of the death of a mistress, followed by a life of poetical idolatry towards her memory, may have seemed a very natural proceeding to a Troubadour. If we have at last succeeded in bringing the tender passion to reason, and in pruning down its extravagances and contradictions, the folly was in full vigour, practically and poetically, two or three centuries after Dante's death. It would puzzle us to make sense, according to our present notions, of the loves and lives of Geraldine and Surrey.

In the *Convito*, Dante ratifies the interpretations given in the *Vita Nuova* to the poetry of his youth. Having arrived at a more philosophical age, he now undertakes further to explain that higher meaning, which he declares can be explained only by himself: *movemi timore d'infamia, e movemi desiderio di dottrina dare, la quale altri veramente dare non può*. Dates are important in the writings of Dante; whose later life was one continued tempest, and whose pages are strewn over with memorials of the moment, as with the floating fragments of a wreck. Beatrice died in 1290. Dante married the next year. He wrote the *Vita Nuova* (no great compliment to his bride) in 1293; the *Convito* in 1313, the year of the death of Henry the Seventh; and in 1318, his letter to Can Grande. The allegories of the *Canzonis*, from which the veil is lifted up in the *Convito*, almost word by word, with the most minute detail, are entirely

moral and philosophical. The interpretation which he claims, in general terms, for the 'Divine Comedy,' in the preface to *Can Grande*, is not more so. In both cases, however, we have Dante's simultaneous avowal, that this moral allegory was actually meant by him to be concurrent with several others. The truth appears to be, in the latter instance, that there is one other idea of equal, if not paramount, importance present throughout the whole; while several subordinate allusions are scattered over parts. The political is, to say the least of it, co-ordinate with the moral object. When Dante claimed for himself the distinctive characteristic of 'the moral poet,' we have no doubt he felt that his political opinions, quite as much as his spiritual aspirations, entitled him to the office, and sanctified it in his eyes. It must be admitted that the suppression of any direct notice by Dante of the existence of a political allegory, requires explanation on the part of those who are disposed to place it among the prominent interpretations which it is supposed to have been his design figuratively to convey. The explanation is to be found in the ambiguous politics of Italy at the time.

His views of ecclesiastical reform evidently went far beyond the temporary and temporizing warfare against the Pope, which was fought by the chiefs of Lombardy and Romagna. They were not to be trusted with his creed, or with his wild imaginative secret of being the messenger of the Apostles. The apprehensions which led him to keep back the poem during his life, would necessarily survive him. They must have induced him, therefore, in a preface, intended to be posthumous, to throw into the shade the manifestation of a purpose which would probably have been fatal to the safety of the poem itself, and also of his family. The necessities of the times immediately succeeding pressed equally on his sons, and on the early commentators. A feigned ignorance was so long professed, and so many conjectural hypotheses were put forward, that the verity and verification of any political design became ultimately obscure. The above supposition is one, however, on which nobody ought to be very positive either in affirmance or in denial. For ourselves, we think that, in a choice of difficulties, it is shown by Foscolo to be on the whole less unsatisfactory than the rest. There is no difficulty in seeing why Dante does not choose to set out his case in argumentative array, and try his fortune as the Luther of Italy. But, at this distance of time, the application of the political allegory in the details is more than we pretend to understand. While Popes, living and dead, are attacked without the slightest shadow of precaution—while Guelphs and Ghi-

bellines, impaled side by side in hell, are made spectacles to men and angels, it is impossible to devise the cause of fear or scruple which prevented Villani and the Sons from mentioning that Veltro, i. q. Feltro, meant Cane della Scala—a meaning they must have known. Instead of this, successive commentators bore down to earth the immortal poem with all the weight which philosophy and theology could impose. The first interpreters gave nothing but the moral sense of the opening scene. This Gozzi turned into politics, only so far as to suppose that it was not vices generally, but the characteristic vices of democratical cities, which lay concealed under the forms of the panther, the lion, and the wolf. Specific truths were afterwards brought to light, here and there, slowly and by degrees, one after another, from the zeal and industry of Velutello, Dionisi, Marchetti, and Costa. Last, Foscolo and Rossetti profess to come out with something approaching towards the whole truth. The attempt, we fear, necessarily involves the giving us something more. Foscolo died, having announced his principles in perspective. Had he lived, we suspect that he would have shrunk from the experiment of applying them, line by line, like Rossetti, under the idea that poetry can be ever bound to the dimensions and strict proportions of the form it has to clothe.

It is ridiculous to think of accounting, on the preconceived harmony of any system, for every inch of the flowing drapery of a poem, where, whether it is narrative, simile, or allegory, a great deal of spare poetry is constantly thrown out as largess, to mark the bounty and magnificence of the art. Foscolo (*Discorso*, 76, 77, 248, 380, 386) again and again expresses his opinion, that the prominent object in Dante's mind was his mission as a religious reformer. If the purgatory were begun in the days of his prosperity, the change which came o'er the vision of his dream must have gone through many phases before it assumed the mythological and historical form in which it now appears. His hatred to the church, and the gloomy and glowing sense of his own consecrated likeness to St Paul, deepened after the events of 1314. It was probably after this period that he poured in his darkest and fiercest shades; that he retorted on the inquisitors, by lighting up fires for them in hell; and that the final character was impressed upon the whole. This is the character under which Milton, in a letter to Carlo Dati, defends his own attacks upon the Pope by the authority of Dante, a fellow-labourer in 'the self-same cause.' This is the character in which Foscolo (105) undertakes to prove 'that the chief, if not the 'only end of the poem was to reform all the discipline, and a 'part even of the rites and dogmas of the Papal church.'

There is one cover from which the political allegory-hunters ought to keep clear. If they are wise, they will let Beatrice alone. We have never seen any evidence to connect the Lady of the Blessing with the earthly politics of the poem. There is not a syllable either in the *Vita Nuova* or the *Convito*, to point her out, as a political personification of the union of temporal and spiritual government,—as the essence of a perfect Emperor and a perfect Pope. How could there be?—if we remember the dates, which we have above observed to be so important in the life of Dante, and which are with difficulty explained away. Farinati addresses Dante in the *Divine Comedy*, in 1300, as still a Guelph. The death of Beatrice had taken place, according to the *Vita Nuova*, on the 9th of October, 1290. The feelings of Dante on that occasion as there expressed, must, if we suppose them to relate to political events, be founded on the Guelph opinions, which at that period he entertained. Is it possible that these could be identical with the Ghibelline opinions, to which oppression afterwards and by degrees converted him? We have not a guess of the meaning of the letter, which, he says, he wrote on the death of Beatrice to the princes of the earth. But, unless the years 1290 and 1313 can be made to coincide, the discrepancy in the dates ought to have prevented M. Rossetti from confounding the earlier letter, although beginning with the same words, and the letter which was addressed by Dante to the Cardinals, as late as the death of Clement the Fifth. Again, supposing that Beatrice is principally intended to be a type of the union or correspondence between the temporal and spiritual government of Italy, what is the event so adverse to that union which occurred upon the first hour of the 9th of October, 1290,—that fatal hour of a fatal day? Muratori, under the date of 1290, mentions that a book was published about that time (*un libro di questi tempi*) against the nepotism of Nicholas the Fourth, in behalf of the family of Colonna, with the title of *Initium Melorum*. A scrap of this sort falls infinitely short of the amount and importance of the evidence required. Historical researches, we admit, afford the best chance of explaining obscure passages. For example, Cahors rose to the dignity of Dante's notice, not from its petty usuries, but from the accident of being the birth-place of John the Twenty-fourth, nicknamed by his adversaries Jack-priest, or Jack of Cahors. In a supplicatory letter to the King of France, the Pope had called the Emperor Satan Frederic. Satan Papa was a natural satirical retort from the poet of the imperialists—their Sir Harry Vane, Bunyan, Butler, Milton, all in one. We are sorry to see the title of a recent work by Carlo Vecchioni, Vice-president of the

Supreme Court of Justice at Naples. It is expressly dedicated to the object of tracing downwards the method of composition attributed to the 'Divine Comedy,' in lineal descent from the secret language of the Egyptian priests. Investigations of this nature, whether they are received in the spirit of gravity or ridicule, can have only one effect. They must make the 'Divine Comedy' less popular than ever.

If a short and sensible selection could be made from the commentator-learning heaped upon the 'Divine Comedy,' it would be a great kindness to all whom it may concern to burn the voluminous refuse. The spirit and the knowledge most wanted in a reader, and still more in a translator, dwell not there. The first must be the free gift of nature; the next must be the fruit of a careful study of Dante's times, and more especially of himself. For the latter purpose, Dante has been, to a certain extent, his own commentator. The *Vita Nuova* is a most singular picture of the passions and mysticism of his youth. It was the opinion of Foscolo, that the exposition of his Imperialism in the treatise upon 'Monarchy' ought to be used as illustrating the politics, in the same manner as the fragment of the *Convito* in illustrating the science, of his poem. His other fragment, 'On the Vulgar Tongue,' is a most important and conclusive sketch of the origin and progress of the literary language of Italy. In our present point of view, as the means of estimating the mind of its author, it is principally valuable from the sagacity with which he there anticipates the criterion which language has since afforded us for determining the consanguinity of nations—from his patriotic longing for the possession of a common language, in the hope of some day nationalizing his countrymen towards their mother country by means of their mother tongue—from the evidence it contains of the point to which barbarism in dialect, and ignorance in literature and in criticism, had sunk. What then must have been the mind of him who, while wandering over Italy in solitude, dependence, exile,—amid the din of factions so furious that the end of the world, it is said, might have been thought to have arrived,—was yet solely intent on glory; who stamped, even then, on the infant language of his country an energy it has been found, in weaker hands, incapable of retaining; and who created in it at once, without a model and without an imitator, a work which—itsself the astonishment of future ages—is one of the chief securities that the language will never die? An Englishman * has at home a sure test by which he can determine for

* There would be no difference of opinion about Dante, if all men

himself whether any preparation can qualify him for the company of Dante, either in his original or in his adopted dress. Whoever quails before the mood of our own Milton, as of too pure and elevated a strain for the chosen converse of his dearest hours, need never think that he shall find more favour and acceptance with that famous Dante (*illum Dantem!* as he called him), for whom Milton could leave the Ilyssus and the Tiber, to meet him by the hill of Fæsulæ, and on the banks of Arno.

It remains to make a few observations on the best mode of translating Dante. Mr Wright's superiority over his predecessors is greatly founded upon the fact of his having endeavoured to transfer the precise versification of his author together with the thoughts. The similarity between Dante and Milton is admitted. Nevertheless, the selection of the blank verse, and an elaborate imitation of the style of Milton, in Mr Cary's translation, have breathed over it a total estrangement of manner, which no ability or expedients can counteract. There never was a greater proof of the importance of the versification to the nature of the particular effect to be produced, than the entirely different character a difference in this respect has impressed upon two compositions, which otherwise bear so great a resemblance to each other. In the same language, an identity of construction is acknowledged in every work to be half the battle. We laugh with Swift at the proposition, although Dryden once entertained it, of setting to rhyme the 'Paradise Lost.' Some

were enabled to bring to the study of him a coal from the altar—a portion of the fire and genius of Robert Hall. Yet he was a late pupil. The following picture is taken from the Memoir recently published with his works. At the time described in it, he was past sixty, worn down by that 'long disease, his life,' and absorbed in his laborious ministry, with a devotedness which seemed to leave room for no earthly objects to penetrate into the 'holy of holies' of his heaven-directed spirit. 'Shortly before he quitted Leicester, a friend found him one morning very early, lying on the carpet with an Italian dictionary and a volume of Dante before him. Being about to quit the room, he said, "No, sir, don't go. I will tell you what I have been about for some weeks. A short time since, I was greatly delighted with a parallel between the *Paradise Lost* and the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, which I read in the *Edinburgh Review*. But in matters of taste, as well as others, I always like to judge for myself; and so I have been studying Italian. I have caught the idiom, and am reading Dante with great relish, though I cannot yet say with Milton:

"Now my task is smoothly done
I can fly or I can run."

weak brethren were found fantastical enough to afterwards attempt it, 'particularly' (as they said) 'for the sake of obliging 'the ladies.' On the other hand, the earlier patrons of blank verse in Italy had encouraged Trissino in his vain desire of establishing its empire upon the ruins of the *terza rima*. There is none, however, who would not have felt the sacrilege, had he thus taken the 'Divine Comedy' to pieces, and recast it in this experimental mould. The difference in the case of translation is only a difference in degree. No merit, therefore, can justify the abandonment of the original measure, wherever the language of the translation admits of its being preserved. The extent to which, under any circumstances, an alteration of the words must dislocate all the musical proportions of a poem, was considered by Dante as a conclusive objection against translating poetry at all. 'Let every one, therefore, know,' says he, in the *Convito*, 'that nothing which has been harmonized by 'the music of linked measures can change from one language to 'another without breaking all its harmony and sweetness. And 'this is the reason why Homer* was not turned from Greek into 'Latin, like the other writings which we have of theirs; and this 'is the reason why the verses of the Psalter are without musical 'harmony; since they were turned from Hebrew into Greek, 'and from Greek into Latin, and in their first transmutation all 'the sweetness disappeared.' Dante, therefore, would beg both translators to leave him to himself. In case there is no escaping these compulsory favours, the least objectionable translation, in his opinion, must be that which breaks up his harmony the least, by innovating as little as possible on the mechanism and movement of the verse.

Dryden was not terrified by the difficulty anticipated by Dante, from passing a life in the continued practice of the art of translation. It was this continued practice which brought him acquainted with a secret, of which few of his predecessors had thought sufficiently—how the character of an author can be most effectually sustained. He learned in time, that the identity (an author's thoughts was but half maintained, unless his style and versification were maintained also. He instances some, whom he calls our best translators, among whom he easily dis-

* Dante was familiar with Juvenal. Indignation was their common muse. Either he did not know Persius, or he overlooked his contemptuous notice of a literal Latin version of Homer by one Accius Labeo; or lastly, from the notoriety of the failure, which made it the ridicule of Rome in the time of Nero, he considered it no exception to the principle of his remark.

tinguished the hand which had performed the work, but could not distinguish their poet from another. It is one of his literary boasts, that in translating the couplets of Ovid into English rhyme, he had contrived to give them the same turn of verse which they had in the original. It is evident, therefore, that he was fully sensible of the necessity of striving, in translation, for the specific measure, or the nearest approximation which can be possibly obtained. Lord Byron could conquer, more than conciliate; and had greater command over the variety, than charm over the harmony of our numbers. We know not what to make of his intimation that the 'Paradise Lost' might have been more nobly conveyed in the *terza rima* of Dante, 'which the powers of Milton could easily have grafted on our language.' This shows, however, that no abstract attachment to blank verse would have led him to recommend a translator of the *Inferno* to adopt it in exchange for the *terza rima*. He had seen, besides, at his own cost, that the process was a tearing up of poetry by the roots. On mentioning a translation of the Fourth Canto of 'Childe Harold' into Italian *versi sciolti*, he describes it as the version of 'a poem, written in the *Spenserian stanza*, into blank verse, without regard to the natural divisions of the stanza or the sense.' He knew the merits of his own workmanship; accordingly, he was immediately aware of the nature and extent of the injury. It does not appear to have occurred to him that Dante could be suffering no less at the hands of Mr Cary. Cesarotti, whose experience and ability as a translator give great authority to all his opinions upon the subject, goes so far, in a note to Ossian, as to place the difficulties arising from the differences in versification above those arising from difference of language. 'It is certain that the sentiments, the thoughts, and the expressions, take of themselves a turn and a configuration corresponding to the respective versification of various poets. The shortness or the length of the verse—the variety of the inflexions, of the pauses, of the cadences—the harmony which results naturally from numbers, and that which belongs to the adjustment of the consonants—the difference in the enchainment and distribution of the rhymes—each of these things modifies the sentiments, and communicates to them a peculiar beauty distinguished from all others. Change the disposition, transpose the same sentiments into another metre, and every thing is spoiled. Ideas adjusted on one measure stand, as it were, ill at ease in a new one, and assume a forced and constrained attitude; there is a disagreeable discordance between the sentiments and the sounds; the objects are no longer presented under the suitable point of view; the ear, and, consequently, the spirit, reposes at impro-

‘ per places, and slides over those where it ought to stop, till
 ‘ the most perfect composition resembles a beautiful body, all the
 ‘ members of which are out of joint.’

The motive of Mr Cary in deviating from the *terza rima* of Dante into blank verse, is obvious. What was the object of Mr Wiffin, in exchanging the *ottava rima* of Tasso for the Spenserian stanza, is more than we can conceive. Warton had pointed out at length the defects inherent in the stanza, in original composition, owing to the embarrassment of its additional rhymes; but, in translating from the *ottava rima*, the sense of every stanza is over and above encumbered with the drag of a superfluous Alexandrine. Mr Wright has very luckily solved the problem of the English *terza rima*. In preserving the triplet, he has secured the entire effect of an analogous versification; while, by throwing off one of the rhymes, (which nobody will miss,) he has made it possible to reproduce the sense and freedom of his original within an equal compass. The Italian language is more fertile in allowable rhymes than the French; the French than the English. Now, Chaucer, in his day, murmured against the penance of following word by word the curiosity ‘ of them that *make* in France, si the rime in English hath such scarcitie.’ It is clear, therefore, that a prolonged experiment to keep, in English, the strict conditions of a measure which Monti has pronounced to be, even in Italian, the torture of human ingenuity, must inevitably fail. Lord Byron comes maimed out of the struggle, even where he had room to choose his own thoughts, in the ‘ Prophecy of Dante.’ A comparison of his ‘cramp’ version, as he truly calls it, of the ‘*Franческа di Rimini*,’—the single specimen he selected,—with the spirited version of the same story in the present volume, is a conclusive proof of the judiciousness of the point of compromise fixed upon by Mr Wright. It is given to the Germans alone, in the copiousness and flexibility of their language, that Voss should renew for them at pleasure the hexameters of Homer, and Streckfuss surmount all the difficulties of Dante’s *terza rima*.

There are sundry passages which Mr Wright may again go over with advantage, especially in looking a little sharper after his rhymes. Ornaments, we are well aware, stand the carriage from one language to another, far better than the grace and dignity of unaffected nature. Nevertheless, we have sometimes doubted whether the present translator, in his scrupulous adherence to the letter and simplicity of his original, has not too much limited his means of poetical effect. The bare contingency that some blest coincidence of expression may constantly

turn up, is more perhaps in a long poem than the genius of the two languages can afford. Translation is so much a tentative process, that this is a point which, as he goes on, Mr Wright will be every day the better able to determine. A translator must never hurry. Time, and plenty of it, is of the essence of the contract which every translator undertakes. Among the higgling bickerings of that painful correspondence between Dryden and Jacob Tonson, we remember the poet tells the bookseller, that, with better pay, it would have taken him seven years at the least to have done justice to Virgil.

Extracts give a very imperfect idea of the impression which a work of merit is, as a whole, calculated to produce. Sir John Malcolm may be pardoned for suggesting the plan of specimen translations for the *Shahnameh*—the Persian epic; but in what light are we to consider such a notion, when seriously recommended by Voltaire, as the only rational course to be pursued with Homer, the most illustrious of barbarian poets? D'Alembert goes the length of insisting, not only on the propriety of serving up the limbs of mangled poets piecemeal at our table, but declares, that in prose, and even in the prose of Tacitus, the arbitrary law of translating an author from one end to the other, is a ridiculous constraint. But the real character of a great writer is seldom seen in fragments. We must bear with him a while before we can hope to enter fully into his manner and his spirit. There are sterling excellences, and severe beauties, of which love at first sight is not the ordinary reward. It takes time and intercourse to warm towards them. Especially is it true with an author so peculiar as Dante, that the sublimities of his mind, like those of nature, are found to be difficult of access. Readers who are most familiar with the '*Divine Comedy*' itself—its mighty whole—will best understand the difficulties with which Mr Wright has had to contend, and will most admire the talent which has done so much, not to evade, but to overcome them.

A translation, in which it has been the object to give the entire course of the narrative its proper colour, must suffer exceedingly when it is presented in extracts. We will not offend to any great extent. In citing one of the leading historical passages, we come to a point of view, in which the genius of Sir Walter Scott appears related to that of Dante—we mean by the perfect harmony with which they blended the real and the ideal. They are both most poetical when most historical. No two writers ever did more towards giving immortality to the heroes of a chronicle, or contributed so much to make the obscure places of their several countries holy ground. The tragedies of

Francesca di Rimini and of Ugolino, took place in the same year. Dante was at the time little more than twenty. In that horrible age they had the bad eminence of being horrors more than usually atrocious. The memory of them seems to have hung ever afterwards by his side like pictures—the solemn companions of his own misfortunes. All his feelings turned into poetry. The touching and retouching of these two unrivalled descriptions seem thus to have become one of the occupations of his life. As Philip le Bel, Boniface, and Frederic of Arragon, are the exceptions of his hate—the only enemies whom he condescends to strike more than once; so these two events are exceptions made by his compassion. The other passages, finished in the same elaborate style, are very few. He usually gives but one look, whether of scorn or pity—and passes on. The English reader who knows (and who does not?) Sir Joshua's picture, may read the story of Ugolino, turn to his portfolio, and decide between the painter and the poet.

The spirit of Ugolino, having described his imprisonment in the cell of hunger, and his evil-omened dream, proceeds :

‘ “ When I awoke, ere morn its rays had shed,
 I heard my sons, who with me were confined,
 Sob in their slumbers, and cry out for bread.
 Full cruel art thou, if thou canst conceive,
 Without a tear, what then came o'er my mind !
 And if thou grieve not, what can make thee grieve ?
 They were awake ; and now the hour drew near,
 Which had been wont to bring their scant repast,
 And each was pondering o'er his dream of fear,—
 When from within the dreadful tower I heard
 The entrance underneath with nails made fast :—
 I gazed upon my boys—nor spake a word.
 I wept not, for my heart was turn'd to stone ;—
 My children wept ;—and little Anselm cried,
 ‘ What ails thee, father ?—strange thy looks are grown.’
 Yet still I wept not—still made no reply
 Throughout that day, and all the night beside ;
 Until another sun lit up the sky.
 But, when a faint and broken ray was thrown
 Within that dismal dungeon, and I view'd
 In their four looks the image of my own,—
 Then both my hands through anguish did I bite ;
 And they, supposing that from want of food
 I did so—sudden raised themselves upright,
 And said, ‘ O father ! less will be our pain,
 If thou wilt feed on us :—thou did'st bestow
 This wretched flesh ;—'tis thine to take again.’

Then was I calm, lest they the more should grieve.
 Two days all silent we remain'd!—O thou
 Hard earth, why did'st thou not beneath us cleave?
 Four days our agonies had been delay'd,
 When Gaddo at my feet his body threw,
 Exclaiming,—‘ Father! why not give me aid ?’
 He died ;—and, as distinct as here I stand,
 I saw the three fall one by one, before
 The sixth day closed ;—then, groping with my hand,
 I felt each wretched corse, for sight had fail'd ;
 Two days I call'd on those who were no more ;
 ‘ Then’ hunger—stronger e’en than grief—prevail’d.”
 This said—aside his vengeful eyes were thrown,
 And with his teeth the skull again he tore,
 Fierce as a dog to gnaw the very bone.’

Canto xxxiii. pp. 307—310.

We wish that we had room for the scene in the tenth canto with Farinata and Cavalcanti. It exhibits close together one of those sudden contrasts of light and shade—the terrible and the tender—which Dante so often opens and closes in a moment, like a flash of lightning in the darkest night. The similes are in general equally characteristic. They are the vivid impressions of his own mind, interposing, amid the hellish glare and din, and accumulation of human anguish, a glance at nature, a thought of the sunny beauty of our upper world. In this point of view, the similes which enliven the opening of the twenty-second and twenty-fourth cantos with the pencil of Wouvermans or Berghem, are perhaps more beautiful than his Salvator sketches. We can give only one. It is of the latter class. He is describing the flight of the multitude of the damned from before the angel, who comes down to clear an entrance for the poets into the city of Dis :—

‘ O ye, with lofty intellects endow’d,
 Behold the secret lore intended here,
 Which my mysterious minstrelsy would shroud.
 Now o’er the restless waves there came a sound
 As of a mighty crashing—fraught with fear,
 Which shook both shores throughout the vast profound,
 Like to the raging of a mighty wind,
 Which, rushing swift to cool some fervid zone,
 Shatters the wood ; and sweeping unconfined,
 Tears off the boughs, beats down, and hurls away ;—
 In clouds of dust advances proudly on,
 And fills the beasts and shepherds with dismay.’

Canto ix. p. 80.

In praising Mr Wright, we must not be ungrateful to Mr Cary. His version had great merit in important particulars—correctness, conciseness, and a certain gravity of manner. Still it never prevented us from speaking of the untranslatable Dante. There was in it both more and less than was consistent with being a satisfactory copy of its original. The present volume, by Mr Wright, comprises only the first compartment of Dante's triple picture. The merit of the execution will unite all competent judges in cordially entreating him to proceed. An English translator in the nineteenth century may be doomed to meet with as many rebuffs from the different circles of our ordinary society, as Dante supposes himself to have experienced in the various circles of his *Inferno*. But the enthusiasm with which Mr Wright has undertaken his enviable task, is derived, we hope, from a higher source than the ebbs and flows of popular applause. Having taken up the mystagogue's hallowed wand, he must not think to lay it down till he has completed the pilgrimage on which he has had the fortunate temerity to set out.

ART. VIII. *Observations on the Income and Expenditure of Great Britain, during the years 1831 and 1832.* 8vo. London: 1833.

IN our last Article on this important subject, we expressed our conviction that, though objectionable in some of its details, the System of Taxation in this country was bottomed on sound principles; and that no new system could be substituted in its stead, calculated to yield so large an amount of revenue, that would not be infinitely more objectionable. Such being our opinion, we congratulate our readers and the public on the determination evinced by the Government and the House of Commons to resist all reckless attempts for the reduction, and all ill-considered projects for the commutation of taxes. Notwithstanding the efforts that have been made to delude and poison the public mind, we feel satisfied that the favourite scheme of the destructives for a Graduated Property-tax, is viewed, as it ought to be, with disgust and aversion, by the vast majority of the people. The schoolmaster has been abroad to very little purpose, indeed, if the poorer, as well as the wealthier classes, do not see that their poverty would be rapidly increased, and rendered irremediable, by the adoption of any such iniquitous scheme. In the present state of the world, when all nations are aware of the vast advantages resulting from the acquisition of skill,

capital, and industry, it would be worse than absurd to expect to throw any peculiar weight of taxes on property; or to establish the monstrous principle, that, because a man has, by superior sagacity, ingenuity, or economy, accumulated a fortune, he shall be liable, not only to a greater amount, but also to a heavier *rate* of taxation than others! A policy of this sort would, by paralyzing industry and invention, and driving capital and talent abroad, speedily bring about the total ruin of any country insane enough to adopt it. But we have little fear that we shall ever be subjected to any such scourge—that the sober good sense of the people will be led astray by the blandishments of those who would tempt them to destruction. Our revolutionists have neither the ‘cunning of serpents,’ nor ‘the tongues of angels.’ They lack the art to conceal or varnish their schemes. The ass is perpetually peeping out from below the lion’s skin. Every one sees that their complaints of the miseries and privations endured by the people, and their denunciations of aristocratical cupidity and ‘hard-heartedness,’ are mere hypocritical pretences, intended to cloak their own selfish designs. Their accession to power is fortunately out of the question; but we feel satisfied, that if they should ever, by any accident, be found at the head of affairs, they would prove themselves such intolerable tyrants, that in a few weeks they would be hurled back to their original insignificance.

At the same time that we are ready to admit that the existing system of taxation is, in some of its details, exceedingly objectionable, we deny that the parts, against which so much clamour has recently been raised, are in this predicament. It is unnecessary at present to repeat the statements we so recently made with respect to the house and window taxes. Nothing has occurred to lead us to modify or change the opinion, that in all respects, save that of making a direct payment to the tax-gatherer, they are really among the least objectionable taxes that can be devised. They give no encouragement to smuggling, they do not change the natural distribution of capital and industry, their assessment requires no officious interference with the affairs of individuals, and they are not easily evaded. Neither can it be doubted that in most towns the greater part of these taxes fall on rent, and have little or no influence on the profits of the occupiers. It was stated during the recent discussions on the subject in the House of Commons, that numbers of houses were empty in the Strand, Regent Street, and other principal streets in London; this untoward state of things was ascribed to the distress of the shopkeepers; and it was asked whether, under such circumstances, any thing could be more

oppressive than to subject them to the full pressure of the house and window duties? But the facts set forth as forming the groundwork of this appeal *ad misericordiam*, show the little weight to which it is entitled. Had all the shops in town been let, or had there been a brisk demand for them, it might have been contended that the landlords dictated their own terms, and that the demand for shops was such that no tradesman could get one without burdening himself with the taxes laid upon it. Such, however, is very far, indeed, according to the statement of the complainers, from being a fair representation of the actual state of things. Shops are not deficient, but *in excess*; and, being so, it is quite clear that the taxes imposed on them, though paid in the first instance by the tenant, really fall on the landlord; the rent received by the latter being reduced proportionally to the amount of the taxes. Admitting, therefore, that the taxes in question were as objectionable as has been represented, we deny that the occupiers are the persons entitled to complain. The landlords might very properly petition for their repeal, but the tenants have no right to expect that their representations should have much influence with any dispassionate individual. They complain not of a real, but, as respects themselves, of an imaginary grievance. Supposing the assessed taxes were wholly repealed, their rents would, at no distant period, be proportionally increased.

The fact is, that the depressed condition of many of the London tradesmen is owing to very different causes, and those far more difficult to deal with, than the house and window tax. A revolution has begun in the method of conducting most branches of business, and is now in the course of being accomplished, which, though certainly advantageous to the mass of the people, will, we fear, be ruinous to many individuals. The advantages resulting from the carrying on of a variety of businesses on a large scale, that were formerly divided amongst several individuals, are now beginning to be fully appreciated, not by capitalists only, but by the public, who find that they are able to supply themselves at the great marts with better and cheaper articles than could be furnished by dealers depending for their own support, and that of their families, on the profits of a comparatively small trade. The mercantile middlemen that were formerly so common in all great towns are now, also, rapidly disappearing; the shopkeepers finding it more convenient to apply directly to the manufacturers. In consequence of these and other changes at present in progress, the retail trade of all the great towns is in a state of transition, or is in the act of being arranged so that it may be carried on at less expense and by the agency of fewer

hands. Nowhere, however, are the facilities for the introduction of this system so great as in London; and it is in it, consequently, that the change has been, and will be, most severely felt. It is to the circumstances thus briefly glanced at that the depressed condition of many of the London tradesmen is, we believe, mainly ascribable. The assessed taxes have no greater influence in the metropolis than in other places; but in London only can those great establishments that transact as much business as was formerly, perhaps, transacted by some forty or fifty tradesmen or shopkeepers, be successfully established. Hence the complaints of those deprived of their accustomed means of subsistence. We regret the privations entailed upon them, and should be glad, were it possible, to suggest any means by which they might be alleviated. Assuredly, however, this is not to be done by changing the whole scheme of taxation, or by repealing taxes that do not really fall on the suffering parties.

Any individual who should form a notion of the house and window taxes from some of the speeches made during the recent discussions, would certainly suppose that they fall with the utmost severity on the lower classes; and that the rich enjoy an almost total exemption from their pressure. Those by whom such representations have been made, could not fail to know that they were destitute of foundation; and we leave it to others to enquire into their object in putting them forth. But they reckoned without their host if they supposed that their fallacies would not be detected and exposed. They were so, in the clearest and most convincing manner, by Mr Spring Rice. Every one, indeed, not wholly ignorant of the most common topics, knows that all houses valued at less than L.10 a-year are exempted from the house tax; and that all houses having less than eight windows are exempted from the window tax. Now it appears from the official returns laid on the table of the House of Commons by Mr Rice, that of the total number of inhabited houses in Great Britain, in 1831, amounting to 2,846,179, only 430,617, or between *one-sixth* and *one-seventh* part of the whole, were of the value of L.10 a-year, and paid house duty; and that only 377,471 houses, or between *one-seventh* and *one-eighth* part of the whole, had eight windows, and paid window duty. In despite, therefore, of all that has been said of the oppressiveness of the house and window duties, and of the selfishness of the aristocracy in exempting themselves that they might 'grind the faces of the poor'—in despite, we say, of these and a thousand similar statements, it is undeniable that *the poor are totally unaffected by the house and window duties*. It would be quite as correct to say that they are pressed

to earth by the French *contribution foncière*, or the Hindoo land tax, as that they suffer sensibly from the assessed taxes. These fall wholly on the middle and upper classes; and it is of importance, too, to observe that they fall on the latter in an increasing ratio. On houses worth from L.10 to L.20 a-year, the duty is 1s. 6d. per pound; on those worth from L.20 to L.40 it is 2s. 3d.; and on those of L.40 and upwards it is 2s. 10d. The window duty is also charged on the same principle, or according to a ratio increasing with the number of windows. Thus, if a house have only eight windows, the rate is 2s. 0 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per window, while, if it happen to have forty windows, the rate per window is 7s. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. We think that this is objectionable; and that whatever the rate of house or window duty may be, it ought to be uniform on all houses subject to its operation, whether they be worth L.10 or L.1000, or have 8 or 800 windows. At all events, however, what has now been stated is sufficient to show the degree of dependence that should be placed on the allegations of those who represent the assessed taxes as pressing with undue severity on the poor. It is not enough to say of such statements that they are totally unfounded; the direct contrary of what they affirm is true.

But it may be asked, how comes it, supposing that we are right in these remarks, that the assessed taxes are so very unpopular? In point of fact, they are not peculiarly unpopular, except in London, where, in consequence of the circumstances already mentioned, they are felt more than in other districts. They have, no doubt, the disadvantage of compelling a direct payment to be made to the tax-gatherer; and were it not for this, we believe they would be as little objected to as the duties on tea or wine. But the irritation arising from this source is quite inconsiderable, and should not make Government give up a tax that is in other respects so unobjectionable. No one need be alarmed by threats of non-payment. Whatever a few demagogues may imagine, the people, generally speaking, see clearly that if it were possible successfully to resist the payment of the assessed taxes, the example, once set, would be acted on in the case of others; and that they would lose ten times more by the consequent destruction of public credit, than they would gain by getting rid of a burden, nine-tenths of which are borne by the landlords. Let Government be firm and decided—let all attempts at resistance, provided any such be made, be immediately repressed by prompt and exemplary punishment, and they will very soon cease to be heard of.

When we alluded, in our last Number, to the cry against the malt tax, we did not, we confess, anticipate that so unreasonable

and unfounded a clamour would meet with any considerable support in the House of Commons: but the entire proceedings on this subject were most satisfactory, inasmuch as they showed, that though some members might be disposed to vote for the repeal of a most productive and most unexceptionable tax, the vast majority entertained sounder views of their duty to the public and their constituents, and indignantly repudiated the project. The grounds on which it was attempted to vindicate the measure were the most futile imaginable. It was stated, that the consumption of malt had remained stationary for nearly half a century, notwithstanding the vast increase of population and wealth; that this was a consequence of excessive taxation; and that a reduction of the duty from 20s. 8d. to 10s. a-quarter would be productive of so great an increase of consumption that the revenue would not be diminished. But those by whom these statements were made, knew, though it did not suit their purpose to notice the fact, that the beer tax was as essentially a malt tax as if it had been laid directly on the latter article; and that this tax, amounting to no less than L.3,000,000 a-year, was wholly repealed in 1830. In consequence of this signal reduction of the duty, the consumption of malt is rapidly extending, and the revenue derived from the malt-duty amounted for the year ended 5th of January, 1833, to L.4,825,000.

Even though the reduction of the malt duty had been in other respects advisable, it is obvious that the existing corn laws would have nullified its influence. At present, it is practically impossible to import barley; so that, in the event of a greater demand for malt taking place in consequence of a reduction of the duty, the price of barley would rise, and beer would remain at its old price, or near it. Hence the only effect of the proposed reduction of the duty would have been, to withdraw about L.2,500,000 from the Treasury, to put it into the pockets of the owners and cultivators of barley lands.

Some of the advocates for a reduction of the malt duty proposed, by way of making up the deficiency of revenue, to reimpose the whole or a part of the beer tax; while others recommended an increase of the spirit duties. These suggestions have met with much more attention than they deserve; and we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to make a few remarks illustrative of their real nature.

As respects the first, we have to observe, that the malt tax is an equal tax. It falls, as every tax on consumption ought to fall, on all who consume the produce of malt; and it falls on them exactly in proportion to their consumption. No tax can be fairer; and we are bold to say, that of all our taxes, no other can

be specified that yields so large a revenue, and is, in all respects, so little injurious. But the beer tax, for which it has been proposed to commute half the malt tax, deserves no such commendations. Instead of being equal, it was most scandalously unequal. It fell only on the beer brewed in public breweries. Now, as all the more opulent classes brew their own beer, the principal effect of this limitation was to throw the duty entirely on the middle, and particularly on the lower classes. Though the beer duty had been in all other respects unobjectionable, the unjust principle on which it was assessed rendered its abolition indispensable. It is astonishing, indeed, that so partial a tax was ever submitted to. Its repeal was one of the most popular acts of the administration of the Duke of Wellington, on which it justly reflected great credit. To propose the reimposition of the old beer duty is; therefore, wholly out of the question. We detest all schemes of partial taxation. If a duty is to be laid on beer, it is indispensable, as a preliminary measure, that private brewing be put down. It is not to be endured that, because a man is rich enough to have a brewhouse for himself, he is to be exempted from the beer duty. We do therefore hope that we may hear no more of this project. Let the equitable principle on which the beer duties are at present assessed be preserved; and if at any time it be deemed expedient to raise them, let that be done by increasing the duty on malt. The proposal to repeal an equal and impartial tax, that room may be made for one that is in the last degree unequal and partial, is something too monstrous to find favour among men of understanding.

The other suggestion is hardly less objectionable. Instead of increasing the duties on spirits, they ought to be reduced. In 1822, when the duty on spirits in Ireland and Scotland was 5s. 6d. per wine gallon, only 2,328,000 gallons were entered for home consumption in the former, and 2,079,000 in the latter. Notwithstanding all the severity of the revenue laws, and the vigilance of the officers, illicit distillation was carried on in both countries to an enormous extent; so much so, that the Commissioners of Revenue Enquiry estimated the real consumption of British spirits in Ireland, in 1822, at about 10,000,000 gallons, and in Scotland at about 6,000,000. In 1823, the duty was reduced, in pursuance of the recommendation of the commissioners, to 2s. the wine gallon; and in 1825, no fewer than 9,267,000 gallons were brought to the charge in Ireland, and 5,981,000 in Scotland, producing about one-third more revenue than had been produced in 1822. No part of this extraordinary increase of the spirits entered for home consumption is to be ascribed to an increase of the actual quantity made use of; it

was entirely owing to the almost total suppression of illicit distillation and smuggling: so that, while the revenue was improved, and the comforts of the people augmented, by this wise and salutary measure, one of the most copious sources of crime and demoralization was at the same time dried up.

In 1825, the duties were at the rate of about 2s. 4d. the imperial gallon; and in 1826, they were raised to 2s. 10d. This rise does not appear to have had any injurious effect on the consumption, though it is obvious, from the latter continuing about stationary, that it was as much as could be borne. In 1830, however, the duty was increased from 2s. 10d. to 3s. 4d. per imperial gallon; and this increase, how trifling soever it may appear, has materially reduced the consumption, and revived illicit distillation both in Ireland and Scotland. In the former, the quantity of British spirits entered for home consumption in 1828 was 9,937,000 gallons, while in 1831 it was only 8,710,000; and in 1832 the decrease was still greater. In Scotland, the effects of the increased duties have been precisely similar. The whisky entered for home consumption in 1830 was 6,007,000 gallons; in 1831, it had sunk to 5,700,000 gallons; and in 1832, it was only 4,860,000 gallons; being 1,147,000 gallons, or nearly a *fourth part* less than the consumption of 1830! Had this decrease been a consequence of increased temperance in the use of spirits, it would not certainly have been matter of regret. But such is not by any means the case. On the contrary, it is entirely owing to the duties having been carried beyond their proper amount, or to such a height as to enable illicit spirits to come into successful competition with those that have paid the duty. We understand that the evidence taken before the Commissioners of Excise Enquiry, has established this beyond dispute. The recent rapid growth of smuggling was, indeed, perfectly known to every one possessed of the slightest acquaintance with the state of the spirit trade in Scotland and Ireland.

And yet in the teeth of these facts, Government is called upon to reduce the malt duty, and to make up the deficiency of revenue by raising the duties on spirits! Ignorance cannot well go further. Every man of sense must see, that instead of increasing the spirit duties, it is indispensable, unless we mean to cover the land with smugglers, that they be effectually reduced. They have been already pushed beyond their maximum. We observe, that the Town Council of Edinburgh, in their anxiety for the public interests, recommend Ministers to increase the duty on spirits, 'so as to lessen the evil of intoxication, without endangering an increase of smuggling.' But they might as well call upon Ministers to increase taxation without increasing

the public burdens. All additions that may be made to the spirit duties will assuredly occasion, not an increase of sobriety, but an increase of smuggling, and a loss of revenue. The taste for spirits is not to be eradicated by fiscal regulations. And the only question is, if a question can be raised on such a subject, whether the smuggler or the fair dealer be the preferable channel for supplying the demand for spirits? Those who are desirous that it should be supplied by the former, that smuggling, with the perjury and violence inseparable from it, should be added to the list of national disorders, cannot do better than recommend an increase of duties; but those who are anxious that so abundant a source of mischief should be shut up, will as certainly advocate their reduction. We protest against its being imagined, that, because we are favourable to this reduction, we are indifferent to the injurious consequences resulting from the abuse of spirits by the lower classes. We are quite as little disposed to conceal or underrate these evils as any member of any Town Council or Temperance Society in the empire. But we deny that temperance has been, or can be promoted by excessive duties. And though it were otherwise, we are not to expel an inferior to make room for a greater vice. It would be nothing short of madness to attempt to get rid of the occasional or even habitual intoxication of the dregs of the populace, by the general diffusion of those predatory and ferocious habits that mark the character of the smuggler, and fit him for the commission of every crime. We are not the apologists of drunkenness; but if we were obliged to choose amongst them, we should prefer it to perjury and murder.

It is clear, therefore, that Government has done right in supporting the house and window taxes, and the malt tax. The last is, indeed, one of the best taxes it is possible to devise; while the substitutes proposed for it—a duty on beer, and an increase of the spirit duties—are about the very worst that can be imagined. They have no quality that a tax ought, while they have all which it ought not to have; being at once unjust, partial, productive of smuggling, and unproductive of revenue.

Lord Althorp deserves credit equally for what he has, and for what he has not done. Had he looked to popularity only, he would no doubt have repealed the house tax in preference to those that he has repealed or reduced. But looking, as he was bound to do, to the real interests of the public, the reduction made has been most judicious. He had only L.1,500,000 to spare; and yet he has contrived to take off the duty on tiles; to reduce the duty on advertisements from 3s. 6d. to 1s. 6d.; and materially to diminish that on policies of marine insurance; to

take off half the duty on soap, and nearly half the duty on raw cotton ; to abolish the duty on shopmen, warehousemen, porters, &c. ; and to repeal that part of the assessed taxes which bore hardest upon the occupiers of shops.

These reductions were all most proper. The duty on tiles produced only about L.36,000 a-year ; but since the repeal of the duty on slates, it had become partial and oppressive. We wish the duty on advertisements had been repealed altogether. It is grossly unfair to lay the same duty on a notice of the publication of a sixpenny pamphlet, or of a servant being out of place, as on an intimation of the sale of an estate worth L.50,000 or L.100,000. Such an inequality ought not to be suffered to exist ; and we trust that at no distant period it will be entirely abated. The loss of revenue would be but trifling.

The reduction of the duty on soap, coupled with the withdrawal of the drawback, will be of considerable advantage, by enabling an important necessary to be furnished at a lower price, and by diminishing smuggling. The tax ought, however, to be extended to Ireland. It is contrary to all principle to have a duty of this sort in one part of the empire, and not in another. It will be impossible to get rid of smuggling as long as this distinction exists.

The reduction of the duties on policies of marine insurance deserves every commendation. But the duties on other insurances are exorbitantly high. Is it not a disgrace to the country that Providence should be treated by the Exchequer as if it were a crime ? That a person must pay 60s. to Government *for leave to insure* L.1000 worth of property from the risk of fire, while an insurance company is willing to undertake the responsibility for 30s. ? Still, however, the changes that have been made are of the right sort ; and will, we doubt not, lead to others,—the more especially as there is no fear that an effectual reduction of the duties would be productive of any material loss of revenue. We believe, indeed, that in a very short time it would lead to its increase.

Of the duties imposed for the sake of revenue, the most objectionable at present in existence are those on brandy, geneva, and tobacco. There cannot, indeed, be any fitter subjects than these for taxation ; but the duties with which they are loaded are so enormous, that they defeat themselves, and are far less productive than they would be were they lowered. Brandy and geneva, of the very best quality, may be bought in France and Holland at 3s. 6d. or 4s. a-gallon, while we choose to charge them with a duty of 22s. 6d. ! This is the *ne plus ultra* of fiscal rapacity. Its only effect is to afford abundant employ-

ment for a vast number of smugglers and revenue-officers, and to make the coasts of Kent and Sussex the theatre of sanguinary contests that would disgrace a nation of savages. During the *ten* years ending with 1806, when the duty on foreign gin ran from 7s. 6d. to 14s., the average annual quantity that paid duty for home consumption was 724,351 gallons, while at present, when the duty is 22s. 6d., the consumption only amounts to about 20,000 gallons,—that is, to about *one-thirty-sixth part* of what it amounted to twenty-seven years ago ! The consequences of this state of things may be seen at Flushing, and other Dutch towns, where there are extensive establishments, affording employment to many individuals, whose only occupation is the smuggling of gin to England. Immense quantities of brandy are also clandestinely introduced ; at the same time that the health of the people and the revenue are injured by the sale of all manner of counterfeits. And for what are these *abominable duties* (for so they were most properly characterised by Mr Huskisson) kept up ? Last year they produced about L.1,820,000. But they occasion a peculiar expense to the custom-house, which may, we believe, be estimated at from L.300,000 to L.400,000 a-year ; and, besides this, it does not admit of a doubt, that were the duty reduced to 8s. or 10s. a-gallon, the consumption would be so much increased, in consequence of the suppression of smuggling and of adulteration, as to raise the revenue to L.2,300,000 a-year. In 1786, Mr Pitt took 50 per cent from the duties on brandy, and the revenue was not diminished ; and considering the far more exorbitant duties with which it is now loaded, it is abundantly clear, that, instead of being diminished by a reduction to 8s. or 10s., it would be materially increased.

But it is said that such a measure, though it might augment the consumption of foreign spirits, would proportionally lessen that of British spirits, and that, consequently, the revenue would gain little or nothing by the change. But we are confident that no such result would take place. There would probably be an increase of consumption among the middle classes ; but the principal effect of the measure would be to substitute a legitimate for a smuggled,—a genuine for an adulterated, article. There was no decrease of the consumption of British spirits subsequently to the reduction of the duties on brandy and gin in 1786, and why should there be a different result in 1833 ? In corroboration of this view of the matter, we may refer to the recent history of the tea and coffee duties. In 1808, the consumption of coffee in Great Britain amounted to 1,069,691 lbs. ; in that year the duty was reduced from 1s. 7d. per lb. to 7d., and next year the consumption rose to 9,251,837 lbs., having

gone on increasing till it now amounts to about 23,000,000 lbs. !* Those who opposed the reduction of the duty on coffee contended, that its consumption could not be increased without making an equivalent deduction from that of tea ; but how stands the fact ? In 1808 there were 20,859,929 lbs. of tea consumed in Great Britain ; now, notwithstanding the consumption of coffee rose in the following year from *one* million to *nine* millions of pounds, not fewer than 19,869,134 lbs. of tea were entered for home consumption ; showing, that while there was an increase of 900 per cent in the demand for coffee, the falling off in the demand for tea was under five per cent ! And this trifling decline was but of very short continuance. In despite of the growing consumption of coffee, the demand for tea was, in 1811, as great as ever ; and now amounts, exclusive of Ireland, to from 26,000,000 to 27,000,000 lbs.

The foreign brandy and gin entered for home consumption was in no degree diminished by the extraordinary reduction of the duties on British spirits in 1823. On the contrary, while only 1,054,000 gallons of foreign brandy and gin paid duty in 1822, 1,498,000 gallons paid duty in 1826. Now, if a reduction of more than a half from the duty on British spirits had no effect on the consumption of foreign spirits, why is it supposed that a reduction of the duty on the latter should seriously affect the former ?

We may, therefore, be assured, that the duty on brandy and geneva may be reduced to 8s. or 10s. a-gallon, without materially lessening the demand for British spirits, and with very great advantage to the revenue and the public. But, admitting that the demand for English gin and whisky were somewhat affected, what then ? The existing system requires the preventive service to be kept up ; it is farther admitted, on all hands, to be one of the most prolific sources of crime now open in England ; and it has so far perverted the popular mind as to procure for the smuggler, even when soiled with the blood of some revenue-officer, the public sympathy and protection. Is it possible that a system of this sort should be perpetuated, that the sale of a few thousand gallons of gin and whisky may be secured ? Nothing so monstrous can be openly maintained ; but it is the only ground on which it is possible to raise so much as the shadow of a vindication of the existing duties. Their reduction to 8s. or 10s. a-gallon would add L.500,000 a-year to the revenue, besides saving from L.300,000 to L.400,000 a-year of customs expenses ; at the same time that it would stop adulteration, smuggling, and the almost daily shedding of blood. It is just possible that

* The duty since 1825 has been 6d. per lb. It ought to be 3d.

it might also somewhat lessen the consumption of beer and British spirits; and this contingency, be it observed, is the only imaginable drawback upon the measure! It remains to be seen how long it will be suffered to stand in the way of a change.

Tobacco is one of the very best objects of taxation; but the duties laid on it in this country have been raised beyond all reasonable limits, and instead of augmenting the revenue, augment only the profits of the smuggler. Our readers must not imagine that there is any exaggeration in this statement. The total quantity of tobacco entered for home consumption in Great Britain and Ireland during the three years ending with 1797, was 53,208,504 lbs; being at the rate of 17,736,168 lbs. a-year. The population of the United Kingdom has more than doubled since 1797, and yet only 20,313,613 lbs. were entered for home consumption in 1832; being 15,000,000 lbs. under what it ought to have been, had the consumption increased proportionally to the increase of population. And that it has done so we have not the slightest doubt; but instead of being wholly supplied, as in 1797, by the free trader, oppressive duties have thrown nearly half the trade of the empire into the hands of the smuggler. The duty in 1797 was 1s. 7d. per lb. in Great Britain, and 8d. in Ireland; and had it been gradually raised in the latter to 1s. 6d. and continued in both countries at that amount, there is every reason to think it would have been more productive than the present duty of 3s. In 1797, no fewer than 8,445,555 lbs. were entered for home consumption in Ireland, whereas, notwithstanding the population has nearly trebled in the interval, only 4,344,764 lbs. were entered in 1832. And yet all those best acquainted with Ireland affirm that the Irish smoke, chew, and snuff, quite as much as ever. The anomaly, however, is apparent only. Their respect for the revenue laws is not such as to make them pay the licensed dealer 3s. 6d. for an article which the smuggler is pressing upon them at 2s. If, as one might be half-inclined to suspect, the present exorbitant duty was intended to stimulate the energies and to reward the enterprise of the smuggler, it has had the most perfect success; but as a fiscal measure, its failure has been signal and complete. 'According,' said Mr Poulett Thomson in his able speech on the 30th of March, 1830, 'to all accounts laid before the House on this subject, smuggling in this article in England, Ireland, and Scotland, is carried on to the greatest possible extent. I have the fact upon the best authority, that numbers of vessels are constantly leaving the ports of Flushing, Ostend, &c., carrying contraband tobacco to this country; it is a fact, which was established in evidence before a Committee of this House, that *seventy* cargoes of to-

‘bacco, containing 3,644,000 lbs., were smuggled in one year on the coast of Ireland, from the port of Waterford to the Giant’s Causeway alone. In Scotland smuggling is also carried on to a great extent. The only mode of resisting this system of smuggling consists in *fairly reducing the duty upon the article*. I believe, that were the duty upon it reduced to 1s. or 1s. 6d. per lb. the public would be greatly served, and smuggling put down.’

The statements of Sir Henry Parnell as to the smuggling of tobacco are exactly similar. It may, therefore, be fairly concluded, that, at the present moment, *half* the tobacco consumed in Ireland, and from a *fourth* to a *third* part of that consumed in Britain, is supplied by the smuggler. And, despite of coast-guards, preventive services, penalties, confiscations, and all the miserable machinery of oppressive taxes, it will continue to be so supplied till 50 per cent be taken from the duty.

A reduction of the tobacco duties to 1s. 6d., though eventually it would not occasion the loss of a shilling of revenue, would, most probably, be at first productive of a decline of L.800,000 or L.1,000,000 a-year. But this would be more than made up by the increased productiveness of the reduced duties on brandy and geneva; and by the saving of expense in the customs-department consequent to the reduction of the duties on them and on tobacco. These, indeed, are the only articles in which smuggling is carried on to any extent worth mentioning; so that, by reducing the duties on these, the revenue would gain, not only by the great increase of legitimate consumption that would infallibly take place, but by a greatly reduced expense of collection. We do therefore hope, that they may speedily undergo a thorough revision.

Besides the duties on brandy, geneva, and tobacco, there are others which, though of less importance, are still highly deserving of attention. The duty on currants seems to be most objectionable; and we have never been able to learn why it was not reduced last year as well as the duty on almonds. Currants cost in bond from 20s. to 25s. a-cwt. They are in extensive demand, and, when mixed with flour and suet, make a dish that is particularly acceptable to the lower classes. But, as if to put them beyond the reach of all but the richest classes, they are loaded with the enormous duty of 44s. 4d. a-cwt. So deeply rooted is the taste for currants, that even this anti-consumption impost produces about L.260,000 a-year. Now, as many times the present quantity of currants might be imported without any considerable increase of price, we feel pretty certain that the duty might be reduced to 10s. or 12s. without any considerable loss of revenue, and with a most material addition to the

comforts of the people, and to our trade with Greece and the Ionian Islands. The existing duty on raisins is hardly less objectionable than that on currants. It has made that be deemed a luxury, attainable only by the wealthier classes, which would otherwise be in very general demand. We are assured by those familiar with the subject, that 50 per cent might be taken from the duty, not only without any injury to, but with a certain and considerable advantage to the revenue.

Of the duties imposed for the sake of protection, those on corn and timber are by far the most important. Ministers need not flatter themselves that they will be able in future to evade the discussion of the Corn Laws in the same easy way that it was evaded this Session. The question must be grappled with; and it is most essential to all the best interests of the country, and particularly to those of the agriculturists, that it should be satisfactorily adjusted. We shall endeavour, at an early opportunity, to show that very exaggerated notions are entertained by all classes, as to the effects that would result from changing the present graduated scale of duties for a moderate fixed duty. At present, we shall only observe, that by a proper arrangement of the corn duties, a revenue of L.1,000,000 or L.1,500,000 a-year might be secured. And though, in making such an arrangement, we hold this to be a very secondary object, yet it is not one that should be overlooked.

Of the timber duties it is impossible to speak in terms of sufficient reprobation. They compel us to use inferior timber, to inoculate our ships and our houses with dry rot, and to pay a comparatively high price for what is so very worthless; and yet if there be one article more than another, which it is essential for a country like Britain to have of the best quality, and at the lowest price, that article is timber. How long the present system is to be continued we know not; but we do know, that the public would gain immensely, were they, if nothing else will do, to purchase its abolition by giving the Canada planters a bonus of L.500,000 a-year.

On the whole, the more we examine into the subject, the more firmly are we convinced, that all, or almost all, the blemishes in our present System of Taxation, may be removed without occasioning the loss of a farthing of revenue. These blemishes do not grow naturally out of the principles of the system, but have been engrafted upon it, and may be easily and advantageously removed. But we protest against any interference with the principles themselves. The best devised Property or Income tax that could be imposed in the room of the present indirect taxes, would, we are firmly convinced, do more injury in five years, than the existing system, even with all its defects untouched, would do in half a century.

ART. IX.—*Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London.*

By RICHARD RUSH, Esq. Envoy-Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary for the United States of America, from 1817 to 1825. 8vo. London: 1833.

IT is not every day that the public has an opportunity of getting inside the doors of an Embassy. Mr Rush came over to this country as American Envoy at the close of 1817, and resided here about eight years in that capacity. The single year of 1818, however, comprises the whole of the present volume, except a few pages at the beginning and the end. The office is one which seems to have been well bestowed upon him, not less on the public account than on his own. While he fought his country's battles as stoutly, if not as craftily, as Mr Gallatin himself, he saw all that was to be seen in our high places, and, at the same time, never let official ceremonies get into his mind, and cheat him out of the common-sense enjoyments of private life. Without revealing any secrets, he shows us the sort of life ambassadors are leading. We feel satisfied that the low-paid plenipotentiary of a Republic will agree with us, that a profession, which is so abundantly paid in honour and in pleasure, need not press quite so hard in pecuniary figures upon our Civil List.

Mr Rush appears to have had all his eyes about him while he was among us; and it was his first visit to Europe. As every thing was new to him, many of his descriptions will, of course, be newer upon the other side of the Atlantic than on this. The most familiar incidents, however, may be viewed with pleasure in the company of so good-natured an observer. If we get back for a time into our youth when we go a-sight-seeing with children, the first impressions of an intelligent stranger do something more for us. They give society a chance of original views upon subjects habit has rendered worse than commonplace. The case of England and America has been so mismanaged by most preceding writers, that one kind of originality, perhaps the best, has been placed easily within the reach of Mr Rush. Good sense and good feeling are the first requisites in our respective critics. The discretion which can judge justly, and a predisposition to judge favourably, are, in this instance, worth all the talents in the world. These qualities are eminently characteristic of our author. His journal is the evident fruit of a sensible and virtuous mind,—a mind loving truth, and (what, it is strange, should be a compliment) desirous of being pleased. It is a positive pleasure, after the third and

fourth rate offensive folly, of which the sensible and humane of both countries have had so much reason to complain, to meet with the forbearance and candour which he displays on all occasions.

We will mention a few examples of the spirit of conciliation with which Mr Rush continues, as an author, the good offices by which he was distinguished as a minister, and seeks to remove the grounds of family disputes, by bringing us to a friendly understanding of each other. It seems that in 1818 there was a silly drop curtain at Covent Garden, representing the flags of the nations with whom we have been at war, (America among the rest,) in tatters and subjection. Instead of the twenty pages of threatening philippics, which Mr Cooper would have waved over our heads on such a false and misplaced exhibition, Mr Rush only taps us reproachfully on the shoulder, kindly observing, that 'England has fame enough, 'military and of all kinds, without straining in small ways 'after what does not belong to her.' Literary mischief-makers, who, from want of sufficiently distinguishing between real life and novels, have made savages of their gentlemen in the one, and gentlemen of their savages in the other, have laboured also to persuade their countrymen that their victorious independence is a barb for ever rankling in our bosoms. On the occasion of meeting at dinner Sir C. Green, who had been in Burgoyne's army, and had been made prisoner at Saratoga, Mr Rush alludes to the good-humour with which the campaign was talked of. He adds, 'I mention the incident, because, although the first, it was not the only instance in which I met 'in England those who had shared in the war of the American 'Revolution, and who spoke of its events in the same spirit. 'Belonging to an age gone by, it seems no longer to be recalled 'in any other spirit than that of history.' Writers, who attribute their own temper to others, have so poured out the vials of their wrath on the aristocratical *morgue* of our upper classes, that a citizen of a sensitive republic might imagine he would want a pocket-pistol for his protection in our drawing-rooms. On the contrary, Mr Rush observes, that at our private dinners (he is speaking, at the moment, of the highest circles) 'you remark nothing so much as a certain simplicity, the last attainment of high education and practised intercourse.' When foreign countries were the subject of discussion, he subjoins,— 'It was in the spirit of commendation I remark to be so usual.' Cordial wishes towards America, in particular, were everywhere expressed. Mr Rush was present at a Westminster election, and felt as a friend of liberty ought to feel, when liberty is disgraced by its supporters. He did not, however, generalize on

one 'repulsive picture of an English election.' If Mr Cooper remembers his inference from the statement that Pitt and Fox never met in private, we refer him to Mr Rush's more extensive observation. 'Their public men exclude politics from private life. You see persons of opposite parties mingling together.' We hope that our American brethren will take the experience and the word of their representative for facts of this description, rather than the stilted and splenetic exaggerations of common informers, who have represented nothing so truly as themselves.

Bigots on both sides the water have agreed on the existence of some peculiar *Americanism* of character, and even language, which disqualifies us from feeling at home, or ever even becoming well acquainted. There is no trace of this in Mr Rush. He examines and judges our marvels and our contrasts—the rich and the poor, the Lord Mayor's and St James's, with the philosophy and the good-humour of a practised European. The Emperor Alexander was not more astonished at our city wealth, at the miles of shops—the true ornament of London,—or at the crowd for ever following crowd along its streets. 'A large proportion of them were of the working classes: yet all were whole in their attire; you could hardly see exceptions.' The year 1818 seems to have been almost a gala year for the Court. The plainness of the White House at Washington, however, had not spoiled his eye for other circles; and he stands among the Ministers of royalist Europe, looking at the thousand equipages, and the hoops and feathers, with the admiration of a girl at her first drawing-room. Most people are tender critics of a good dinner. We are not, therefore, at all surprised at the evident satisfaction with which the brilliancy of the service, and of the noble guests, is noticed in the Diary alongside the rather meagre specimens of what was said by them. It should be remembered, however, that the recording pen is more restrained in proportion as the tongue may have been less so; and that a dinner itself does not lose more by being served over again, than its most agreeable conversation. Besides, education, aided by the public press, is every day more and more verifying the saying, which distinguished the social charms of the two extremities of London long ago, principally by the fact, that what was talked to wax candles at one end, was talked to tallow candles at the other. The forbearance with which Mr Rush has restrained his description of London routs to the mere mention of their crowds, and to the difficulty of 'getting to them and from them through phalanxes of carriages,' is, after all, the greatest proof of his politeness. It is not much diminished by a passing notice of 'the pleasant young ladies of

'eighty-two' whom he meets there, and of high Law Officers, whose ghosts will some day have to dispute with the aforesaid dowagers the right reading of the line of Pope, and claim a right

'To haunt the places where his Honour died.'

Our love of the country was felt by Mr Rush to be some counter-action to our artificial habits. It is conveyed through the channels of a hundred out-of-door amusements. Archery meetings and the chase are rather solemnly described as being 'sometimes graced by the competitions of female agility:' while the suspension of even his diplomatic conferences abundantly marked the first of September, our only remaining Saints' day. Strong contrasts of some kind are wanted to save our higher classes from the natural effects of a London season. It is in the multiplied combination of contrasted qualities and pursuits that the strength of our anomalous national character consists.

Mr Rush confirms, by his own experience, the impossibility which an old member of the diplomatic body had averred to him, of seeing his way clearly through the anomalies of England. The difficulty is one, in proof of which we should quote not only his experience, but, to a certain extent, his example. It is unfortunate, that the most unsatisfactory passages in the volume apply to such important points as the descent of property, and a direct interest in war. In the first case, on one hand, nothing can be got by referring to the present condition of Gavelkind-Kent, for evidence on the political economy part of the problem which Primogeniture and Partibility have to solve. On the other, the custom of primogeniture can be scarce said to be at the root of our 'enthusiastic fondness for the country.' The ancient French noblesse had a law of primogeniture and large estates; yet home was not in the provincial chateau, but in the hotel at Paris. We feel a still stronger objection to the statement that England has a direct interest in war. Mr Rush declares, 'the British moralist may be slow to think, that it is during war the riches and power of Britain are most advanced; but it is the law of her insular situation and maritime ascendancy. The political economist may strive to reason it down, but facts confound him.'—P. 250. Accidental circumstances peculiar to a single war, and which may never occur again, form far too narrow grounds for so terrible an exception. We shrink from the suspicion that England is lying under a perpetual temptation which would almost justify a crusade to put her down as a nuisance to mankind. The Republican statesman saw further on one subject than our terrified Tory Lords. He was master enough of our practice, to judge truly both of the unlimited freedom of the press, and of the speedy limit which

is put on newspaper authority. 'Our definition of libel,' he says, 'is inherently vague,' (how, we ask, can it be otherwise?) 'but perhaps nowhere has the press so much latitude.' Six months in London satisfied him that it was impossible to write down either the sense or the character of a nation. The supposed journalism of the times is an imputation, indeed, against which the journals themselves have constantly protested. 'Nothing,' says Mr Rush, 'can be more unfounded than the notion that the newspapers govern the country. There is a power not only in the government, but in the country itself, far above them. It lies in the educated classes.'

The political differences yet left open between England and America are of an embarrassing and critical character. They are, however, none of them of such a nature but that honest negotiation may hope to establish peace on a foundation more honourable and more permanent than our respective fears. America, it is true, has the raw material of power growing up around her to an almost supernatural extent. The national feelings which broke out on the loss of the Chesapeake, show that her spirit is in advance even of her power. It is not the less for her interest and her honour, that she should not be misled by blustering bullies, or theoretical calculators, of whom every country has some to spare, respecting the nature of the difficulties or discontents of England. The time is still, we believe, far distant, when it would not be a gross mistake on her part to imagine that war is a better instrument than negotiation for the settlement of our political disputes. What says Mr Rush? 'Let contemporary nations lay it to their account, that England is more powerful now than ever she was, notwithstanding her debt and taxes. This knowledge should form an element in their foreign policy. Let them assure themselves, that instead of declining, she is advancing; that her population increases fast; that she is constantly seeking new fields of enterprise in other parts of the globe, and adding to the improvements that already cover her island at home, new ones that promise to go beyond them in magnitude; in fine, that instead of being worn out, as at a distance is sometimes supposed, she is going a-head with the buoyant spirit and vigorous effort of youth. It is an observation of Madame de Staël, how ill England is understood on the continent, in spite of the little distance that separates her from it. How much more likely that nations, between whom and herself an ocean interposes, should fall into mistakes on the true nature of her power and prospects; should imagine their foundations to be crumbling, instead of steadily striking into

‘ more depth, and spreading into wider compass.’ Speaking of the sea, and the present character of the English navy, he says, ‘ England, in her next war, will accomplish more as against Europe upon this element, than at any former period. She will start, instead of ending, with her supremacy completely established. The displays of her power will be more immediate, as well as more formidable, than the world has before seen.’ This, to be sure, is rather a different account from what was sent over not many years ago by a predecessor, as credulous as Mr Cooper could desire. The premature alarmist advised his government to cut all connexion with us as decently, but as quickly as possible ; for we were inevitably going down.

Rival interests in England and America are, to a considerable extent, committed upon the novel constructions which American statesmen have, from the day of American independence, been struggling to introduce into the Law of Nations ; especially into the colonial and maritime code. Our diplomatic relations at Washington are of far more consequence to us than the whole of our outstanding diplomacy in Europe. Their substance and their temper must materially depend upon the view which the American cabinet takes of the law of nations as a science, and on its practice of it as an art. The attention which the general subject has received, and the prominence given to it, are remarkable, and very characteristic. Literary authorship is not as yet a profession in America. It is a part also of her positive policy to steer clear of the affairs of Europe, and to call in her diplomatic missions within as small a circle as possible. A zeal, therefore, on her part, and an indifference on ours, in any important branch of public knowledge, much more in the study of international law, is a fact which could scarcely have been expected. Yet, on our side, there is nothing in English literature and English instruction but a blank ; while America possesses a valuable course of lectures on the law of nations, delivered in Columbia College by Ex-Chancellor Kent, as its Law Professor ; and also a copious work, published in 1826, on their foreign relations, entitled ‘ The diplomacy of the United States.’

An examination of her publications, for the purpose of pointing out the innovations which America is preparing, must stand over for some future day. Meanwhile, with every wish to congratulate humanity on the liberal view taken by the American Government on most of the questions which the law of nations and practical diplomacy embrace, there are some rather peculiar exceptions. Their liberality is usually reduced to very narrow limits on the points where it has been the immediate interest of America to be narrow. The very same argument

which has been urged at one moment as conclusive when in their favour, is at the next, slurred over as not worth noticing, where it turns against them. Thus, we find Mr Rush himself, (at p. 325,) insisting, in 1818, that the treaty of 1783 was fundamental and perpetual, for the purpose of preserving American rights. Afterwards, (at p. 338,) he as readily assumes it to be temporary, when it is his object to show that the British rights reserved in it, were abrogated by subsequent events. There is something occasionally almost amusing in the mixture of force and of encroachment with which proposed innovations are from time to time announced in the most didactic American discussions. One of her gravest writers, Ex-Chancellor Kent, anticipates, in sundry places, that America will probably some day see the justice and policy of certain rules which she is now disputing. The period which he fixes upon for her illumination, (and this is said without being in the least aware of any thing at all unreasonable in it,) is the moment that the scale shall chance to turn; and that the rules which are now regarded as so objectionable, shall begin to contribute to her own accommodation and security.

American shrewdness at times leads us to suspect that the importance of a peculiar and special education for most departments of practical politics, (diplomacy among the number,) is overrated in Europe. It is proverbial that the diplomatic corps is no exception to the prejudices and nonsense which form the atmosphere and almost the mist of every regular profession. The spirit of a conventional body would not have improved Mr Rush's private journal; and the public portion of his memoirs is ample proof that America was not allowed to lose any thing from an ignorance of the mysteries of the craft. Intelligence, firmness, and straightforwardness, are a guard which no politic fencing-masters can disarm. Violence and subtlety are the opposite besetting sins of practical diplomacy. Jefferson's temper drove him to draw too soon, with the sword's point, the categorical Roman circle within which the adverse negotiator was to return his answer. Franklin and Gallatin betray more of the faulty characteristics of the Italian school.

The treaty of independence of 1783, and the peace of Ghent of 1814, had left the principal points of difference between England and America as unsettled as ever. Some of them were the subject of a diplomatic conference in 1818. Mr Rush gives us a summary account of these proceedings. A controversy concerning the fisheries, and concerning the boundary line eastward of the Rocky Mountains, was definitively arranged. The exclusive right to the Columbia river, and to the country west-

ward of the mountains; the claim, on the part of America, to navigate the St Lawrence to its mouth, and to carry on an unrestricted trade between the United States and our West Indian Colonies;—these, together with every single point in dispute between belligerents and neutrals, were brought to no more satisfactory conclusion, than that of being hushed up for the moment. America evidently considers that temporary adjustments are, in many instances, her wisest game. She expects to become, on every successive settling day, better able to look to higher terms. In this sense, with regard to territorial pretensions, Mr Rush significantly observes, that Time is for the United States the best negotiator. This, in 1801, was Jefferson's doctrine on the whole range of maritime law. It is the true American faith. 'If we can delay' (writes that most intemperate of statesmen) 'but for a few years the necessity of vindicating the laws of nature on the ocean, we shall be the more sure of doing it with effect. The day is within my time, as well as yours, when we may say by what laws other nations shall treat us on the sea, and we will say it.' It is true, the prophet of Monticello widely and wildly miscalculated his political dates. Our shame, however, will not be less, if the contemplated contingency ever should arrive. Is it possible that two great and kindred nations have not sufficient sense and virtue to agree upon some other means for the settlement of moral and political questions of this description, than the accident and application of brutal force? Among the questions which stand at present—deliberately set aside for the arbitrement of blood—the main difficulty in the one which is by far the most urgent of them all, proceeds on the acknowledged fact, that an English and an American sailor are so alike, that there is no knowing them from each other. What are we to think of human nature—what of the barbarity of those who hold in their iron hands the happiness of nations,—if that simple statement does not bring the statesmen of both countries, at once and instantly, to terms of compromise and peace!

The most valuable part of Mr Rush's volume is his narrative of the course which was taken, in the conference of 1818, upon this subject. Our readers will have anticipated that we are alluding to the fearful question of the impressment of supposed British seamen from American vessels. It is the more fearful, as in such case it ought to be, since, in our opinion, we are decidedly in the wrong with respect both to the general question and the conduct of the conference. Mr Rush explains the principles which were admitted on both sides; the point which the negotiation reached; and the miserable objection upon our part, on which it

ultimately went off. The termination is the more strange, since the American Ministers and Lord Castlereagh appear to have been equally desirous of coming to an understanding. The arrangement, although revocable in form, being limited to ten years, was of a nature to slide into permanence, and to have taught us our true interest before we were aware. With this view, it was proposed to exclude the natural born subjects and citizens of either party (persons already naturalized excepted) from serving in the public or private marine of the other. This was the principle agreed upon. The Plenipotentiaries, however, could not agree on the mode by which the persons entitled to the exception should be identified, and on the period from which the operative exclusion under the treaty should begin to run. The reader will perceive from this statement that the negotiators differed only on the cases included in the exception. Lord Ripon and Mr Goulburn insisted, on the part of Great Britain, that a list of persons entitled to the exception should be made out on both sides, and interchanged within twelve months, specifying the place of their birth, and the dates of their naturalization. Mr Rush and Mr Gallatin, on the part of America, showed that it would be quite impracticable in many cases for their government to comply with the proposed conditions. They submitted, therefore, that a natural born British subject, whose name might not appear on the list, should have the benefit of the exception, in case he should be able to produce proof of his having been duly naturalized prior to the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty. The British Plenipotentiaries insisted further, that the benefit of naturalization for this purpose should not attach unless the naturalization had become complete previous to the *signature* of the treaty. The American Plenipotentiaries replied, that, according to their constitution, no treaty was binding until *exchange of ratifications*; and that, consequently, it was impossible to exclude from any of the rights of citizens, (the right of following the seas among the rest,) subjects already naturalized, although between the signature and its exchange. It will be observed that the objections pointed out by the representatives of America were objections of principle, such as no pains on their part could possibly get rid of. On the other hand, the exception was retrospective only. It was to include none but persons who should be already naturalized when the ratifications came to be exchanged; and there could be no fraudulent rush made for naturalization during the interval; since, by the American law, a previous residence for five years is an indispensable condition. How few, therefore, under these restrictions could have fraudently crept in under

the American amendment, who would have been shut out by the original British propositions; and in how few years, short as is a sailor's life, must every naturalized British seaman have disappeared from the service of the United States!

We readily admit, that, in the present state of the world, it is very important that civilized nations should endeavour to approximate within reasonable limits the rules by which allegiance is created, suspended, or determined. In the meantime, every country is entitled to use its own discretion how far it will loose its hold on its own citizens. An English merchant is allowed during war, by domicile within a neutral territory, to put on the character of a neutral. The claim of an English sailor to serve on board a neutral vessel, would be no greater inconsistency with, or limitation of, the old common law doctrine, that no one can lay aside his allegiance. However, any modification of our general doctrine of allegiance, or any emancipation of the English seaman from the specific liabilities to which he is at present bound by the unjust anomaly of the English law against him, is a strictly municipal question, to be discussed between the English people and their legislature alone. At the same time it is clear, from a hundred reasons, that by far the most satisfactory way in which impressment from American vessels could possibly be set at rest, would be by putting an end to domestic impressment from our own. The British sailor ought to be placed on a level with his fellow-subjects. The time is, we hope, arrived when justice will be done to the arguments in his behalf which have been already stated in this Journal, (No. 81, p. 154.) The shipowners of London, in 1818, condemned the practice of impressment; and other officers, besides Sir Murray Maxwell, have long and zealously laboured for its abolition. In the meantime—admitting that, as against the British sailor, England has a legal right to his services independent of contract, wherever he may be found at present—yet it is a right which, as against other countries, can be only exercised in subordination to their independence and their honour. The greater the probability that America is getting up a schedule of unreasonable demands against us, the greater the propriety of our conceding, before that evil day, such demands as she is now preferring, which are really backed by reason. It is evident, from the allegations proved by Mr Rush on the authority of English documents, that the right cannot be enforced against American vessels, except under circumstances of unavoidable irritation, and of still more gross and unavoidable injustice.

A ship at sea is part of the soil of the country to which it

belongs. To this principle a single exception has been admitted. The exception is limited within the purposes to which a ship from its movable character may be abused. Beyond that, the ship of a nation is as inviolable as its soil. The right of a belligerent to enter a neutral vessel, and search for contraband of war, has no connexion with the right to enter and search for men. The ordering up an American crew, on an American deck, by an English lieutenant, cannot be a peaceable operation; especially where a mistake is so easily made, and where, when once made, it is so revolting in itself, and so fatal in its consequences. In point of fact, it turns out that the number of British seamen whom we have thus regained, falls far short of the number of Americans whom we have wrongfully carried off. Our newspapers would have gladly gone to war for Ambrister and Arbuthnot, two British subjects, executed by General Jackson. Yet they were but two men—wrong doers, and clearly amenable to the law by which they suffered. On the other hand, the two lists made out in 1801 and 1812 of impressed Americans, can be but a small part of the American case against us. From that fraction of their case we may, however, form some opinion on the extent to which freemen who would be a scandal to their English ancestry, unless liberty was as dear as life, must have writhed under our practice of impressment. Prior to September, 1801, eleven hundred and thirty-two native American sailors were set at liberty by the English government, as having been wrongfully impressed! On the war with America in 1812, another division of fourteen hundred and twenty-two native Americans, every one of them having been so taken, were transferred out of our men of war into our prisons! This is proved from English documents. Here are nearly two thousand six hundred sufferers,—victims of a greater outrage than one free nation ever assumed the privilege of inflicting on another;—an outrage which no nation, deserving the name of a nation, and solemnly bound to protect its meanest members, can be expected patiently to endure. The temptation to all this wrong is too trivial to be mentioned. It exists only during war. At that period the number of foreigners in the American navy is, we believe, infinitely less than in our own, where (as we then suspend the navigation acts) it has been calculated at a third of the whole. The crew of the Franklin, which brought over Mr Rush, amounted to seven hundred men. The London prints would have it that a third of them were Englishmen. In point of fact twenty-five only were foreigners; and of the twenty-five, half belonged to other parts of Europe.

Mr Rush ends the narrative of his unsuccessful negotiation on

this subject as follows : ' I look back with unfeigned regret, on the failure it records. Perhaps I may be wrong, for I speak from no authority, but I am not able to divest myself of an impression that, had Lord Castlereagh been in London, there would not have been a failure. I am aware that he was kept informed of the progress of the negotiation. We had reason to believe that the documents were regularly sent on for his inspection. Still, he could not share in the full spirit of all that passed. He had the European relations of Britain in his hands. Impressment, although in truth a primary concern, could not, at such a season, have commanded all his thoughts. But I know how anxiously he entered into it before his departure for Aix-la-Chapelle. He saw that the great principle of adjustment had at last been settled ; and I can scarcely think that he would have allowed it to be foiled, by carrying too much rigour into details. It is no part of my present purpose to draw the character of Lord Castlereagh in his connexion with England, or Europe ; but there was this in him, which his opponents did not deny, and history will award—an entire fearlessness. He knew that a treaty relinquishing impressment, no matter what the terms, would excite clamour in England, come when it would. But having made up his mind to the justice and policy of such a treaty, he would have faced the clamour.'—Pp. 375-6.

We trust that our present Ministers are prepared to take up, while peace allows us an honourable opportunity for doing so, this most important question. Our Government, in 1803, had proposed to Mr King to restrict the exercise of impressment within the narrow seas. But the Cabinet of Lord Castlereagh went the true way to work. The right of impressment, it was agreed, should be abandoned altogether. Lord Grey ought not to be left behind by Lord Castlereagh in statesmanlike forethought against future evils ; in the exercise of considerate feelings towards America ; or in the public spirit which has the courage to denounce the impolicy and injustice of an exceptive system, sanctioned by domestic prejudices alone. When policy, humanity, and justice, have one and all concurred thoroughly upon the principle, it is worse than folly to imagine that there can be any insuperable obstacles in the details.

ART. X.—*Examen Critique des Travaux de feu M. Champollion sur les Hiéroglyphes*, par J. KLAPROTH. 8vo. Paris: 1832.

THIS is precisely the kind of book which, for some years past, we have wished to see. It is high time, indeed, that the public mind were disabused of those extravagant notions with which the enthusiasm of some, and the ignorance of others, have filled it on the subject of Egyptian literature; and that a measure or standard were established, by which the degree of progress that has hitherto been made in deciphering the graphic monuments of Egypt may be ascertained and fixed. And this is the more necessary, because, in various ways, expectations have been raised which, in all probability, will never be gratified, and promises held out which no human sagacity will ever be able to redeem. In entering upon a new field of investigation and discovery, men of sanguine temperament are too apt to conclude *que ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*; that the chief difficulty lies at the threshold; and that to force a passage through the outward barrier is in effect to gain the victory. But, ere long, experience comes to correct so hasty a conclusion, and to convince us that the hardest part of the task yet remains to be accomplished.

The object which Mr Klaproth has proposed to himself, is to dispel the delusions which so generally prevail in regard to the capabilities of the Phonetic Method of interpreting Egyptian hieroglyphics; to show what has, and what has not, been effected by means of it; to estimate the precise amount and value of the labours of M. Champollion in this new and intricate field of enquiry; and to separate the grain from the chaff in which it has been buried. And this he has accomplished in a manner at once so masterly and so complete, that little or nothing will remain to be gleaned after so skilful a reaper. His work, indeed, is perhaps unrivalled for the perfect mastery of the subject which it displays, and the rare combination of learning and sagacity with which every branch of it is successively examined or illustrated; and though by some it will perhaps be considered as severe, yet candour compels us to acknowledge that its severity consists solely in its truth. The lofty pretensions of M. Champollion have no doubt been pruned down by an unsparing hand, and his claims as a discoverer reduced to very moderate dimensions; but it would, nevertheless, be a great error to imagine that Mr Klaproth has been actuated by a desire to detract from his real merits; or has, in any instance, denied or withheld

the credit which is fairly due to him for his indefatigable, though often ill-directed exertions. Every candid and impartial man, capable of judging of the question at issue, must indeed admit that it would be unjust to require of him, who had been principally instrumental in detecting the alphabetical portion of an unknown and fantastical method of writing, employed to reproduce in part a language of which the fragments only survive in another tongue, itself almost lost, that he should read the monuments, written in this extraordinary fashion, with the same facility as the *Gazette de France*, or a *vaudeville* by M. Scribe. All those who have engaged in similar pursuits must know well the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of making rapid and striking advances; that, on the contrary, discoverers can only proceed step by step, encountering at each move new questions which require solution, and finding that every successive discovery renders it necessary to engage in researches which were not previously contemplated. The ignorant alone can imagine, therefore, that, in discovering the phonetic alphabet of the ancient writing of Egypt, M. Champollion had, by this first success, acquired the means or the power of deciphering the contents of the hieroglyphic inscriptions and monuments. The publication of his promised *Grammaire Hiéroglyphique*, will no doubt instruct us how far he had advanced at the period of his death; but we are much mistaken, if it be not ultimately found that he had generalized much too soon, and that the powers of the instrument on which he chiefly relied for success are far more limited, or, at all events, far less extensively applicable, than he was willing to believe.

Whilst so many have of late years been accustomed to speak and write with enthusiasm concerning the discovery of the phonetic alphabet, few seem to have acquired any distinct idea of what it really is, or of the precise results to which it has led. The late Dr Thomas Young was, beyond all dispute, the original author of this discovery. So long ago as the year 1814, he had, by a simple but ingenious process, ascertained the approximate values of certain groups of characters in the Rosetta inscription; and, about the year 1818, he discovered the alphabetic value of the greater part of the hieroglyphic signs, composing the names of *Ptolemy* and *Berenice*; amongst which were very exactly determined seven characters, corresponding to the letters B, F, I, M, N, P, and T. Dr Young, whose attention had been chiefly directed to the enchorial or civil method of writing, did not, unfortunately, proceed further in his analytical investigation of the values of the purely hieroglyphic signs; but the seven letters which he had thus determined may nevertheless be regarded as

the foundation on which M. Champollion afterwards reared the whole superstructure of his phonetic alphabet. The new method of deciphering had been explained, and even exemplified, by the original discoverer; and it was therefore no difficult matter to extend its application, in proportion as fresh materials were accumulated. *Facile inventis addere.* *

But long before this event, so important for Egyptian archæology, Champollion had occupied himself with the study of hieroglyphics, to which, even from the period of his quitting the Lyceum, he had applied with much ardour. He had read Jablonsky, Zoega, and all that the *Description de l'Égypte* contained on the subject; he had adopted the system then in vogue of explaining the mythology of Egypt exclusively by means of passages from the classic authors; he had applied to the hieroglyphic inscriptions vain theories, which could never lead to any positive result; he had examined and investigated all the monuments of this description to which he could obtain access; he had made numerous copies of inscriptions, and, as it were, engraved on his memory, all those to be found in public or private collections; and he had employed himself in reproducing them from recollection, a species of exercise in which he acquired wonderful dexterity. But all this labour he had expended to no purpose. 'Pendant de longues années, les inscriptions hiéroglyphiques furent muettes pour lui comme pour les autres savans.' He pored over them without intermission; he tried a hundred different systems of interpretation; but the time had not yet arrived when the secret was to be revealed to him.

Meanwhile more accurate notions respecting the true nature of hieroglyphical writing had already begun to be entertained. Zoega, suspecting that several of the hieroglyphs might be employed as the *signs of sounds*, had, for that reason, denominated them *phonetic*. But the conjecture at first made no impression on those who were occupied with the study of the ancient Egyptian writings; and it was only after the discovery of the Rosetta inscription that the learned were led to reflect that this was the only method by which the ancient Egyptians could possibly have expressed either foreign or national proper names. In this inscription, everybody at once recognised the place occupied by the name of *Ptolemy*, when Dr Young, by a happy artifice of collocation, had pointed it out; and on other monuments the ovals or rings containing the names of *Berenice* and *Arsinoë*, as well as of some kings of the old Egyptian dynasties, were also indicated with tolerable certainty. At this period, the current or enchorial writings engaged the attention of Silvestre de Sacy

and Ackerblad in France, and of Dr Young in England; and very considerable progress was made, particularly by the latter, in determining the equivalents of groups, and even in ascertaining the values of individual characters. But during all this time, Champollion had done nothing. The first essays of these ingenious men, if known to him at all, seem to have made no impression whatever on his mind. He continued to labour in a direction totally different; and the idea that the hieroglyphs might contain a portion of characters purely alphabetical, had never suggested itself to his understanding. This is established beyond dispute, by a passage in his work, entitled *De l'Écriture Hiératique des anciens Egyptiens*, published at Grenoble in 1821, only a year before the date of his *Lettre à M. Dacier*. In this production, after stating that 'long study, and 'an attentive comparison of the *hieroglyphic* texts with those of 'the second order, regarded as *alphabetical*, had conducted him 'to a *contrary* conclusion,' he proceeds to lay down the following general principles: first, that the writing of the Egyptian manuscripts of the second order *is not alphabetical*;—secondly, that this second system is only a simple modification of the hieroglyphic system, from which it differs merely in the form of the signs;—thirdly, that this second species of writing is the *hieratic* of the Greek authors, and may be regarded as a hieroglyphic tachygraphy;—and, fourthly, that the hieratic characters, and, consequently, those also from which they are derived (namely, the *hieroglyphic*), *are signs of THINGS, and not signs of SOUNDS*, ('sont des signes de choses et non des signes de sons.') It follows from all this, that in 1821, when the work here referred to appeared,* M. Champollion did not believe the existence of

* In the preface to the French translation of our former articles on Hieroglyphics, the following curious particulars are mentioned respecting the work referred to in the text: 'Ce petit volume in-folio est 'devenu extrêmement rare; on dit que l'auteur a fait tout son possible 'pour en soustraire les exemplaires aux yeux du public, en retirant 'du commerce des mains de ses amis ceux qu'il avait d'abord répandus. La raison qu'on a mise en avant était: "*La crainte de blesser 'les scrupules de quelques personnes pieuses.*" Mais il ne se trouve 'dans ce livre absolument rien qui ait trait à la haute antiquité de 'l'empire des Pharaons, et qui pour cette raison soit en contradiction 'ouverte avec les récits de la Bible. Il est permis de penser que le 'véritable motif qui a déterminé M. Champollion à supprimer ce livre, 'a été, de ne pas donner une mesure trop précise des progrès qu'il avait 'faits jusqu'en 1821, un an avant sa *Lettre à M. Dacier*. Cette mesure 'existe dans l'assertion "*que les signes hiéroglyphiques sont des signes 'de CHOSES et non des signes de sons.*" Certes, celui qui depuis dix

alphabetic signs among the hieroglyphs ; although Dr Young had communicated his discovery to the learned of Europe, in the article *EGYPT*, published in the *Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica*, in the year 1819 ; and although the conjecture of Zoega had been partially verified even by Silvestre de Sacy and Ackerblad.

At this period, however, Mr Banks made known a Greek inscription which he had discovered upon an obelisk in the island of Philæ, and which mentioned the erection of a monument in honour of King Ptolemy. The discovery of the English traveller attracted the attention of scholars ; and, in some very learned observations on the text of the inscription, M. Letronne stated it as his opinion, that the monument in question would be found to contain, in hieroglyphical characters, the same matter precisely as the Greek inscription ; or, in other words, that the one would prove to be a version of the other. When this ingenious and important suggestion, which every thing, indeed, tended to confirm, came to the knowledge of Mr Banks, that gentleman, anxious to afford all the means in his power of verifying its accuracy, transmitted to the Academy of Inscriptions,

‘ ans avait travaillé sur les hiéroglyphes sans les déchiffrer, et qui fait, en 1821, imprimer un axiome pareil, avait grand besoin d’être guidé dans ses nouvelles recherches de 1822 par les découvertes du docteur Young, publiées au mois de decembre 1819, dans le *Supplement de l’Encyclopédie Britannique*. On ne doit donc plus douter que les découvertes de M. Champollion ne soient entées sur celles du docteur Young, auquel appartient le mérite d’avoir le premier démontré qu’on s’est servi en Égypte de signes hiéroglyphiques pour exprimer alphabétiquement les sons des noms propres.’—(*Aperçu sur les Hiéroglyphes d’Égypte*, Prof. p. xi. Paris, 1827.) Latterly, we regret to say, M. Champollion, in various instances, showed himself greatly deficient in literary honesty. The translation of our first and fullest article on hieroglyphical literature, inserted in the *Revue Britannique*, which was then published at Paris, is generally attributed, we believe correctly, to his pen ; and never certainly was any literary production more grossly maltreated in a translation. Many passages are wholly expunged, especially from the historical part of the article ; others are altered, so as to suit the views of the translator, and attribute to us opinions diametrically at variance with those which we had actually expressed ; and all the facts and dates tending to establish the priority of Dr Young’s discovery are carefully cancelled. But by this unceremonious method of manipulation, the translator overshot his mark. The garbled translation was soon followed by the one above referred to, of the entire article ; and the claims of Dr Young were thus brought fully and fairly before the literary public of France.

in the month of January, 1822, a lithographed copy of the hieroglyphics covering the four faces of the obelisk, upon the base of which he had discovered the Greek inscription already mentioned; and it was this copy which, having been communicated to M. Champollion, furnished him with the means of making the observations and comparisons, of which he published the results in his *Lettre à M. Dacier*, dated the 22d September, 1822. Then, indeed, it was, and not before, that he recognised the name of *Cleopatra*, and the employment of alphabetical characters in the hieroglyphs: then it was that he abandoned the notions which he had hitherto entertained as to the nature of the ancient Egyptian writings; notions which, as we have seen, had at first led him to reject, in the most distinct and formal manner, the discoveries of Dr Young. Nevertheless, at this period, he appears to have been of opinion, that the employment of alphabetical characters was confined to the transcription of Greek and Roman proper names, and that the greater part of the other hieroglyphics was symbolical or ideographic.

Having entered on this new career, M. Champollion devoted himself with more ardour than ever to the study of the Egyptian monuments. He applied the alphabet, of which Dr Young had furnished the basis, to deciphering the names of Roman emperors, and of Greek and Egyptian kings; and finding his observations extend to objects which had not been touched in his *Lettre à M. Dacier*, he, after modifying these in some points and verifying them in others, embodied the results in a more extensive work, which appeared in 1824, under the title of *Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique des anciens Egyptiens*. But we must guard the reader against the misconception which this title is calculated to produce, respecting the extent and results of M. Champollion's labours. For, instead of an exposition of a general 'system,' and a summary of the principles by which the reading and interpretation of the hieroglyphic texts may be undertaken, as the above title would naturally lead us to expect, the work in reality contains only a more ample and extended application of the primary idea developed in the *Lettre à M. Dacier*. It embraces a great number of proper names belonging to persons of all ranks; and the reading of these is accompanied with observations and conjectures as to the value of certain concomitant signs, to which the author attributed a grammatical value, which, however, he failed to establish by a sufficient induction, or indeed by any adequate evidence. But this did not prevent him from proceeding at once to generalize; and, as he had formerly maintained that the greater part, if not the whole, of the hieroglyphic texts were ideographic or symbolical,

so now he passed over to the opposite extreme; having concluded that the alphabetic method of writing predominated in the monumental inscriptions, and that all these might, in a great measure, be interpreted by means of the phonetic method. If this principle had been sufficiently demonstrated, it would no doubt have proved of the very highest importance; but, unfortunately, on applying it to the Rosetta Inscription, of which the sense was known from the accompanying Greek version, the author himself was only able to interpret some detached phrases, which of themselves were by no means sufficient to establish the certainty of his system; whilst the body of the text remained as untractable and obscure as in the days of Kircher. It was evident, indeed, that the true key had not yet been discovered; and that much was still wanting, in order to enable the most expert Egyptian archæologist to decipher a single continuous line of any hieroglyphic inscription.

Of this Champollion himself appears to have at length become sensible; indeed, he could not but feel the necessity of augmenting the mass of materials, or texts, at his disposal, and of multiplying more and more the points of comparison indispensable to the progress of his studies. Accordingly, he undertook a journey to Italy, in order to examine the treasures contained in that classic land of archæology; and spent much time in the museum of Turin, then recently enriched by the fine collection of the Chevalier Drovetti, and containing a great number of papyri, pillars, and inscriptions of every kind. Here were written the *Lettres* addressed to the Duc de Blacas, in which the author began to make more numerous applications of his system, particularly to the ancient dynasties of Egypt; and even attempted more extensive interpretations, comprehending not merely simple proper names, but names preceded or followed by titles, or by certain portions of phrases. But these readings were in no instance accompanied by the necessary explanation, or development of the process employed in deciphering the titles and legends; and, with reference to the Egyptian system of writing, the *Lettres à M. de Blacas* produced no change of any importance in the theory of the author. Accordingly, when, after his return from Italy, he published a second edition of his *Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique*, he introduced but few modifications of the statements and assertions contained in the first; and saw no reason to alter the opinion which he had therein expressed as to the phonetic nature of the great mass of the hieroglyphs. On the contrary, he formally repeated his fundamental proposition, 'That the figurative and symbolical characters are employed in the Egyptian texts in a smaller proportion than the phonetic

‘ characters ; that the latter are the true alphabetical signs which express the sounds of words in the spoken language of ancient Egypt ; and that every phonetic hieroglyph is the image of a physical object, the name of which, in the spoken language of Egypt, commenced with the sound or articulation which the sign itself is employed to express.’

Such were the general views entertained by M. Champollion, before setting out to Egypt in order to examine the monuments themselves, and to seek on the spot the confirmation of his discoveries. Although he had made frequent use of notions borrowed from the Greek and Latin authors, and already classed in the *Egyptian Pantheon* of Jablonsky ; yet he laid it down as a general principle, ‘ que c’était de préférence dans les monumens Egyptiens qu’il fallait chercher les noms d’une foule de divinités et de personnages mythologiques, qu’on chercherait en vain dans les auteurs classiques ;’—a proposition which is only admissible upon the supposition that we have arrived at a complete intelligence of the graphic monuments of Egypt : and he held it as a demonstrated fact, that a considerable, or, we should rather say, a large, proportion of the hieroglyphic signs were employed phonetically, that is, used to represent the sounds of the spoken language of Egypt ; each sign standing for the initial sound of the name, in the language of the country, of the physical or other object of which it was the image or picture. This, then, being the doctrine he maintained, let us now endeavour to explain shortly the conditions of the problem which he undertook to resolve.

Everybody has seen Egyptian monuments ; and everybody knows in a general way the form and disposition of the characters called *hieroglyphics* ; but few persons, perhaps, have reflected on the nature of these characters, and still fewer know wherein consists the principal difficulty of interpreting them. The passages of ancient authors, being for the most part vague and incoherent, afforded no explanation of this system of writing : even the celebrated text of Clemens Alexandrinus, so far from serving as a guide to direct enquiry, has only received an approximative interpretation by means of the knowledge, otherwise acquired, of the subject to which it relates ; and we cannot be certain that all the difficulties presented by this passage have yet been removed. ‘ Loin de servir à l’explication des hiéroglyphes,’ says Mr Klaproth, with great truth, ‘ on peut dire que ce fragment de Saint Clément d’Alexandrie ne sera lui-même complètement éclairci qu’après que les hiéroglyphes auront été parfaitement connus, s’il est possible d’espérer que cette découverte puisse jamais s’effectuer.’ But

the main point which has occupied the attention of the learned, and which, notwithstanding all that has been done, still remains undetermined, is, whether the hieroglyphs were destined to represent ideas *directly*, or by the *intervention of sounds* in the spoken language; whether they were the symbols of *things*, or the signs of vocal articulations; whether, in a word, they should be considered as *ideographic* or as *phonetic*. In the former case, it is evident that we must renounce the hope of ever obtaining a full and complete intelligence of such characters. To seek to divine the sense of ancient symbols is to expose ourselves at every step to fall into the same errors with those who formerly wrote upon hieroglyphics, under the influence of various philosophical, mythological, and cabalistical preconceptions. We now laugh at the strange fancies of Kircher, Palin, and others; but what security have we, supposing we were required to interpret symbols alone, to prevent us from lapsing into equal or even greater extravagances? The filament of connexion, by which the idea is attached to the symbol, is often so vague and arbitrary, and peradventure is also borrowed from notions, habits, modes of thinking, and states of society so different or so remote from any thing with which we are acquainted, that it would be the height of absurdity to attempt to discover it. We know, indeed, that amongst the ancient Egyptians, the figure of a *vulpanser*, or goose of Nile, expressed the idea of *son*, and that the figure of a *bee* expressed the idea of *royalty*; but if we had not been expressly informed that such is the case, we might never have been able to determine the true signification for ourselves. Besides, the number of hieroglyphs explained in the ancient authors, including even the *Collection* of Horus Apollo, is much too inconsiderable to justify any one, without extreme temerity, in attempting to decipher any text whatever; and modern conjectural ingenuity has made but few additions to this scanty catalogue. If, then, the hieroglyphics had been chiefly composed of ideographic symbols, it is quite impossible that any discovery could ever have conducted us to the method of interpreting them; and this being the case, the reading of proper names, which must needs be expressed by alphabetic signs, would have formed the only object of attention and enquiry.

But, on the other hand, supposing that the hieroglyphs were regarded as in a great measure signs of sounds, the interpretation of these characters would, in that case, not only be possible, but, under certain conditions, easy. This, accordingly, was the doctrine espoused by M. Champollion in all but its utmost latitude. After having established by unassailable evi-

dence that proper names were written alphabetically—and it is altogether inconceivable that they should have been written in any other manner—he next proceeded to consider certain supposed grammatical forms, which he pretended to determine; and at length he succeeded in persuading himself that substantives, and even verbs, were most frequently expressed by hieroglyphs used as letters. In this way, the quality of the symbol which had so long excited and baffled the curiosity of the moderns, and which formed the great mystery of the hieroglyphs even among the ancients, would have almost entirely disappeared;—leaving, in the greater part of the inscriptions, only a writing *in rebus* which, once on the right road, it would have been easy to decipher entirely; and this being the case, recent discoveries would have left little more to be desired. But even admitting such a supposition, which nothing has yet been ascertained to authorize or justify, still it would be necessary, for the right intelligence of the hieroglyphics, to fulfil certain indispensable conditions, which are rigorously applicable to all operations of this sort. These are, 1st, That the value of each phonetic sign should be determinate and invariable; 2dly, That each sign should express only a single sound; 3dly, That each sound should always be rendered by the same sign. Were it allowed to substitute at pleasure a B for an M, or a T for a D, and to alter the form of words already so uncertain in consequence of the suppression of vowels, we might, in this way, easily contrive, upon all occasions, to find the word which we were in quest of, or something like it; and by means of repeated slight variations thus produced in the signification of terms, there would absolutely be nothing which we might not discover in any given inscription. In fact, one might read from it the consecration of a temple, another the panegyric of a princess, and a third, more imaginative still, a dithyrambic on the immortality of the soul, or a history of the conquests of Sesostris. This is not a supposititious case.

Even in deciphering proper names, which are incontestably written phonetically, the difficulty experienced is great, and the risk of error often incalculable. This arises from the capricious and arbitrary manner in which they are written; sometimes from the left to the right, at other times from the right to the left, most frequently up and down; whilst the elements of one word are often thrown together pell-mell, in such a fashion, that unless the sound of the name were somehow known beforehand, it would be absolutely impossible to dispose or arrange the characters representing it in correct order; and hence, where this knowledge is wanting, the chance of error is very great indeed,

and the probability is, that either a barbarous word will be involuntarily formed, or that one very different from that which is actually written will be evolved. This observation applies rigorously to all the words of the Egyptian language; and even extends to such proper names of kings and of gods as are not derived from the Greek or Latin, and the exact forms of which have not been transmitted to us by the ancient authors. We shall illustrate what is here stated by a single example. Let us suppose that, by means of the phonetic alphabet, the following groups of literal characters are recognised in an inscription:—

(1.) $A_P E_L^K$

(2.) $S_M^T T$

A person skilled in the interpretation of hieroglyphics, would readily discover, that No. 1 is the name of *Cleopatra*, which, in fact, is so written in a ring, cartouche, or oval of an inscription of Philæ, published by Mr Salt; and that No. 2 is the name of *Toutmosis*, both of which are otherwise well known;—but if this were not so, and if we were devoid of all extrinsic light or aid, the doctrine of probabilities has no formula to exhaust the number of combinations among which an interpreter might fluctuate, before discovering the true collocation; and, what is more, he could never be absolutely certain that he had discovered it at all.

But there is another and still more formidable obstacle to be surmounted. Supposing that the form and values of the letters were perfectly determined, that their arrangement was well understood; that the suppression of the vowels was not calculated to lead into mistakes; that, in a word, we could spell syllables, and distinguish words, with as much certainty and precision as if they had been written in any of the improved alphabets of the West,—there would yet always remain one difficulty over which genius itself could not triumph; namely, to discover the signification of the words, when it is not known by tradition or otherwise. The Coptic language, which was undoubtedly formed from that of ancient Egypt, of which it may, in one sense, be considered as a precious remnant, nevertheless represents the latter in a very incomplete and imperfect manner; and, besides, all that we possess in this language is confined to fragments of the *Bible*, and of the *Life of the Saints*, and some Copto-Arabic glossaries of a date comparatively recent. The language itself has long ceased to be spoken; and all that portion of its vocabulary which occurred in the subjects treated of by the monks of the Thebaïd is now completely lost. In the Christian versions,

all the pagan expressions relative to the ancient religion of the country were, also, carefully avoided by the translators, who preferred to introduce Greek terms; by which means many genuine Egyptian expressions disappeared; and, from the list of words comprehended in the Lexicons, there must, further, be deducted a great number of Arabic words, which only found a place there because the original terms had been lost. Such, then, is the Coptic language in its actual state; that language which forms the only aid to which we can have recourse, in order to understand the hieroglyphic inscriptions,—supposing that these were altogether phonetic, and, as such, capable of being distinctly read and deciphered. This mutilated and imperfect fragment of a language, through which some traces and lineaments of an elder form of speech are more or less faintly reflected, constitutes the only instrument with which the decipherer of hieroglyphics can now work in his vocation; yet the tone which some persons have thought fit to assume is as confident as if the language of Egypt had descended unaltered from the days of Rameses; and, in fact, they would not have acted with greater apparent security, if they had possessed a glossary composed under the reign of Sesostris. This, indeed, constitutes one of the heaviest offences which Champollion has committed against the ordinary rules of literary honesty. With the Coptic, as we now have it, he was but very imperfectly acquainted; yet in his transcriptions of Egyptian phrases, which he pretended to have deciphered by means of his phonetic alphabet, he scrupled not to set down as Coptic a great number of words, which exist neither in the Bible, nor in the Legends, nor in the Lexicons; and, what is even more wonderful, he has favoured us with translations, which, if correct, could only have been disclosed to him by means of special inspiration; there being no *human* means by which he could ever have penetrated the mystery he professes to have revealed. ‘*Quelle foi la critique peut-elle avoir aux effets de cette sorte de divination?*’ The plain answer is, none whatever. Some of the misjudging admirers of M. Champollion have talked of his labours in deciphering the hieroglyphical inscriptions on the monuments of ancient Egypt, as if he had been accustomed to read the most ancient legends with the greatest facility and certainty; and, from many circumstances, it is but too obvious that he had no disposition himself to shake the belief in the omniscience of his genius for interpretation. The interests of truth require, however, that a delusion so gross should be destroyed; and this cannot be better accomplished than by quoting a passage from the work before us, in which the real difficulties of the problem he undertook to resolve are

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stated with a clearness and force which must carry conviction to every mind, and enable the most careless reader to trace a broad line of distinction between the province of rational enquiry, and the fantastical domain of archaeological empiricism :—

‘ L’intelligence que nous avons des monumens littéraires des Grecs et des Romains est venue jusqu’à nous par une tradition non interrompue ; nous possédons la plus grande partie des livres de ces peuples avec une suite d’explications et de commentaires destinés à en dissiper les obscurités, et pourtant à l’époque de la renaissance des lettres, que d’immenses travaux n’a-t-il pas fallu faire ? combien d’hommes patients et laborieux ont usé leur vie pour achever d’éclaircir ce que les anciens textes présentaient à chaque pas d’embarrassant, d’obscur ou d’inintelligible pour les modernes ? Quand une inscription grecque se présente à nous pour la première fois, quelle habitude ne faut-il pas pour la lire, la restituer, en expliquer le contenu, développer les circonstances auxquelles elle se rapporte ? La langue que de profonds philologues ont si bien approfondie est ici la moindre difficulté ; mais les choses, les faits, les particularités de date ou de localité, les institutions, les titres des magistrats, les usages, les préjugés, les opinions religieuses ; tout enfin n’exige-t-il pas de la part de nos savans une rare application et une sagacité merveilleuse ? Cependant que de travaux préparatoires n’a-t-on pas faits pour diminuer leur peine ? que de recherches, de tables, de dictionnaires n’a-t-on pas accumulés depuis trois siècles pour éclairer tout ce qui fait partie du domaine de l’archéologie ? En Egypte, au contraire, *une vaste solution de continuité, un abîme immense sépare les événemens d’autrefois de la critique des tems modernes.* Tout la littérature a disparu avec la religion, la philosophie et le système entier de la civilisation ; les livres, s’il y en eut jamais, ont été complètement anéantis ; les papyrus, que quelques personnes peu éclairées prennent pour des livres, n’offrent qu’une perpétuelle répétition des mêmes formules toujours relatives au même sujet, la mort et ses conséquences. Les inscriptions hiéroglyphiques sont les seuls livres que nous aient légués les Pharaons ; mais là se présente à l’instant cette double difficulté, insoluble si l’on ne parvient à la diviser ; *tout est inconnu dans ces inscriptions, la langue et les faits, l’écriture et le fond des choses.* On arriverait à l’intelligence du contenu si l’on avait à sa disposition l’explication des mots, et *vice versa* on reconnaîtrait aisément la valeur des signes si l’on savait d’avance le sens qu’ils représentent. Mais pour opérer ce dernier prodige, il faudrait recréer à-la-fois l’Egypte des Pharaons avec son système idolâtrique, les noms des dieux et de toutes les choses sacrées, les détails du culte et toute la série des opinions philosophiques, la vie civile avec ses innombrables particularités, et, par-dessus tout cela, la prononciation matérielle de tous les mots qui s’y appliquaient, leur synonymie et leurs nuances, et la valeur spéciale d’une foule d’expressions de figures, de métaphores, d’emblèmes, d’attributs, que l’usage chez une nation vivante introduit, re-

nouvelle et modifiée sans cesse. • Ce n'est pas la critique humaine, c'est l'intuition de la divinité qui pourrait opérer un tel miracle ; et l'on voudrait qu'un savant, de quelques facultés qu'on le supposât doué, eût fait seul, en peu d'années, ce que la raison et le bon sens démontrent impossible à des générations littéraires qui se succéderaient pendant des siècles !

In fact, the discoveries of M. Champollion apply only to a very limited number of hieroglyphical signs ; that is, to proper names and some other words incapable of symbolization, which are expressed by means of an alphabet in some measure resembling that of the Semitic languages, in which the consonants of words are written sometimes with only part of the vowels, and very frequently without any vowel whatever. But even in deciphering these names and epithets, M. Champollion had an excellent guide in the list supplied by the tables contained in the *Egyptian Dynasties* of Manetho and other ancient authors : he knew beforehand what he had to seek for, and he was not the man to be long in finding the precise thing which he wanted. But, notwithstanding this, he never appears to be at one with himself as to the extent of his discovery. In the introduction to his *Précis du Système Hieroglyphique*, (p. 11,) he says, ' that his hieroglyphic alphabet applies to the royal hieroglyphic legends of every epoch, ' that the discovery of the phonetic alphabet is the true key to ' the whole hieroglyphic system, and that at all epochs the ' ancient Egyptians employed it to represent alphabetically ' the sounds of their spoken language.' But at the commencement of the eighth chapter of the work, he contradicts this dogma in the most decided manner. ' I admit,' says he, ' that ' we do not yet know with any degree of certainty, whether ' the inscriptions and hieroglyphic texts, in which are found ' Egyptian words expressed phonetically remontent au tems des ' Pharaons, kings of the Egyptian race ; or only to the Greek ' period, as the inscription of Rosetta, the obelisk of Philæ, ' and the temples of Ombos and Edfou ; or merely to the ' Roman period, as the obelisks of Albani, Borgia, Pamphilius, ' Barberini, that of Benevento, part of the edifices of Philæ, ' and the temples of Esné and Dendera.' As to the alleged universality of the phonetic mode of writing ' dans toutes les ' époques,' it is therefore clear,—first, that M. Champollion directly contradicts his own fundamental proposition ;—secondly, that being at variance with all that the ancient authors, particularly Clemens Alexandrinus, have stated respecting the different classes of Egyptian writing, this proposition cannot be established by their authority ;—and, thirdly, that M. Champollion has not only not demonstrated its truth, but that such demonstra-

tion is impossible ! All this follows, by necessary consequence, from the foregoing observations. But there is one *fact*, the bare statement of which must of itself be decisive of the question. The phonetic alphabet consists of *a hundred and thirty-four* characters, more than one-half of which are purely conjectural. But supposing the whole to have been completely ascertained, the absolute number of hieroglyphs, according to M. Champollion's computation, is 864 (Zoega makes it 958) ; from which, if we deduct 134, there will remain 730 signs figurative or symbolical, which *are not employed phonetically*, and the real values of which are as yet altogether unknown ! How, then, could M. Champollion, with this fact staring him in the face, venture to affirm that his phonetic alphabet ' applied to the royal hieroglyphic legends of all periods ; that it was the *true key* to the ' *WHOLE hieroglyphic system* ; and that the ancient Egyptians ' employed it, at all epochs, to represent alphabetically the sounds ' of their spoken language ?'

We could have wished to follow up these observations, by stating concisely the results of the searching analysis by means of which M. Klaproth demolishes in detail the greater part of the pretended discoveries embodied in the *Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique* : but as this part of the subject would only be intelligible to a very limited number of readers, we shall merely state generally, that different and incongruous values are arbitrarily assigned to the same character ;—that the image of an *eye*, for instance, which was originally set down as the phonetic sign of an S, has been successively employed to represent A, E, and O ;—that in numerous other instances, changes still more arbitrary have been made ;—that we are left in equal ignorance of the method or process by which the original values were pretended to have been ascertained, or of the reasons which induced the author to make the numerous changes and substitutions which are to be met with in the second and third editions of the *Précis* ;—that he attributes values to signs denominated phonetic, which are not contained in his alphabet, and of which no account is given anywhere else ;—that he is continually betrayed into incongruities and inconsistencies so gross and palpable, as to warrant the suspicion of bad faith, with which M. Klaproth has in fact charged his memory ;—that in the interpretation of ideographic characters or symbols, he has adopted conjectures and fancies of his own, without a tittle of evidence, or even of probability, to support them, and drawn upon his imagination, instead of endeavouring to ascertain their equivalents by an inductive series of tentative processes ;—that, for example, the symbolic group which as far as

p. 265 of his second edition is rendered 'the goddess *Saté*,' becomes suddenly converted into *Tné*, and this name continues to the end of the work, though, in the plates, the goddess reappears under the name of *Smé*;—that changes of a similar description occur in many other words;—and that, in short, the greater part of his pretended discoveries are merely a heap of conjectures and imaginations, some of them not more rational or better founded than those of Kircher or Palin. For the details and demonstrations, however, we must refer to the *Examen* itself; by far the ablest and most masterly piece of criticism which has yet appeared on the subject of which it treats.

ART. XI.—1. *Le mie Prigioni. Memorie di* SILVIO PELLICO, *da Saluzzo.* Svo. Torino: 1832.

2. *Memoires de* SILVIO PELLICO; *traduits de l'Italien, et précédés d'une Notice Biographique, par A de Latour, et augmentés de Notes, par P. Maroncelli.* Svo. Paris: 1833.

3. *My Imprisonments.* By SILVIO PELLICO. Translated from the Italian, by THOMAS ROSCOE. 12mo. London: 1833.

GREAT thoughts, it has been said, come from the heart. This looks at first like a delightful maxim. But, in truth, nature has dealt more kindly by us than to confine greatness to a single source. The stoutest advocates for the royalty of the human heart should be content with its standing first—first in power, and first in honour—instead of deeming it the privilege of its birthright, to stand alone. For great, read, greatest. Even then, popular notions, on what is meant by greatness and by the heart, will have to undergo vast revisions and reversals; and alas for our vulgar catalogues of great writers and of great men, when the time arrives for bringing our principle and our examples into harmony with each other!

We do not complain of the present times as worse in this respect than those that have gone before them. Quite the contrary; and we have still better hopes for the time to come. It is melancholy, meanwhile, to observe, that the chief competitors for, and awarders of, the admiration of mankind, proceed alike on the supposition that this moral canon, however qualified, is nothing but a flowery compliment paid our nature by hypocrites or dupes. What is the history, for instance, of the two individuals of our age, who sought most to overawe their contemporaries by the airs of colossal superiority—each in his own way—and who succeeded most in doing so? They seldom let a day escape without making it a parade and an enjoyment

to outrage (the one in his writings, the other by his actions and conversation) what ought to be our dearest and most sacred feelings. This was so evidently and so systematically their practice, that many superficial—especially many youthful—minds have fallen into the grievous error of believing, that in their scornful misanthropy lay the elements of their Samson strength. It had not, however, been left for Napoleon or Byron to discover and take advantage, first, of the weakness of their fellow-creatures in worshipping power in all its manifestations. Genius and gentleness, the severe and the tender virtues, have been long thought—too long and too often found—to go ill together. To be amiable, is so far an admitted presumption against being great, that the same symptoms of heart-felt sympathy and kinship with others, which would pass as things of course in the case of humbler mortals, are hailed as splendid exceptions, when they happen to break forth from among the political or the intellectual masters of our race.

The curse of the hardness of heart by which thousands of Pharaohs have been blighted,—a pleasure in carrying on the scoffer's war against all generous and humane emotions, the miserable ambition of rising to supremacy over one's fellow-men, in order that, from a higher point, we may trample their moral nature deeper into the dirt,—is an empire to which but few, whether in arms or in song, can venture to aspire. To speak only of literature:—Its more general vice of late has not been so much that it is opposed to the heart, as that in its ignorance it mistakes what constitutes one; or, 'busied about many 'things,' forgets we have one. Criticism has, justly in the main, insisted, that a poet ought to deal with the universal sentiments of mankind rather than with his own personal peculiarities. It might appear to have taught its lesson too successfully; and that most of the tuneful race had left off all converse with themselves, for fear of contracting idiosyncrasies, which their neighbours could neither follow nor understand. A reserved and noble mind disdainfully shrinks from the suspicion of setting up for sale in a shop window its own or others' secrets. Can this be the reason that so many of our novelists, in the extravagance of the passions, and the folly of the sentiments, which they substitute for the living reality of affections, come prepared with proof beforehand, that they have not taken from the biography of their own bosoms the prototype of their story? We will not call our present literature heartless; but we occasionally feel, that too little of it either rises from, or passes into the heart; and that the mass of it would be infinitely raised by a more stirring moral movement. There is no want among

our writers of energy, learning, argument, or fancy. What we miss most is what, among flowers, is missing in the tulip—a sweetness of nature,—an inner soul. It is on this invaluable property, above all others, that the peculiar influence of the fictions of Manzoni rests. It is this which forms the strength and the charm of the sad realities narrated in the little volume before us, by his unfortunate countryman, Silvio Pellico. The English translation of it has been, with great propriety, inscribed to a female * member of a family, which has been long distinguished for a flowing kindness that party politics could not narrow; and which gave us, in the character of Fox, a great example—as great, perhaps, as history can offer—of genius grounded on the heart.

These Memoirs contain the story of the ten years' imprisonment of a young man of letters, on a charge of political conspiracy against the Emperor of Austria, in the character of sovereign of Lombardy. An order from government for their suppression was not wanted, to convince the most sceptical critic of their perfect truth. It is unfortunate for the readers of translations that the truth of original impressions is nowhere more strongly marked than in the difficulty of translating works of great simplicity and feeling. The difficulty is one, which neither Mr Roscoe nor M. de Latour have on this occasion overcome. A good preliminary view of the present condition of Italian politics is prefixed to the English translation. An Englishman will see there the nature of the cause in which Pellico was suspected of being engaged. Before we accompany him through the recital of his punishment, it is right that we should thus have the means of comparing the quality of the punishment with that of the imputed crime. His friend and fellow-prisoner Piero Maroncelli, has added a few details to the French translation respecting the several individuals whose names incidentally occur; and M. de Latour has contributed a biographical and literary notice of Pellico himself.

Europe has a deeper interest than mere curiosity in learning what are the character and pursuits of men whom the Austrian government either makes or assumes to be such fatal enemies, that it feels justified in opening with them an account, at which human nature shudders. We do not want any favour to be shown to treason as being, in many cases, the gentleman's crime. Its distinction is in the fact, that it often, like heresy, is grounded on opinion, and may be

* The Honourable Miss Fox.

nothing more than the crime of loving truth, and seeking the happiness of mankind. It is not to be expected, that arbitrary governments *de facto* will recognise the new *de jure* title of patriot reformers. What might be expected, is, that an equitable consideration should be extended towards circumstances and persons, and that the nature of the alleged injury and of the penal sanction should be put into some sort of moral harmony with each other. Whatever may be the view with which punishment is inflicted—resentment which we ought not, expiation which we cannot, or prevention, which in some degree we are able, to superintend—M. Guizot has demonstrated that capital punishments are wholly unjustifiable in the case of political offences grounded upon opinion. There is worse than wicked mockery in the mitigation by which the injustice of that original sentence is commuted into the atrocities of lingering torment. Those imperial tragedies, of which Spielberg is, as it were, the private theatre, are a hundred times more cruel than any thing which impatient savages have yet been able to combine in the way of torture and of death.

Pellico was born in Piedmont, about 1784, in that fortunate and happy middle class, which is the most favourable position for the virtues, and especially for the most delightful part of them,—family affection. He had the fortune, too, whether good or bad, to be born a poet. At six years old he tried his infant hand upon a tragedy among the characters of Ossian. When sixteen, he accompanied his twin sister, on her marriage, to Lyons. He was residing there very happily, when the perusal of ‘*Il Carne dei Sepolcri*,’ which Foscolo had just published, inspired anew his youthful imagination. In a few days he had recrossed the Alps, and rejoined his family at Milan; at that time the intellectual capital of Italy. On the restoration, his family returned to Turin, but Pellico was tempted to remain. He had become at once friend and tutor in the families, first of the Count Briche, and afterwards of Count Porro. The latter excellent nobleman,—mild, virtuous, and munificent,—was, together with the still more unfortunate Confalonieri, the centre of a generous and gifted circle, where the elements of the moral and intellectual regeneration of their country were rapidly and deeply forming. In that circle Pellico occupied an honourable place. Monti and Foscolo, agreeing in little else, agreed in a flattering encouragement of his talents. Nevertheless, his modesty and respect for the public were so great, and so much did he value the enjoyment above the vanity of a poet, that his tragedy of ‘*Francesca di Rimini*,’ (since the delight of Italy,) and his translation of ‘*Manfred*,’ were first published by his friend

Lodivico de Brême, and without his consent, in 1819. In the same manner, Count Porro, having subsequently procured, through his children, the manuscript of 'Eufemio di Messina,' privately printed it at Novara, and presented the author with a copy on his birthday. It is the peculiar praise of men of rank in Italy to have been zealous in the encouragement of the fine arts. Porro and Confalonieri took the lead also in more novel experiments for their country's honour. In partnership with Alexander Visconti, they built the first steam-boat seen in Italy. The colleagues of Count Arrivabene,—since so well known by his work 'On the Societies of Public Beneficence in London,'—they established schools of mutual instruction in the principal towns. It was in Porro's house that the celebrated but short-lived Journal, with the friendly title of the 'Conciliator,' was first set up. The suggestion was Pellico's. He was appointed secretary. Its supporters were the leading lights of Italy—Romagnosi, Gioja, Botta, and Manzoni. The censorship, which soon left its conductors no alternative but to stop, must have vibrated through the circle as a warning of a far heavier and closely impending danger. Towards the close of the year 1820, the thunderbolt of power broke in among them. Some were providentially protected by their extreme political prudence; others, as Porro and Arrivabene, saved themselves by flight; the rest were apprehended. They were confined on suspicion, first in the Saint Margaret at Milan;—a prison much worse constructed under the additions made by the Emperor of Austria in 1821, than the old prisons of Venice. To these last they seem afterwards to have been usually transferred for trial. Thence they were transported, after sentence, to the fortresses of Lubiana or Spielberg, according to the duration of their imprisonment. Spielberg is already damned to historical infamy as certainly as the Bastile. The tortures endured there by Pellico, Maroncelli, and Confalonieri, are crimes against reason and humanity, which it would be treason towards our nature to forget. Nine-tenths of whatever pain can be justified in punishment is gained by its notoriety. The sentences, such as they were really executed, ought to have been at once read out openly in the square of Venice. Mutilation of a limb would then have been part of the visible judgment passed on Maroncelli. Count Roboni, and Antonio Villa would be known to have been doomed to die by a hunger less quick and more painful than Ugolino's. The Lombard nation would have felt through its every pulse, in the agony of Confalonieri, writhing for six months together on his miserable pallet, the penalty which Austria exacts from the friends of Lombard freedom.

Pellico asks himself in the proface why he has written the present memoirs. Every page bears upon the face of it, the testimony which Lord Brooke gave for his friend Sir Philip Sydney. 'The truth is, his end was not writing, even while he wrote, nor his knowledge moulded for tables and schools; but his wit and understanding bent upon his heart, to make himself and others, not in words and opinion, but in life and action, good and great.' Some of his readers, it may be hoped, will also ask themselves, how they can turn the perusal of his narrative to the best account. The person who might profit by it most, is undoubtedly the Emperor of Austria himself. Will his satellites let him see it? The minds of kings are often kept by those about them in a thralldom more degrading even than the fetters of Spielberg. We spoil them, and then blame them for being spoiled. It is the curse of greatness to be attended by slaves, who not only take their humour for a warrant, but who studiously fence them in from the discipline and emotions, in which every one else obtains his best security for virtue. When Pellico and Maroncelli were released, they passed through Vienna on their way to Italy. They were taken by the Commissary of Police, who had them in charge, to the gardens at Schonbrunn. The Emperor accidentally appeared. The loyal servant made them stand aside, lest his Imperial master should be saddened at the sight of their wasted persons! Have Metternich and the Aulic Chamber allowed him to be enlightened, as well as saddened, by the sight of these high-minded and deeply affecting Memoirs? Does he now know the merit, the goodness, the piety, of which he has been made the gaoler? Has he been enabled to measure the full extent of the barbarous injuries of which God will one day make himself the avenger? Are his dreams never haunted by the vision of the scholars and gentlemen of Italy, working in prison clothes in their Moravian dungeon,—bent down by chains under whose weight they are unable to walk, and the pressure of which will not let them sleep—sicken- ing at the smell of food so uneatable that the famished cannot taste it—fainting under the indirect assassination of a sunless atmosphere, and a slow starvation—perishing from the heart's longings after friends to whom they may never write, after parents from whom and of whom they must never hear—support- ing each other by manly and religious hopes against desperate temptations to self-destruction—the objects of silent and tremu- lous compassion to even the lowest ministers of abused justice,—to all, but to him, who alone had the power of relieving them?

The Emperor is one of those amiable sort of persons who pats children on the head when he meets them out a-walking, and

who has established among his Austrian subjects a reputation for good-nature, which the ordinary kingcraft of generalized political ambition has not been thought sufficiently personal to belie. There is a stupid constitutional good-nature which is no more meritorious than the good-nature of a drunken man. The individual horrors of Spielberg are a different, and we fear a personal affair. The women of Vienna, who came round the carriages of Pellico and Maroncelli, told them to be of good cheer. 'Our Emperor is so good—he will never leave you long at Spielberg; we are sure our *Franz* will remember you.' If *Franz* did remember them at all, so much the worse for *Franz*. Politics are of course excluded from so ticklish a subject as the present volume, printed at the Turin press. There can be, however, only one impression left upon its readers; that is, that the Emperor does not want to read it to become acquainted with the worst part of its contents. The positiveness of the regulations by which the officers on the spot were frightened from the commonest acts of humanity,—the constant reference to Vienna for the slightest mitigations which might be required by the necessities of a dying man,—such as permission to hear mass, or to have a leg cut off—special commissioners sent down to report upon the condition of the prison—occasional direct messages from the Emperor himself—all countenance the general belief that Spielberg was kept as a kind of State Menagerie which the Emperor personally superintended. If the Emperor has a heart, this is a book to break it. If he has a conscience, the best penance and reparation he now can make is to throw open the prison doors of 'the Leads' of Venice (*di tanti che giaceano!*); to set free as many of the hundred, as are still alive, whom Pellico left at San Michele; and to return the noble Confalonieri, Zucchi, and other Italian patriots, even now incarcerated at Spielberg, to their Italian home. It would redeem his character with the present and future ages, were he to consider further, how great is the presumption which disinterested martyrs raise in favour of their persecuted cause. Is there none to teach him that a government which once puts itself at issue with the rising intelligence and virtue of a nation stakes its temporary safety on a collision where victory is disgrace? Is there nobody who can elevate him high enough to feel that a land which is the mother of such spirits, must be worthy of a better fate?

It is so easy to be generous at the charge of others, that we all are patriots for former ages and in distant lands. While traversing the crisis of our Stuart-struggle, none is now so base, but that he finds himself in gaol with Hampden, pines away with Elliott in his prison-chamber, and bows his neck upon the

scaffold with Russell and with Sydney? Had the sins of our fathers doomed us to be born in Italy, we often think what would have been our courage and our fate. Here, also, at least in imagination and in feeling, we range ourselves, side by side, with her virtuous citizens. Steadfast to the cause of good government and of truth, we follow the men, who, looking forwards to the independence of their country and to the happiness of future generations, dared boldly to put to hazard all on earth belonging to themselves. They failed! In the wanderings of their exile, in the living sepulchre of their dungeons, what can we do but feel as if we were reading our own story in the persons of better men? Instead of this beautiful world which God has given us—instead of useful duties, interchanged affections, an enlarging sphere of brightening prospects—all the love, the promise, and the poetry of life—to what a crisis have they been called! Every thing lost in one fatal moment. Were we to live a thousand years, we should enter a prison walls with very altered feelings from those of a mere spectator, since we have kept company with Pellico. We have mounted with him on his chair and table, to peer down from the lattice-bars on the dome of St Mark, the glittering cupolas, and the Lagune. We have clung with him to his grated windows for a glimpse of nature, and for something to look like the smile of God, while dawn was breaking over the Valley of Brunn upon his silent prayers. We have brooded with him through ten long years of a solitude so intense, that the step of the turnkey was a pleasure, the whisper of a neighbouring prisoner a blessing, and the sound of an Italian air from a distant dungeon an event. We have shared in all the fluctuations of his hopes and fears—in the spectral terrors of his nights, in the day-dreams of his family affections: we thrilled with him at his glimpse of Gioja, at his chance embrace of Oroboni, and, above all, at his overflowing testimony to the nobleness with which human nature, when cold and forsaken in the hearts of kings and sycophants, yet vindicated its rights, in a thousand other bosoms, to our confidence and love. Streams of moral lustre and heavenly charity broke in, and lightened the darkness most, where the monotony of selfishness, and the servile drudgery of a long acquaintance with, and ministry on the wretched, were most likely to have trodden out the germ of every tender feeling. The characters of the dumb boy, and of Maddalene at Milan, of Angiola at Venice, and of Schiller in Spielberg, belong to scenes, which, in honour of childhood, of woman, of the virtue which makes sentinels and turnkeys a thousand times nobler than the sovereigns whom they have the misfortune to represent, we pray never to forget.

It is not wonderful that the courage, and patience, and faith of Pellico should occasionally have relapsed to our vulgar level; but it is wonderful that, with the prospect before him of a life far worse than a ten years' death-bed, he should so soon have taken up the true position; and have looked out with a firm trust and steady eye on the right support, whether for life or death, which rose up on him from between his prison-bars. At a time and place, when every thing else failed him, virtuous sympathy and religious hopes became his only consolation. He vowed, that in case he ever should return into the world, he would not be ashamed of bearing witness what was The Book which alone in his necessities breathed around him protection and repose. He proved the whole truth of St Augustin's declaration. In Cicero and Plato, and such other writers, 'I meet with many things wittily said, and things that have a manifest tendency to move the passions; but in none of them do I find these words, *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*'

The author, in giving us this Journal, has not returned to life and liberty in vain. He has kept his vow. On the one hand, we do not fear that he will enslave himself to the mere pursuits of this world, where, as on a child's rocking-horse, we move to and fro, yet make no progress. His thoughts and feelings have been too long concentrated on one overwhelming consideration, that he should now desire to write his name on water, or trifle in making there the brief and glittering circles which he well knows spread only on the surface, and widen into nothing. Religion, once brought to bear on the heart, raises our intellectual and moral being. It gives to man the style and character of a creature who has been living with a nobler race. On the other hand, restored to the world, he must remember that he has to live in it and for it. He must resume the generous interests and the varied motives to active usefulness, so long necessarily suspended. He must pick up and connect again the threads of life, which have been broken for a time by a terrible misfortune. We rejoice to see, in three recent Tragedies, the first fruits of his liberated muse, that he has re-entered on his honourable career. They are dedicated, in the highest sense of the word, to his parents. They are, perhaps, not the less calculated to answer the moral purpose in which they are conceived, that the touches of beauty in them are more remarkable than strokes of strength; and that the creative spirit of his imagination (is that the effect of all that he has gone through?) appears to be merged in the sensibility of his heart.

Sorrow is an ancient and universal school. If Job is the

most sublime, Pellico is among the most touching of its disciples. There might easily be what the world would call a cleverer book than this, which we have so earnestly recommended. There can be none more beautiful, none more useful. It is a cup of water for the weary who are fainting by the wayside. It is the gentle voice of peace and charity, which, here and hereafter, is of better worth than all the warring words of our contentious wisdom. The uses of resentment, so well explained by Butler and by Chalmers, find, at the same time, in its pages a guide and guarantee for the rectitude of our indignant feelings. How its reader must hate oppression ! how he must despise himself for the thoughts which he has been wasting on his own petty troubles, and still more frivolous enjoyments ! how must his spirit wander round the walls of Spielberg, and sigh that he cannot, like Richard's Minstrel, convey to its noble victims the consolation at least of sympathy, if not yet the gladsome tidings of a speedier deliverer than death ! A cloud, from which more than infamy must, sooner or later burst, has gathered over those fatal dungeons. In the meanwhile, it is some relief to know, that the mind is its own palace ; that, chained down where sunbeam never reaches, he who has light in his clear bosom, ' may sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day,'—a day which emperors cannot shut out from the cells of even Moravia or Venice ! Thanks be to God ! the prison of patriotism and virtue can be made but half a prison. An angel descends into its depths of misery, and walks through the fiery furnace with spirits sainted by affliction. An exemplification, like the present, of the means by which religion transmutes the greatest sorrow into the greatest joy, has the glory of co-operating with God's highest and most secret purposes. It teaches us how out of evil He brings forth good ;—good to the sufferer himself, good to all, who take duly to their own hearts the sufferings of others. But woe to those through whom the evil cometh ! No thanks to them that there are minds which, in suffering all things, not only have suffered nothing, but can answer, ' it is good for us to have been here ;'—in whom the crushing step of tyranny brings out the strength and sweetness, not the bitterness of their nature ; and who are blessed enough to find that there is a fountain of surpassing comfort, which, alas ! human weakness seldom reaches, but by passing through the vale of tears.

ART. XII.—*Chansons Nouvelles et Dernières*, de P. J. DE BERANGER. *Dédiées à M. LUCIEN BUONAPARTE*. Paris : 1833.

WHEN we last introduced Beranger to the notice of our readers, his fame, though little known beyond his own country, had reached its height in France. Ardent and enthusiastic, sad and gay by turns, witty and yet natural,—with all their simplicity of expression, dignified and forcible,—his songs had become familiar as household words in the hearts and mouths of his countrymen. Prosecution and fine had increased, if that were possible, his popularity; and had endeared still more to the public the poet who appeared to them to have been a sufferer in their cause. On the mind of the poet himself they had produced their natural impression. What terrors indeed could a fine of three hundred francs and a year's imprisonment—cheered, as it was, by constant visits and expressions of sympathy from distinguished men of all parties—have for one to whom the gloomy apartments of *La Force* could hardly appear more desolate than the tailor's garret where he had passed his youth? They had none. The solitude of his prison seemed only to render his fancy more active;—his penance to give additional point, force, and boldness to his political allusions. The poet of the people—the title to which his claim was now universally recognised—even from his prison continued to launch forth those epigrammatic traits of irresistible satire which linger in the popular memory, and silently prepare the fall of dynasties, by exposing them to that which in France is omnipotent, contempt.

A change not unnatural or displeasing has come over his mind since those days of young enthusiasm, of suffering and triumph. We have here the last volume of his songs—not, indeed, as he tells us in his preface, the last he may write, but the last he intends to publish. ‘*Helas ! hélas ! j’ai cinquante ans,*’ might have been the appropriate title of more than one of the songs it contains. Gaiety is not, indeed, excluded from its pages, but it is more tempered than of old, and recurs more seldom; and often some sad recollection suddenly arising from the heart, comes over his spirit like a cloud, and converts the smile unawares into a tear. One change, we are sure, no one who is interested in Beranger's fame can regret. It was unworthy of his great and varied powers to be, as he too often was, the poet of licentiousness; it was an insult to that people, whose poetical high-priest he aspired to be, to hold out to the world that these were the

compositions which they delighted to honour. His best friend will not deny that he has written many lines which, when dying, he would wish to blot. We are sure he feels and regrets this himself; of which the best proof is, that in the present volume, the product of his riper experience, and juster appreciation of what is due to himself and to public morals, his purer taste has discarded these blemishes, and banished the Margots, Lises, and Roses to that obscurity from which a poet's hand should never have withdrawn them. A sly allusion, a hint sufficiently 'vocal to the 'intelligent,' no doubt occasionally occurs even in these his purer lays. We see plainly enough that they are the work of one who, like Shallow, has heard the 'chimes at midnight' a little too often, and who in his youthful days had been no enemy to 'cakes and ale.' But there is nothing offensive in these sallies; and the future editor of a Family Beranger, while he more than decimates his former volumes, will probably content himself with erasing a few stanzas from the present.

To the graver views which advancing years naturally produce in any mind, has been added, in Beranger's case, the seriousness which political convulsions, and a somewhat clouded and menacing future, necessarily awaken in minds which, like his, find their happiness beyond the narrow sphere of self; and whose sympathies and interests are bound up with the well-being of society around them. Beranger has, in fact, been placed, since the Revolution of 1830, in a very painful and embarrassing position. He has seen the desire of his soul, but he is not satisfied. The elder branch of the Bourbons, the victims against whom he aimed his incessant fire of 'paper pellets of the brain,' has been expelled. No Marchangys and Bellarts now exist to check the free current of his fancy by 'Dix mille francs d'amende.' The Jesuits, another of the objects of his persevering satire, are—who can tell where? The friends with whom he laboured, for whom he wrote, whom he looked up to as the future saviours of France, were in power; but Beranger is discontented. The millennium which he expected from the Revolution, has not been realized; those airy visions of republican liberty, and national happiness and glory, which had, strangely enough, alternated in his mind with an enthusiastic admiration of Buonaparte, seem to him as far as ever from assuming substance and form: as it was in the days of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., so it is, in most of these respects, in those of Louis Philippe. So, at least, thinks Beranger.

' Je croyais qu'on allait faire
Du grand et du neuf ;

Même etendré un peu la sphère
 De quatre vingt neuf.
 Mais point ! on rebadigeonne
 Un trône noirci :
 Chanson, reprends ta couronne—
 Messieurs grand merci !

‘ La planete doctrinaire,
 Qui sur Gand brillait,
 Veul servir de luminaire
 Aux gens de Juillet
 Fi d'un froid soleil d' automne
 De brume obscurci :
 Chanson, reprends ta couronne—
 Messieurs grand merci !’

Most men will probably think that the fault rather lies in the extravagant and impracticable expectations of the poet, than in the limited performance of his friends the Ministers ; but be that as it may, Beranger is obviously placed in a situation not a little injurious to the free exercise of his talents. Like Balak, his disposition is obviously to curse, but considerations of old attachments, and personal friendships, and perhaps the increasing doubt whether another change would be more calculated to further his views than the last, restrain his satirical vein ; and as a compromise between his convictions and his feelings, he avoids almost entirely the themes to which his mind seemed formerly to turn with peculiar predilection. With the exception of one or two dashing, but somewhat noisy, effusions, on that safe theme, ‘ the Three Days of July,’ there is scarcely an allusion to recent events in the present volume. Its political songs bear reference to the period of his contests with the former government, and his imprisonment in *La Force* after his second conviction under Charles X. In the few compositions where he does advert to things as they are, there is an air of reserve, a feeling of despondency which contrasts strangely with the earlier vivacity, confidence, and openness of his muse. They are neither animated by the spirit of hope, nor the excitement of a rooted and uncompromising hostility. Contrary, therefore, to what has generally been the case, the political songs in the present volume will be found the least interesting part of its contents, even to the general class of readers.

The volume is dedicated, with a highly honourable feeling of gratitude, to one who had been his early benefactor, though he has for sometime ceased to occupy a prominent position on the public eye. In 1803, poor, unknown, with no resources but what his talent for song afforded, without a friend to apply to, Beranger

ventured to address a letter to the brother of the First Consul, Lucien Buonaparte, soliciting his patronage. He had already encountered so many disappointments, that he scarcely flattered himself with the least hope of success from this new application. To his surprise, however, he received, in three days, an answer from the Prince, containing the most flattering encouragement, as well as more substantial assistance. When Lucien afterwards quitted France, he gave Beranger a new proof of the interest he felt in his fortunes, by assigning in his favour the pension allowed him by the Academy. For these acts of kindness and generosity bestowed upon him, at a time when such favours were of more value to him than they could now be, Beranger seems ever to have retained the warmest gratitude; and the dedication of the present volume, couched in language of warm admiration and attachment, evinces at once the sincerity and the permanence of his feelings.

That Beranger is a poet of highly original and varied talent, no one, we suppose, will now attempt to dispute. In his own country, with the exception of Lamartine, he stands confessedly at the head of the poets of the time; and so little do the respective provinces of these distinguished rivals interfere, that each may be said to be sovereign within his own domain. But great as is the talent and extensive the resources of Beranger, we cannot help doubting whether the universal homage which his genius has met with in other countries be altogether sincere;—whether many of those peculiarities which endear him so much to his own countrymen, and which have entered so materially into the grounds of his popularity there, can, or even ought to be, felt and relished by foreigners as they are by Frenchmen; and whether, in short, the vanity of pretending to that full and minute acquaintance with the niceties of a foreign idiom and delicacies of allusion, which the study of Beranger's works is admitted on all hands to presuppose, may not, to a considerable degree, be at the bottom of that general and indiscriminating chorus of admiration with which his successive publications have been received by our Critical Journals. We shall by and by state shortly how far we are inclined to depart from some of those received opinions; in the meantime, we may advert to one or two circumstances which we think must always prevent Beranger from ever occupying in other countries, and particularly in our own, the same high and commanding rank which he unquestionably occupies in the literature of France.

The first of these is the different rank and importance of song-writing in the two countries; a difference arising essentially out of the absolute contrast which they present in point of national

character. The man who observed that, provided he had the making of the national songs, he cared little who had the making of the laws, uttered an observation in which there was much point and truth, as applied to France, but none whatever as applied to England. Song has never, with us, attained the dignity and importance of a political agent. We grumble abundantly, in prose, over our taxes and national debt, and make it clear as daylight, in occasional pamphlets, or more deliberate octavos, that we are a very miserable and long-suffering people. But the resources of rhyme, of popular ridicule, and music, seem scarcely to have occurred to us as agents in the work of political regeneration. Feeling seriously and permanently, we speak the language of seriousness, and seem, in our appeals to others, to disdain the use of any means of producing effect less earnest or straightforward than those which have influenced ourselves. They manage these things, if not better, at least very differently, in France. There song has, from the first, had its grave and important office. In times of despotism, it was the safety-valve by which the pent-up vapour of popular discontent found a ready, and it was then thought, a harmless vent. In more modern times, it has invariably been the subtlest and most irresistible instrument by which obnoxious men or measures have been assailed. Vivacious, sensitive, versatile, with an inexhaustible exchequer of self-complacency and good-humour at command, the Frenchman passes rapidly from the sense of suffering to the perception of every thing which is, or can be rendered ridiculous in the man, woman, or thing, which has been the source of his annoyance. Is he jilted? he puts his perfidious mistress to death by an epigram. Is he roughly handled by the ministry? he makes their lives miserable by a 'chanson.' Is his vanity mortified by the success of a literary rival? he withers his laurels by a parody. Ridicule, in some shape or other, is in France the universal solvent, which nothing can resist—an instrument applied indiscriminately to all purposes, good or bad, mean or magnificent; now shaming men out of their vices or absurdities, where a graver monitor would have sought entrance in vain,—now blighting, with its touch, the warmest emotions, and the most generous sentiments;—an unsparing force, which, like the wind,

' Blows where it listeth, laying all things prone,
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.'

Against a course of persevering attacks on the side of the ridiculous, no form of government, no system of education, no code of manners, or even morals, we believe, could long be able in

France to maintain its ground. It was Shenstone, we think, who used to bless God that his name was one on which it was impossible for any man to make a pun; but none but a Frenchman can fully appreciate the advantages of such a blessing. A minister who has got a name, which is provocative of puns, or hitches with an unlucky facility into rhyme, can scarcely consider his tenure of office worth more than six months' purchase. Every successive *calembourg* diminishes his numbers on a division, and the last new song is sure to leave him in a minority on the civil list. Of all the modes in which poetry can be made subservient to purposes like these, song is evidently the most effective, and universal, and immediate, in its operation. It speaks not to a particular class, but to all; its brevity fixes it in the memory; the creature of the moment, it avails itself of every allusion, every passion, every prejudice of the day: the language of the saloon and the cabaret lie equally within its range; while its outward form appears so trivial and harmless, that even despotic governments are deterred by the dread of ridicule from attempting to interfere with it. The song-writer himself, on the other hand, enjoys some advantages which are peculiarly his own. Instead of being, like the dramatist, the novelist, or the epic poet, the butt of other people's satire, he has the pleasure of being the marksman. If his popularity be not very permanent, at least he has not long to wait for it. He draws on the public at sight, and pockets the discount, in the shape of fame, on the spot. An electric sympathy, like that between the actor and his audience, is established between himself and that public for which he writes; each new production of his muse, caught up and re-echoed with delight upon their part, reaches his ear again in a thousand shapes — not the less delightful even that it comes accompanied by the dreary melody of street-singers and barrel-organs,—and stirs up his fancy and strengthens his courage for new and higher efforts.

No wonder if in a country like France, where song has long been all-powerful, a writer of Beranger's powers should possess, not merely popularity, but a degree of literary rank and eminence which we in this country find it difficult to understand, as enjoyed by any song-writer whatever. To enable us to do so, our government would require to have been what Champfort defined the old French monarchy to be, 'an absolute monarchy 'tempered by songs.' Confined with us to the expression of individual feeling, and chiefly to domestic themes, our amatory or bacchanalian effusions have seldom employed the pens of our most distinguished poets, and the few good songs we possess seem rather to have been the careless productions of accident;

than written on any system or with any study. Not that we want the perception of those qualities wherein the beauty and merit of a song consists; we can relish its wit, or sympathize with its pathos, as keenly as our neighbours; and no really good song, which has appeared among us, has ever failed to make its way into, and keep its place in the memory of the public. But unless a complete, and, we think, by no means desirable revolution in our national character were to be effected, and song-writing to become with us, as in France, the great vehicle of public opinion, as well as private feeling, we cannot expect that this department of poetry should be allowed to occupy the same high rank, or that the *Chansonnier* should take his seat beside the epic poet or the dramatist, without awakening our special wonder.

What would even Beranger have been in his own country, had the field of song been as unimportant there as with us;—had his muse confined herself to themes of love and wine, to pastoral ballads, and to little pictures of domestic life, drawn from the auberge, the village fete, the guard-house, or the guinguette? A great and original poet unquestionably—but not the popular idol which he is at present. He himself apologizes for the introduction of these lighter themes, on the ground that they had been the means of bespeaking fame for their graver political companions. We suspect the state of the case to have been just the reverse; and that thousands who would never have bestowed a thought on the former, have been beguiled into studying them, and discovering their excellences, solely through the importance which his name had acquired by the powerful and caustic wit of his political satires; the tact and boldness with which he had caught and embodied in his verses the essence of popular feeling; and the hardihood with which he had given them to the world. How matters may stand a century hence—is no more difficult to conjecture. Then, in all probability, the relative importance of his political diatribes, and the calmer and truer inspirations of his muse will be better appreciated, and the memory of Beranger be known, less as the successful and persevering satirist of the restoration, than as one who had with equal boldness and success struck out a new path in the midst of a track which appeared the most hackneyed;—by taking the simplest, the most universal feelings,—the most commonplace sentiments and images—provided only they were true, unforced and natural—as the groundwork of his poetry, and yet, by the tact and skill employed in their construction, and the felicity of their expression, investing them with a high and peculiar character of originality. ‘What oft was thought, but ne’er so well expressed,’ is a better definition of Beranger’s style of composition than it

was of wit. The oftener the thought has occurred to others, so much the better with him;—it is an evidence of its truth—its universality—its power of affecting the fancy and the heart. What remains for him is to impart to this thought, so familiar to all, though till then perhaps vaguely and indefinitely,—form, colour, and existence; so that, when presented to our notice, it is felt at once to be an old acquaintance, and yet awakens all the interest and curiosity with which we regard a new one. We in vain endeavour to recall, in all the works of Beranger, a reflection which strikes us as absolutely new;—an idea or image which has not been long familiar to us in some shape or other. The originality lies entirely in the application and use of the idea, or the point and compactness with which the image is brought out by his hands. In this respect his success is frequently magical. In song-writing, more than anything else, every verse, every expression, is of importance. In longer compositions, the excellence of the general plan, the eloquence or pathos of particular passages, may make up for the occasional tediousness or feebleness of others. But in these brief compositions, the whole must be perfect; a halting line, a forced turn of expression, is fatal to the effect. No good song, we will venture to say, was ever written in a hurry. The leading idea may be conceived, followed out into its leading details, and the skeleton of the composition struck off at a heat; but all that gives it its characteristic grace and finish, must be the work of careful and persevering labour. Beranger's songs, it may easily be imagined, are not the work of a day. He is, in fact, an extremely slow composer; frequently laying aside the subject on which he is employed for weeks, and patiently waiting, till, by dint of long reflection on the subject, and careful polishing,—by the selection of the happiest allusions,—by the careful elimination of every phrase or usage which appears *recherché* or ornate,—he has given to the whole that unity and appearance of ease and simplicity at which he aimed. The consequence is, that though by no means so immaculate as is sometimes thought, his manner is unquestionably the most finished of any of the French song-writers. Particular songs might undoubtedly be selected from the works of Blot, Colle, Panard, and Desaguiers, which will bear no unfavourable comparison with Beranger's. But, as a whole, their compositions have a hasty and ephemeral air, not only in their subjects, but in their execution.

What we confess is the most offensive to us, both in sentiment and style, in the works of Beranger, are his egregious commonplaces about French glory, foreign oppression, treachery, and cruelty, and similar topics, which he handles very much in the same spirit of ridiculous exaggeration which dis-

tinguished the claptrap effusions of our own patriotic songsters during the war. The truth is, Beranger is the poet of the people in the worst as well as the best acceptation of the term. He seems to have adopted all their prejudices, hatreds, narrow-mindedness, and limited views, along with their warmth of feeling and hardihood of expression; and he never scruples to consecrate their follies and absurdities, by lending to them the charm of his versification. To any other but a Frenchman, these compositions, whether viewed in regard to their sentiments or their style, will possess but few attractions; and even they can hardly be insensible to the manifest inferiority of most of these noisy and laboured efforts, to those in which he struck a simpler chord; or, as in his later works in particular, has opened his heart to the impulses of a more cosmopolitan philanthropy. Even in point of style they seem to deal largely in those traditional phrases which Voltaire called *des Suisses*—mercenaries, at the service of every one—and of which certainly very few are to be found in Beranger's ordinary poetry.

The subject of style, however, is delicate ground for a foreigner, and we turn to a matter in which we may fairly be considered more competent judges. The point in which Beranger's songs strike us as so superior to English songs in general, is that the plan of the former is invariably most carefully arranged; the latter seem to have no plan at all: each of his forms a complete whole, from which not a verse could be taken away without ruining the general effect; most of ours might be turned upside down, or half a dozen verses fairly cut out by any critical Procrustes, without materially affecting the connexion of the ideas. Nothing in Beranger's songs seems to have 'dropped in by accident;' each of the details bears on and advances the general result. How well selected is every feature of the picture, which, in a few stanzas, he exhibits of the mental agony of Louis XI. at Plessis les Tours;—the warm sun of spring enlightening all around,—the cheerful villagers dancing on the green,—the pale and shivering tyrant advancing like a phantom in the midst of his guards, in the hope to drive the demon of melancholy from his bosom, by the sight of their harmless gaiety; and then, distracted with the sight of mirth which guilt could not share, flying in despair back to his gloomy towers. With what skill are the incidents arranged in the little piece, entitled *The Fifth of May*,—a subject, in the treatment of which a person of less tact would infallibly have made shipwreck, either on the side of exaggeration or commonplace! Wearied with the sight of foreign invaders, a French soldier has departed a voluntary exile for India. Five years have elapsed, and a longing desire to re-

visit his country seizes on his mind. He embarks on board a Spanish ship for Europe—he delights himself with the prospect of revisiting his native place, his family—the son whose hand is to close his eyes. He draws near to St Helena, and while the recollections of its illustrious captive are crowding on his mind, a black flag is suddenly displayed from the rock, announcing that the ‘world’s great master’ had died there, forsaken and alone. The *refrain* of the song embodies the leading idea of the whole composition.

‘Pauvre soldat je reverrai la France ;
La main d’un fils me fermera les yeux.’

The very same skill and selection of incidents distinguish his comic ballads; such, for instance, as the *Marquis of Carabas*,—a most ludicrous picture of the pretensions of the restored noblesse; the *Roi d’Yvetot*, a political lesson administered to Buonaparte, which it would have been well if he had followed; and the exquisitely comic little piece of *Le Sénateur*, in which an old dotard praises the attractions of his wife, and the attentions of his friend the senator, in a way which makes the grounds of the senator’s complaisance transparent to all the world except the husband himself.

The following piece, entitled *La pauvre l’emme*, from the present volume, which we shall attempt (with due diffidence) to render into English in the measure of the original, possesses a merit of the same kind. It is a picture, in a few stanzas, of the life of an actress,—its thoughtless gaiety and prodigality in prosperity, its misery and destitution when misfortune and disease have taken its place.

It snows, it snows, but on the pavement still
 She kneels and prays, nor lifts her head ;
 Beneath these rags through which the blast blows shrill,
 Shivering she kneels, and waits for bread.
 Hither each morn she gropes her weary way,
 Winter and summer, there is she.
 Blind is the wretched creature ! well-a-day !—
 Ah ! give the blind one charity !

Ah ! once far different did that form appear ;
 That sunken cheek, that colour wan,
 The pride of thronged theatres, to hear
 Her voice, enraptured Paris ran :
 In smiles or tears before her beauty’s shrine,
 Which of us has not bowed the knee ?—
 Who owes not to her charms some dreams divine ?
 Ah ! give the blind one charity !

How oft when from the crowded spectacle,
Homeward her rapid coursers flew ;
Adoring crowds would on her footsteps dwell,
And loud huzzas her path pursue.
To hand her from the glittering car, that bore
Her home to scenes of mirth and glee,
How many rivals throng'd around her door—
Ah ! give the blind one charity.

When all the arts to her their homage paid,
How splendid was her gay abode ;
What mirrors, marbles, bronzes were displayed,
Tributes by love on love bestow'd :
How duly did the muse her banquets gild,
Faithful to her prosperity :
In every palace will the swallow build !—
Ah ! give the poor one charity !

But sad reverse—sudden disease appears ;
Her eyes are quenched, her voice is gone,
And here, forlorn and poor, for twenty years,
The blind one kneels and begs alone.
Who once so prompt her generous aid to lend ?
What hand more liberal, frank, and free,
Than that she scarcely ventures to extend ?—
Ah ! give the poor one charity !

Alas for her ! for faster falls the snow,
And every limb grows stiff with cold ;
That rosary once woke her smile, which now
Her frozen fingers hardly hold.
If bruised beneath so many woes, her heart
By pity still sustain'd may be,
Lest even her faith in heaven itself depart,
Ah ! give the blind one charity.

Two other gloomy sketches from life are entitled *Le Vagabond*, and *Jacques*. In the former, a wretched mendicant, poor and miserably old, as he lays him down to die in a ditch by the wayside, vents his complaints against that society which refuses him the means of existence, and then expels him from its bosom for offences which misery alone has prompted. The latter is a scene from the *ancien régime*—a darkly coloured picture of the sufferings of the poor, when, amidst disease, distress, and destitution, their last resources are wrung from them by taxation. The wife tries to awaken her husband from his sleep, which she knows not to be the sleep of death—by the intelligence that the tax-gatherer is demanding admittance.

‘ Jacque, il me faut troubler ton somme :
Dans le village un gros huissier,
Rude et court, suivi du messier,
C'est pour l'impôt, las ! mon pauvre homme.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

‘ Regarde, le jour vient d'éclorre,
Jamais se tard tu n'as dormi.
Pour vendre chez le vieux Remi,
On saississait avant l'aurore.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

‘ Pas un sous ! Dieu ! je crois l'entendre ;
Ecoute, les chiens aboyer.
Demande un mois pour tout payer ;
Ah ! si le roi pouvait attendre.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

‘ Pauvres gens l'impôt nous depouille,
Nous n'avons, accablés de maux,
Pour nous, ton père et six marmots,
Rien que ta beche et ma quenouille.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

‘ On compte avec cette mesure
Un quart d'arpent cher affermé.
Par la misere il est fumé,
Il est moissonne par l'usure.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

‘ Beaucoup de peine et peu de lucre.
Quand d'un porc aurons nous la chair ?
Tout ce que nourrit est si cher,
Et le sel aussi notre sucre.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

‘ Du vin soutendrait ton courage,
Mais les droits l'ont bien rencher ;
Pour en boire un peu, mon cheri,
Vends mon anneau de mariage.
Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Reverais tu que ton bon ange
 Te donne richesse et repos ?
 Que sont aux riches les impôts ?
 Quelques rats de plus dans leur grange.
 Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
 Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Il entre : O ciel, que dois je craindre !
 Tu ne dis mot ; quelle paleur !
 Hier tu te plains de la douleur,
 Toi, qui souffres tant sans te plaindre.
 Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
 Voici venir l'huissier du Roi.

'Elle appelle en vain ; il rend l'ame.
 Pour qui s'épuise à travailler.
 La mort est un doux oreiller.
 Bonnes gens priez pour sa femme.
 Leve-toi, Jacque, leve-toi,
 Voici, Monsieur, l'huissier du Roi.'

Beranger's daily personal experience of the annals of the poor, gave him a great advantage over his rivals in the truth and vigour with which he depicts those scenes of suffering 'beneath the huts where poor men lie.' He had seen something of the difficulty of dividing among many the scanty meal which was barely sufficient for one, and of the poor wife selling her marriage-ring, her last remembrance of happier days, to procure a little wine for her dying husband—of the fatal connexion, and almost necessity, which exists between want and crime ; and with every year the woes of society seem to make a deeper impression on him. In his earlier years he drowned them in the excitement of personal warfare with kings and cabinets ; he forgot them in the love of Lise, or banished them by joyous cups of 'Chamber-tin and Romance.' But now, his political mission, as he himself says, terminated ;—the noise and tumult of political polemics at an end, the giddy fervour and excesses of youth tempered and chastised by the sorrowful experience of age,—his mind seems to turn with a livelier and closer sympathy to the contemplation of those evils which unhappily deform the frame of society, and to dwell with earnestness upon every scheme, even though, in the eyes of others, it wear a visionary character, which seems to hold out the promise of a remedy. Across the pretended raillery of the song entitled '*Les fous*,' it is not difficult, we think, for instance, to discover that St Simon is spoken of as one of those 'madmen' to whom society may yet be indebted for its recon-

struction upon a better footing. He seems to see more distinctly than he formerly did, the comparative insignificance of the objects which had once appeared to him so important, so intimately connected with the wellbeing of mankind; how little the struggles of parties, or the triumph of one over another, really do to advance the interests of humanity, or widen the sphere of happiness; and almost to wish, that instead of 'giving up to party' 'what was meant for mankind'—instead of wasting the labours of his muse on men and measures, already forgotten, or in the course of being so, he had devoted the earlier part of his career, as he has done the later, to the contemplation of the more serious problems of society and existence; and, instead of flitting over the surface of all things on the wings of ridicule, had applied his loftier powers of eloquence and pathos to the correction or cure of those evils by which they have been so long afflicted.

Under the influence of those more earnest and exalted views, his later compositions approach more and more to the nature of odes—a title which, even at an earlier period, was bestowed upon them by Constant. Many of the most striking and impressive pieces in the present volume, such as the '*Juif Errant*,' '*Les quatre Ages historiques*,' '*Le Suicide*,' '*L'Alchimiste*,' have scarcely any thing of the character of songs. They are truly odes conceived in the pure classical spirit of antiquity, not in that pseudo classic taste which at one time rendered the very name of ode in France synonymous with every thing tedious and commonplace. What is a dithyramb? said some one about that time, not very familiar with ancient metres. O! *something worse than an ode*, replied the friend to whom the question was addressed. Beranger's odes, we think, would suggest very different emotions. Their scene is laid in the world about us, not on Olympus or Parnassus; their machinery consists in human passions, feelings, and errors, not in mythological visions, or poetical personifications of virtues and vices; but they have borrowed from classical antiquity, or rather both have inhaled from the same great source of inspiration, their simple grandeur, their train of reflection and thought coming home to the bosoms of all, and that grace, precision, and polish of expression, which gives unity and completeness to the whole.

We have already said that the songs on political subjects are by no means the most interesting part of the contents of the present volume. To later events Beranger scarcely alludes. The songs entitled '*La Restauration de la Chanson*,' and '*A mes Amis devenus Ministres*,' and the '*Conseil aux Belges*,' are almost the only two in which such subjects are touched upon. The irony in the latter, when he alludes to his own attach-

ment to kings, is bitter enough ; nor is it difficult to perceive that, but for the influence of old recollections, his friends the Ministers, and the Monarch himself, might probably cut very much the same figure in a forthcoming volume of poems, as Charles X. with his Paladins, the Vatismenils, Marchangys, Villeles, and Argensons, did in its predecessors. Increasing years, and a calmer temperament, probably have had their influence too, in tempering his satirical vein. The poet,

‘ Who could not brook at all that sort of thing

In his hot youth, when George the Third was King’—

may be allowed to view matters with a more philosophic eye in the times of William the Fourth. Of the songs directed against his old enemies the Bourbons, the only one of remarkable merit, and which, indeed, has all the point and felicity of allusion which distinguished his earlier political satires, is *Denys, Maitre d'Ecole*, in which the old story of Dionysius turning schoolmaster at Corinth, after his expulsion from Syracuse, is very dexterously applied to the fortunes of Charles X. Beranger seems to think it necessary to make a sort of apology for directing his satire against an absent and a fallen man ; but assuredly he is the last person who could well be accused of kicking the dead lion. Pointed as the satire is, it is less stinging and personal than some of those attacks which the poet ventured to publish while the object of his satire was beside him, surrounded by all the terrors of power. The following song was written during his nine months' imprisonment in *La Force*, after his second conviction for libel in 1829.

‘ Denys, chassé de Syracuse,
A Corinthe se fait pedant ;
Ce roi que tout un peuple accuse,
Pauvre et dechu, se console en grondant.
Maitre d'ecole, au moins il prime,
Son bon plaisir fait et defait les lois. (*bis*)
Il regne encor, car il opprime.
Jamais l'exil n'a corrigé les Rois.

‘ Sur le diner de chaque elève
Le Tyran des Syracusans,
Comme impôt, chaque jour preleve
Trois quarts des noix, du miel et des raisins.
Car, dit-il, qu'on le reconnaisse
J'ai droit sur tout, je l'ai prouvé cent fois.
Baisez la main ; je vous en laisse.
Jamais l'exil n'a corrigé les Rois.

‘ Un sournois, dernier de sa classe,
 Au bas d'un thème mal tourné,
 Met ces mots : Grand Roi, qu'un Dieu fasse
 Perir tous ceux qui vous ont détrôné !
 Vite un prix au sot qui l'adule !
 Mon fils, dit-il, tout sceptre est au grand poids.
 Sois mon second ; prends la ferule.
 Jamais l'exil n'a corrigé les Rois.

‘ Un autre en secret vient lui dire—
 Seigneur, un ecolier transcrit,
 Là bas, je crois, quelque satire.
 C'est contre vous ; Car voyez comme il rit.
 Ce maître d'humeur repressive,
 De l'accusé courant tordre les doigts,
 Dit, Je ne veux plus qu'on ecrive,
 Jamais l'exil n'a corrigé les Rois.

‘ Revant un jour que l'on conspire,
 Revant qu'il court des grands dangers,
 Ce fou, tremblant pour son empire,
 Voit ses marmots narguer deux étrangers.
 Chers étrangers, dans ce repaire
 Entrez, dit-il, sur eux vengez mes droits,
 Frappez : pour eux je suis un pere—
 Jamais l'exil n'a corrigé les Rois.

‘ Enfin, pères, mères, grand-mères,
 De manit enfant trop bien fessé,
 L'accablant de plaintes amères,
 L'ancien tyran de Corinthe est chassé.
 Mais pour agir encore en maître,
 Maudire encor sa patrie et ses lois,
 Le pedant Denys se fait prêtre.
 Jamais l'exil n'a corrigé les Rois.’

The other songs on similar subjects, ‘ *Mes Jours Gras de 1829*,’ in which the poet, confined in his prison, witnesses from his windows the gaiety of the Parisian carnival ; and the ‘ *Dix mille Francs*,’ in which he apportions, with considerable humour, the amount of his fine, are both good, but not among the first class of his songs. Next to the song we have quoted, we should be inclined to place ‘ *The Prediction of Nostradamus*, or the Year Two Thousand,’ in which the poet supposes the last descendant of the kings of France, then a republic, arriving a poor famished mendicant from Rome, entreating charity at the gate of that Louvre which had been the palace

of his progenitors, and receiving it at the hands of the descendant of a regicide.

‘ Moï qui suis né d’un vieux sang regicide,
Je fais l’aumône au dernier de nos Rois ! ’

But our space grows limited, and we prefer passing from politics to matters more personal to the feelings of the poet himself. We shall conclude with one of his songs, in which he announces his intention of bidding adieu to the public, and hanging his harp upon the wall before his right hand have lost its cunning. ‘ Quand a moi,’ says he, in affecting language, ‘ qui jusqu’à présent, n’ai eu qu’à me louer de la jeunesse, je n’attendrai pas quelle me crie: Arrière bon homme! laisse nous passer! Ce que l’ingrate pourrait faire avant peu. Je sors de la lice pendant que j’ai encore la force de m’en éloigner. Trop souvent, au soir de la vie, nous nous laissons surprendre par le sommeil sur la chaise où il vient nous clouer. Mieux vaudrait aller l’attendre au lit dont alors on a si grand besoin. Je me hâte de gagner le mien, quoiqu’il soit un peu dur.’ This valedictory ode, entitled ‘ *Adieu, Chansons,*’ we shall endeavour to translate—with no great hopes, we must confess, of success—but with the certainty that those who know Beranger’s works best, will be the most disposed to regard our attempt with indulgence.

Of late, to keep my fading garland green,
I tried to give some sportive measure birth;
When, lo! beside me was the Fairy seen,
My nurse of yore beside the tailor’s hearth.
‘ The wind,’ she said, ‘ upon thy head blows bleak,
The nights grow dark and long, and chill the sky;
With twenty years the voice may well be weak,
That never sang but when the storm was high.’
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow;
’Tis time the bird were hush’d—the storm begins to blow.

‘ Those days are over when the heart would bound,
And like a harp to every tone reply;
When mirth its playful lightnings scattered round,
And made a sunshine in the darkest sky.
Now narrower grows the heaven, more deep the gloom:
No more the joyous laugh of friends will flow:
Where are they sleeping? In the silent tomb
Lisette herself is but a shadow now.’
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow;
’Tis time the bird were hush’d—the storm begins to blow.

' Bless thou thy lot. Thy simple strains have led
 The highborn muse to be the poor man's guest,
 And wafted on the wings of song, have sped
 Their way to many a rude unletter'd breast.
 The orator a learned throng must find,
 Thou didst more boldly against kings conspire,
 And to the ditties of the street hast join'd
 The high and solemn accents of thy lyre !'
 Then, songs, adieu ! Bare is my wrinkled brow ;
 'Tis time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow.

' Thy pointed shafts that never spared the throne,
 Fast as they fell, were gathered from the plain ;
 From hand to hand conveyed, and boldly thrown
 By laughing thousands to their goal again.
 In vain that throne its thunders would recall,
 Three days, and rusty muskets, tamed its pride.
 For every shot which pierced its purple pall,
 Who but the muse of song the charge supplied ?'
 Then, songs, adieu ! Bare is my wrinkled brow ;
 'Tis time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow.

' Proud was thy share in that immortal strife,
 When men from plunder turn'd in scorn away ;
 The bright remembrance, crowning all thy life,
 Shall gild with sunshine its declining day.
 Go thou, to younger years repeat the tale,
 Guide thou their bark—point out the rocks below ;
 And when with pride France shall thy pupils hail,
 Warm thy cold winter at their youthful glow.'
 Then, songs, adieu ! Bare is my wrinkled brow ;
 'Tis time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow.

Yes, gentle fairy, at the poet's door
 Thou tapp'st in time, and warn'st him to be gone.
 Soon in his garret shall he meet, once more,
 Oblivion, of repose the sire and son.
 Haply some friends, old comrades in the fight,
 When I am gone, may wipe their eyes and say,—
 ' We can remember when his star wax'd bright,
 And Heaven, before it waned, withdrew its ray !'
 Then, songs, adieu ! Bare is my wrinkled brow ;
 'Tis time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow.

In thus leaving the arena while his powers are in their full vigour, and reserving to himself ' some space betwixt the ' theatre and grave,' Beranger probably consults his happiness and his fancy ; though, on the part of the public, we cannot but wish the period of his retirement had been a little delayed. We bid adieu to him with admiration and regret, and, we ad-

mit, not without a hope that the announcement, in his preface, of his determination not to publish more, is not to be taken too literally. 'At lovers' perjuries,' they say, 'Jove laughs,' and Apollo, we suppose, is just as indulgent to the vows of poets. If, however, we must now take leave of him as a song-writer, we shall be truly happy to hail him in his new character of an historical annalist. He announces his intention of amusing the autumn of age in that peaceful and modest retirement to which he looks forward, by the composition of a species of historical dictionary, embodying the recollections of a life spent under circumstances which gave him access to almost every distinguished man of the time. He looks forward with pleasure to the idea that this task, the discharge of which, he says, requires neither profound knowledge nor talent for prose writing, may tend to correct erroneous opinions, to dispel calumnious accusations, and to remove from great names and actions that glaring or gloomy colouring with which the turbid atmosphere of party has invested them. He smiles at the thought, that one day perhaps his name may be known to the public only as the annalist,—'Le judicieux, le grave Beranger!' That contingency, however, is not very likely. That he may be known as a pains-taking and candid writer of history is possible; but his songs assuredly are immortal; and the name which will be inscribed over his niche in the Temple of Fame, will be that by which he has so often designated himself, 'Beranger le 'Chansonnier.'

ART. XIII. — *Rapport sur l'état de l'Instruction Publique dans quelques pays de l'Allemagne, et particulièrement en Prusse.* Par M. VICTOR COUSIN, Conseiller d'Etat, Professeur de Philosophie, Membre de l'Institut et du Conseil Royal de l'Instruction Publique. 8vo. Nouvelle édition. Paris: 1833.

2. *Exposé des Motifs et Projet de Loi sur l'Instruction primaire, présentés à la Chambre des Députés,* par M. le Ministre Secrétaire d'Etat de l'Instruction Publique. Séance du 2 Janvier, 1833.

THE perusal of these documents has afforded us the highest gratification. We regard them as marking an epoch in the progress of national education, and directly conducive to results important not to France only, but to Europe. The institutions of Germany for public instruction we have long known and admired. We saw these institutions accomplishing their end to an extent and in a degree elsewhere unexampled; and were convinced that if other nations attempted an improvement of their educational policy, this could only be accomplished rapidly, surely, and effectually, by adopting, as far as circumstances would permit, a system thus approved by an extensive experience, and the most memorable success. Our hopes, however, that the example of Germany could be turned to the advantage of England, are but recent. What could be expected from a Parliament, which, as it did not represent the general interests, was naturally hostile to the general intelligence of the people? What could be expected from a Church which dreaded, in the diffusion of knowledge, a reform of its own profitable abuses? But, though unaided by church or state, the progress of popular intelligence, if slow and partial, was unremitted. The nation became at length conscious of its rights: the reign of partial interests was at an end. A measure of political power was bestowed upon the people, which demanded a still larger measure of knowledge; and the public welfare is henceforward directly interested in the moral and intellectual improvement of the great body of the nation. The education of the people, as an affair of public concernment, is thus, we think, determined. As the state can now only be administered for the benefit of all, Education, as the essential condition of the social and individual well-being of the people, cannot fail of commanding the immediate attention of the Legislature. Otherwise, indeed, the recent boon to the lower orders of political power, would be a worthless, perhaps a dangerous gift. Intelligence is the condition of freedom; and unless an Education Bill extend to the enfranchised million an ability to exercise with judgment the rights the Re-

form Bill has conceded, the people must still, we fear, remain as they have been, the instruments, the dupes, the victims of presumptuous or unprincipled ambition. ‘A man,’ (says Dr Adam Smith, who in this only echoes other political philosophers,) ‘a man, without the proper use of the intellectual faculties of a man, is, if possible, more contemptible than even a coward, and seems to be mutilated and deformed in a still more essential part of the character of human nature. Though the state was to derive no advantage from the instruction of the inferior ranks of the people, it would still deserve its attention, that they should not be altogether uninstructed. The state, however, derives no inconsiderable advantage from their instruction. The more they are instructed, the less liable they are to the delusions of enthusiasm and superstition, which, among ignorant nations, frequently occasion the most dreadful disorders. An instructed and intelligent people, besides, are always more decent and orderly than an ignorant and stupid one.* They feel themselves, each individually, more respectable, and more likely to obtain the respect of their lawful superiors, and they are therefore more disposed to respect those superiors. They are more disposed to examine, and more capable of seeing through, the interested complaints of faction and sedition; and they are, upon that account, less apt to be misled into any wanton or unnecessary opposition to the measures of Government. In free countries, where the safety of Government depends very much upon the favourable judgment which the

* The following paragraph we translate from an Austrian newspaper, (*Observer*,) of November, 1820. The writer is speaking of the disturbances which were then excited in many of the German towns against the Jews, but from which the provinces of Austria remained wholly exempt. ‘In all that regards the education of the lower orders of the people, through national establishments of instruction, there is hardly a country in Europe that, in this respect, has the advantage of the Austrian States. The peasant in the country, the artisan in the town, must, throughout these dominions, have given due attendance at school. Without the certificate of education and adequate proficiency, no apprentice is declared free of his craft; and without examination on the more important doctrines of religion, no marriage is solemnized. Even the military receive all competent instruction in the elementary branches of knowledge through members who, for this purpose, are trained to the business of teaching in the normal schools. But in proportion as education is diffused, is the possibility diminished of the outbreaks of a rude ferocity; the more universal the instruction of the lower orders, the more harmless becomes the influence which the ill-educated can exert upon the sound judgment of those who thus virtually cease to be any longer a part of the populace.’

‘ people may form of its conduct, it must surely be of the highest importance that they should not be disposed to judge rashly or capriciously concerning it.’—*Wealth of Nations*, B. v. c. 1, Art. 2.

Those (if there are now any) who argue against the expediency of universal education, are not deserving of an answer. Those who, admitting this, maintain that the supply of education should, like other articles of industry, be left to follow the demand, forget that here demand and supply are necessarily co-existent and co-extensive;—that it is education which creates the want which education only can satisfy. Those again who, conceding all this, contend that the creation and supply of this demand should be abandoned by the state to private intelligence and philanthropy, are contradicted both by reasoning and fact. This opinion, indeed, has been rarely advanced in all its comprehension. Even those (as Dr Adam Smith) who argue that the instruction of the higher orders should be left free to private competition, still admit that the interference of the state is necessary to ensure the education of the lower. All experience demonstrates this. No countries present a more remarkable contrast in this respect than England and Germany. In the former, the state has done nothing for the education of the people, and private benevolence more than has been attempted elsewhere; in the latter, the government has done every thing, and left to private benevolence almost nothing to effect. The English people are, however, the lowest, the German people the highest, in the scale of knowledge. All that Scotland enjoys of popular education above the other kingdoms of the British Empire, she owes to the State; and among the principalities of Germany, from Prussia down to Hesse-Cassel, education is uniformly found to prosper exactly in proportion to the extent of interference, and to the unremitted watchfulness of government. The general conclusion against the expediency of all public regulation of the higher instruction, is wholly drawn from particular instances of this regulation having been inexpediently applied. Even of these, the greater number are cases in which the state, having once conceded exclusive privileges under well-considered laws, never afterwards interposed to see that these laws were duly executed, and from time to time reformed, in accommodation to a change of circumstances. The English Universities, it is admitted, do not, as actually administered, merit their monopoly. But, from this example, we would not conclude, with Smith, that all privileged seminaries are detrimental. On the contrary, by showing that in Oxford and Cambridge the statutory constitution has been silently subverted, we should argue

that their corruption does not originate in the law, but in its violation; and from the fact that, while now abandoned by the state to private abuse, they accomplish nothing in proportion to their mighty means, we should only maintain more strongly the necessity of public regulation and superintendence to enable them to accomplish every thing. The interference of the government may sometimes, we acknowledge, be directly detrimental; and indirectly detrimental, we hold that it will always be, unless constant and systematic. The state may wisely establish, protect, and regulate; but unless it continue a watchful inspection, the protected establishment will soon degenerate into a public nuisance—a monopoly for merely private advantage. The experience of the last half century in Germany, has indeed completely set at rest the question. For thirty years, no German has been found to maintain the doctrine of Smith. In their generous rivalry, the governments of that country have practically shown what a benevolent and prudent policy could effect for the university as for the school; and knowing what they have done, who is there will again maintain, that for education as for trade, the state can prevent evil, but cannot originate good?

There are two countries in Europe which have excited the special wonder and commiseration of the honest Germans;—wonder at the neglect of the government—commiseration for the ignorance of the people. These countries are France and England. The following is the last sample we have encountered of these feelings.

‘ THINGS INCREDIBLE IN CHRISTENDOM.

‘ England, in which country alone there are annually executed more human beings than in several other countries taken together, suffers two millions of her people to walk about in utter ignorance, and abandons education to speculation and chance as a matter of merely private concernment;—we mean the elementary instruction of the lower orders, for learning there possesses as extensive, wealthy, noble, [and maladministered] establishments as are anywhere to be found upon the globe. According to the documents before us, it appears that out of a population of nine millions and a half, there are above two millions without schools for their children. In London, according to an accurate estimate, one-fourth of the inhabitants are thus destitute. No wonder assuredly that crime is rife! In France, likewise, of forty-four thousand *communes*, twenty-five thousand (more than a half) are without schools; since the

'restoration of the King, above four hundred cloisters have been re-established; but schools — What a blessed contrast is presented to us by our German father-land!'

Of these two partners in disgrace, France, which, even after the decline of popular schools consequent on the first revolution, remained far ahead of England in the education of the lower orders — France has been the first to throw off the national opprobrium, and has made a glorious start in the career of improvement. The revolution of July gave the signal; almost the first act of the liberated state was an attempt to meliorate the system of public education, of which the education of the people constitutes the foundation; and the enterprise has been continued with a perseverance fully equal to its promptitude. To show how much has been accomplished in so short a period, we quote the concluding paragraph of M. Cousin's *Exposé*.

'In fact, gentlemen, experience is our guide. This alone have we been anxious to follow, and this alone have we constantly pursued. There is not in this law to be found a single hypothesis. The principles and the procedures there employed have been supplied to us by facts; it does not embrace a single organic measure which has not been already successfully realized in practice. In the matter of public education, we are convinced that it is of far greater importance to regularize and meliorate what exists, than to destroy, in order to invent and renovate on the faith of hazardous theories. It has been, by labouring in conformity to these maxims, but by labouring without intermission, that the present administration has been able to bestow on this important part of the public service a progressive movement so vigorous and regular. But we may affirm, without any exaggeration, that there has been more done for primary education by the Government of July, during the last two years, than by all the other Governments during the preceding forty. The first Revolution was prodigal in promises, but took no care of their fulfilment. The Empire exhausted its efforts in the regeneration of secondary instruction, and did nothing for the education of the people. The Restoration, until the year 1828, annually devoted 50,000 francs (L.2083) to primary instruction. The Minister of 1828 obtained from the Chambers 300,000 francs (L.12,500.) The Revolution of July has given us annually a million, (L.43,330); that is, more in two, than the Restoration in fifteen years. Such were the means; attend now to the results. You are aware, gentlemen, that primary instruction is wholly dependent on the primary normal schools.† Its progress is correspondent to that of these establishments. The Empire, under which the name of primary normal school was first pronounced, left but one

* *Literaturzeitung fuer Deutschlands Volksschullehrer*, 1824, Qu. 4, p. 40.

† Seminaries for the training of primary schoolmasters.

The Restoration added five or six. We, gentlemen, in two years, have not only perfected those previously existing, of which some were only in their infancy, but have established more than thirty, of which twenty are in full exercise—forming in each department a great focus of illumination for the people. Whilst Government was carrying roads through the departments of the West, we there disseminated schools: we were cautious in meddling with those dear to the habits of the country; but have founded in the heart of Brittany the great normal school of Rennes, which will be soon productive, and surrounded it with similar establishments of different kinds—at Angers, at Nantes, at Poitiers. The South has at present more than five great primary normal schools, of which some are already, and others will be soon, at work. In fine, gentlemen, we believe ourselves on the road to good. May your prudence appreciate ours; may your confidence sustain and encourage us; and the time is not distant when we shall be able to declare together—ministers, deputies, departments, communes—that we have accomplished, in so far as in us lay, the promises of the Revolution of July, and of the charter of 1830, in all that more immediately relates to the education and true happiness of the people.’—P. 17.

Such was the memorable progress made previous to the commencement of the present year, when the important Law on Primary Instruction was ratified. But this progress and this law were professedly the offspring of experience. Of what experience? Not of the experience of France—of the very country whose whole educational system stood in need of creation or reform,—but of that country whose institutions for instruction were, by all competent to an opinion, acknowledged to afford the highest model of perfection. In resolving to profit by the experience of the German States, and in particular of Prussia, we cannot too highly applaud the wisdom of the French government. Nor could a wiser choice have been made of an individual to examine the nature of the pattern institutions, and to report in regard to the mode of carrying their accommodation into effect. M. Cousin, by whose counsel it is probable the plan was originally recommended, was, in the summer of 1831, commissioned to proceed to Germany; and his observations on the state of education in that country, transmitted from time to time to the Minister of Public Instruction, constitute the present Report. No one could certainly have been found better qualified to judge; no one from whom there was less cause to apprehend a partial judgment. A profound and original thinker, a lucid and eloquent writer, a scholar equally at home in ancient and modern learning, a philosopher superior to all prejudices of age or country, party or profession, and whose lofty eclecticism, seeking truth under every form of opinion, traces its unity even through the most hostile systems,—M. Cousin was, from his universality both of thought and acquirement, the man in

France able adequately to determine what a scheme of national education ought in theory to accomplish ; and from his familiarity with German literature and philosophy, prepared to appreciate in all its bearings what the German national education actually performs. Without wavering in our admiration of M. Cousin's character and genius, we freely expressed on a former occasion our dissent from the fundamental principles of his philosophy ; and with the same sincerity, we now declare, that from the first page of his Report to the last, there is not a statement or opinion of any moment in which we do not fully and cordially agree. This work indeed recommends itself as one of the most unbiassed wisdom. Once persecuted by the priests, M. Cousin now fearlessly encounters the derision of another party as the advocate of religious education ; nor does the memory of national calamity or of personal wrong withhold him from pronouncing the Prussian government the most enlightened in Europe. He makes no attempt to soothe the vanity of his countrymen at the expense of truth ; and his work is, throughout, a disinterested sacrifice of self to the importance of its subject. His ingenuity never tempts him into unnecessary speculation ; practice already approved by its result is alone anxiously proposed for imitation,—relative and gradual ; and the strongest metaphysician of France traces the failure of the educational laws of his country to their metaphysical character. The Report is precisely what it ought to be—a work of details ; but of details so admirably arranged, that they converge naturally of themselves into general views ; while the reflections by which they are accompanied, though never superficial, are of such transparent evidence as to command instant and absolute assent. This is indeed shown in the result. The Report was published. In defiance of national self-love and the strongest national antipathies, it carried conviction throughout France ; a bill framed by its author for primary education, and founded on its conclusions, was almost immediately passed into a law ; and M. Cousin himself, (now a peer of France,) appointed to watch over and direct its execution. Nor could the philosopher have been intrusted with a more congenial office ; for, in the language of his own Plato,—‘ Man cannot propose a higher and ‘ holier object of deliberation than education itself, and all that ‘ appertains to it.’ M. Cousin's exertions, we are confident, will be crowned with the success and honour they deserve. The benefit of his legislation cannot be limited to France ; a great example has been set, which must be imitated ; and other nations than his own will bless the philosopher for their intelligent existence. ‘ *Juventutem recte formare,*’ says Melancthon, ‘ *paulo plus est quam expugnare Trojam ;*’ and to transplant the

education of Prussia into France, is a more glorious triumph in the eye of reason, than the victories of Austerlitz and Jena.

The Report of M. Cousin consists of two parts. The former, extending to about one-fourth of the volume, contains a cursory view of German education from the elementary schools up to the universities, as observed during a day's stay at Frankfort, and a five days' journey through the states of Saxony. The latter is solely devoted to a detailed exposition of Prussian education, which the author enjoyed the most favourable opportunities of studying, in all its departments, during a month's residence at Berlin. This part is, however, not yet fully published. Of the four heads which M. Cousin promises to treat, (viz. 1. The general organization of public instruction; 2. The primary instruction; 3. Instruction of the second degree, or the gymnasia; 4. The higher instruction, or the universities,) the two first alone appear. We anxiously hope that nothing may occur to prevent the speedy publication of the last two. If we found fault, indeed, with the Report at all, it would be, not for what it contains, but for what it does not. We certainly regret that it was impossible for M. Cousin to extend his observations to some other countries of Germany. Bavaria would have afforded a fine field of study; and the primary schools of Nassau are justly the theme of general admiration. In the present Article we must limit our consideration to the second Report; and taking advantage of M. Cousin's labours, and with his principal authorities before us, shall endeavour to exhibit, in its more important features, a view of the organization of Primary Instruction in Prussia; reserving the higher and highest education—the gymnasia and universities—of Germany, for the subject of a future Article.

Before entering on the matter of primary education, it is necessary to premise an account of the general organization of Public Instruction in Prussia.—The Ministry of Public Instruction and Worship there forms a distinct department of administration. It is composed of a minister and a council divided into three sections—for worship—for education—for medicine; each consisting of a certain number of counsellors and a director. Of the first, the counsellors are principally ecclesiastics; and of the second, principally laymen. The mode in which the minister and his council govern all the branches of public instruction throughout the monarchy, is thus luminously explained by M. Cousin.

‘ Prussia is divided into ten *Provinces*; viz., East Prussia, West Prussia, Posen, Pomerania, Brandenburg, Silesia, Saxony, Westphalia, Cleves, and the Lower Rhine.

‘ Each of these provinces is subdivided into *Departments* (*Regiers*

ungsbezirke) comprehending a territory more or less extensive. Each of these departments is divided into *Circles*, (*Kreise*), less than our *arrondissements*, and larger than our cantons ; and each of these circles is again subdivided into *Communes* (*Gemeinde*). Each department has a kind of council of prefecture called the *Regency*, (*Regierung*), which has its *President*, nearly correspondent to our prefect, with this difference, that the president of a Prussian Government has much less power over his council than our prefect over his ; for, in Prussia, all affairs belong to the regency, and are determined by the majority of voices. As each department has its president, so every province has its *Supreme President* (*Oberpraesident*).

‘ All the degrees of public instruction are correlative to the different degrees of this administrative hierarchy. Almost every province has its university. East and West Prussia, with the Duchy of Posen, which are conterminous, have the University of Königsberg ; Pomerania, the University of Greifswald ; Silesia, that of Breslau ; Saxony, that of Halle ; Brandenburg, that of Berlin ; Westphalia, the imperfect University (called the Academy) of Münster ; the Rhenish provinces that of Bonn. Each of these Universities has authorities appointed by itself, under the superintendence of a *Royal Commissioner*, named by the Minister of Public Instruction, with whom he directly corresponds ; a functionary answering to the *Curator* of the older German Universities. This office is always intrusted to some person of consideration in the province : it is substantially an *honorary* appointment ; but there is always attached to it a certain emolument, for it belongs to the spirit of the Prussian government to employ very few unpaid functionaries. It is of the nature of aristocratic governments to have many offices without salary, as is seen in England ; but such a system is unsuitable to governments at once popular and monarchical, like Prussia and France ; and were it carried to any length in either country, nothing less would ensue than a change in the form of the government. It would be in vain to expect that gratuitous duties would be performed by all the citizens adequate to their discharge ; those of small fortunes would soon tire of them ; they would gradually be confided to those of large fortunes, who, at last would govern alone. In Prussia all functionaries are paid ; and as no office is obtained till after rigid examinations, all are enlightened ; and moreover, as they are taken from every class, they carry into the discharge of their duties the general spirit of the country, at the same time that they contract the habits of the government. Here is manifested the system of the Imperial government with us ; it is that of every popular monarchy. A Royal Commissioner has duties which he is compelled to fulfil ; whatever may be his consideration in other respects, in this he is a ministerial officer, accountable to the Minister. The Royal Commissioners are alone intermedial between the Universities and the Ministry. The Universities thus hold almost immediately of the Ministry. No provincial authority, civil or ecclesiastical, has the right of interfering in their affairs ; they belong only to

the state: this is their privilege and their guarantee. I will speak to you again in detail of their internal organization; it is enough, at present, to mark the relation which they hold to the central administration in the general economy.

• If the Universities belong exclusively to the state, the same is not the case with the schools of secondary instruction. In Prussia these are considered as in a great measure provincial. In every province of the monarchy, under the Supreme President of the province, there is an institution holding of the Ministry of Public Instruction, and in a certain sort representing it in its internal organization; this institution is called the *Provincial Consistory* (*Provincial-Consistorium*). As the Ministry is divided into three sections, in like manner the Provincial Consistory: the first, for ecclesiastical affairs, or *Consistory* properly so called (*Consistorium*): the second, for public instruction, the *School Board* (*Schul-Collegium*): the third, for matters relative to public health, the *Medical Board* (*Medicinal-Collegium*). This Provincial Consistory is salaried: all the members are nominated by the Minister of Public Instruction and Worship; but at its head, and at the head of its sections, stands the Supreme President of the Province, to whom exclusively belongs the duty of correspondence, and who in this capacity corresponds with the Minister of Public Instruction, who is not, however, his natural minister; but in his quality of Supreme President, he corresponds with various Ministers on matters relative to his province, although he himself holds directly of the Minister of the Interior. This official correspondence of the President of the province with the Minister of Public Instruction, is only formal, and for the sake of concentrating the provincial administration. In reality, all authority is in the hands of the Consistory, of which each section deliberates separately, and decides on all subjects by a majority of voices.—I shall here speak only of that section which is occupied with public education, viz., the *School-Board*.

• I must first call your attention to an essential difference between the character of the public instruction, in Prussia, and that which it presents in the other states of Germany through which I passed. In these, at the centre, under a director or a minister, stands a Consistory, in a great measure ecclesiastical; in Prussia, beside the minister, in place of a Consistory, there is a council, divided into three parts, one of which only is clerical, whilst the other two are lay and scientific. This council has, therefore, no ecclesiastical character; the sacerdotal spirit is here replaced by the spirit of the government; the idea of the state predominant over all others. In like manner, in each province, if the composition of the Provincial Consistory be again too ecclesiastical, its separation into three sections, like the Ministry of Berlin, leaves to this body nothing clerical but the name. No doubt, the intimate relations of the *School-Board* with the *Consistory proper*, and its peculiar duties, render it essentially religious; but it is principally composed of lay members, and completely free in its action.

• Its special domain is secondary education, the *Gymnasias*, and those establishments intermediate between the schools of primary and

secondary instruction, called *Progymnasia* and *Superior Burgher Schools*, (*Progymnasien, hoehere Buergerschulen.*) It is necessary to observe, that the seminaries for training teachers of the primary schools (*Seminarien fuer Schullehrer,*) our primary normal schools, are likewise within its province, and that in general it interposes on all the higher questions touching primary education.

‘ Along with the School Board, there is a *Commission of Examination*, (*wissenschaftliche Pruefungs-Commission,*) usually composed of the professors of the university belonging to the province. This commission has two objects,—1. To examine the pupils of the gymnasia who are desirous of passing to the university, or to revise the *examen ad hoc*, which these young persons sometimes undergo at the gymnasium itself, (*Abiturienten-Examen,*) by a review of the minutes and documents of this trial; (it corresponds to our examination for Bachelor of Letters, without which no matriculation is competent in the Faculties :) 2. To examine those who come forward as teachers in the gymnasia; and here there are different examinations for the different gradations of instruction—one for masters of the lower classes, (*Lehrer,*)—another for masters of the higher classes, (*Oberlehrer*)—a third, in fine, for rectors (correspondent to our provisors), who are always intrusted with the more important instruction. The first examination for simple masters (*Lehrer*) is the fundamental. The Commission of Examination is the board that connects the secondary instruction with the higher, as the School-Board connects the public instruction in the provinces with the central ministry of Berlin.

‘ The following is, in few words, the mechanism of the administration of popular education :—

‘ If the universities belong exclusively to the state, and the schools of secondary instruction to the province, those of primary instruction pertain principally to the department and to the commune.

‘ Every commune ought to have a school, even by the law of the state; the pastor of the place is the natural inspector of this school, along with a communal committee of administration and superintendence, called *Schulvorstand*.

‘ In urban communes, where there are several schools, and establishments for primary education of a higher pitch than the common country schools, the magistrates constitute, over the particular committees of the several schools, a superior committee, which superintends all these, and forms them into a harmonic system. This committee is named *Schuldeputation*, or *Schulcommission*.

‘ There is, moreover, at the principal place of the circle (*Kreis*) another inspector, whose sphere comprehends all the schools of the circle, and who corresponds with the local inspectors and committees. This new inspector, whose jurisdiction is more extensive, is likewise almost always an ecclesiastic. Among the Catholics it is the dean. He has the title of *School-Inspector of the Circle*. (*Kreis-Schul-Inspector.*)

‘ Thus the two first degrees of authority in the organization of primary instruction are, in Prussia as in the whole of Germany, ec-

clesiastical; but with these degrees the ecclesiastical influence wholly terminates, and the administrative commences. The inspector of each circle corresponds with the regency of each department, through its president. This regency, or council of department, has within it departmental-counsellors (*Regierungsräthe*) charged with different functions, and among others a special counsellor for the primary schools, styled *Schulrath*; a functionary, salaried like all his colleagues, and who forms the link of the public instruction, with the ordinary departmental administration, inasmuch as, on the one side, he is nominated on the presentation of the Minister of Public Instruction, and as, on the other, immediately on his appointment, he forms, in his quality of *Schulrath*, part of the council of regency, and thereby comes into connexion with the Minister of the Interior. The *Schulrath* reports to the council, which decides by a majority. He thus inspects the schools, animates and maintains the zeal of the *Schulinspectoren*, of the *Schulvorstände*, and of the schoolmasters; the whole correspondence of the communal inspectors, and of the superior inspectors is addressed to him; and it is he who conducts all correspondence relative to the schools, in name of the regency and through the president, with the provincial consistories and the school-board, as well as with the Minister of Public Instruction: in a word, the *Schulrath* is the real director of primary education in each regency.

‘ I do not here descend into any detail; I am only desirous of making you aware of the general mechanism of public instruction in Prussia. In recapitulation—primary instruction is communal and departmental, and, at the same time, holds of the Minister of Public Instruction; a double character, derived, in my opinion, from the very nature of things, which requires equally the intervention of local authorities, and that of a higher hand, to vivify and animate the whole. This double character is represented in the *Schulrath*, who makes part of the Council of Department, and belongs at once to the ministry of the Interior, and to that of Public Instruction. Viewed on another side, all secondary instruction is dependent on the School Board, which makes part of the Provincial Consistory, and is nominated by the Minister of Public Instruction. All higher education, that of the universities, depends on the Royal Commissioner, who acts under the immediate authority of the minister. Nothing thus escapes the ministerial agency; and at the same time, every sphere of public instruction has in itself a sufficient liberty of operation. The universities elect their authorities. The School Board proposes and superintends the professors of the gymnasia, and is informed on all the matters of any consequence regarding primary instruction. The *Schulrath*, with the Council of Regency, or rather the council of regency on the report of the *Schulrath*, and after considering the correspondence of the inspectors and the committees, decides the greater part of the affairs of the inferior instruction. The Minister, without involving himself in the endless details of popular education, makes himself master of the results, directs the whole by instructions emanating from the centre, and

extending to every quarter the national unity. He does not continually intermeddle with the concerns of secondary instruction; but nothing is done without his confirmation, and he proceeds always on accurate and complete reports. It is the same with the universities; they govern themselves, but according to the laws which they receive. The professors elect their Deans and their Rectors; but they themselves are appointed by the Minister. In the last analysis, the aim of the whole organization of public instruction in Prussia is to leave details to the local authorities, and to reserve to the Minister and his council the direction and impulsion of the whole.

The state of primary education in Prussia, M. Cousin exhibits under the two heads of the Law and its Results, *i. e.*

I. The organization of primary instruction, and the legislative enactments by which it is governed; and,

II. What these legislative enactments have accomplished, or the statistics of primary instruction.

We must limit our consideration to the former head alone; where M. Cousin gives in his own arrangement that portion of the law of 1819—the educational digest of Prussia—which relates to the primary instruction. We shall endeavour to afford a somewhat detailed view of this important section of the Report. The more interesting provisions of the law we shall give at large; the others abbreviate or omit.

I. *Duty of Parents to send their Children to School.* (Schulpflichtigkeit.)

In Prussia, as in the other states of Germany, this duty has been long enforced by law. The only title of exemption is the proof that a competent education is furnished to the child in private. The obligation commences at the end of the fifth, (though not strictly enforced till the beginning of the seventh,) and terminates at the conclusion of the fourteenth year. None are admitted or dismissed from school before these ages, unless on examination, and by special permission of the committee of superintendence. During this interval, no child can remain away from school unless for sufficient reasons, and by permission of the civil and ecclesiastical authority; and a regular census, at Easter and Michaelmas, is taken by the committees and municipal authorities, of all the children competent to school. Parents, tutors, and masters of apprentices, are bound to see that due attendance is given by the children under their care; and the schoolmasters must, in a prescribed form, keep lists of attendance, to be delivered every fortnight to the committees of superintendence. Not wholly to deprive parents, &c. of the labours of their children, the school hours

are so arranged that a certain time each day is left free for their employment at home. Do parents, &c. neglect their responsibility in sending their children punctually to school?—counsel, remonstrance, punishments, always rising in severity, are applied; and if every means be ineffectual, a special tutor or co-tutor is assigned to watch over the education of the children. Jewish parents who thus offend, are deprived of their civil privileges. To the same end the clergy, Protestant and Catholic, are enjoined to use their influence, to the extent and in the manner they may judge expedient; their sermons, on the opening of the schools, ought to inculcate the duty of parents to afford their children education, and to watch over their regular attendance, and may even contain allusion to the most flagrant examples of these obligations neglected; and they shall not admit any child to the conferences previous to confirmation and communion, without production of the certificates of education.

In the case of necessitous parents, means are to be taken to enable them to send their children to school, by supplying them with clothing, books, and other materials of instruction.

II. Duty of each Commune (*Gemeinde**) to maintain, at its expense, a primary school.

Every commune, however small, must maintain an *elementary school*, complete or incomplete; that is to say, either fulfilling the whole complement of instruction prescribed by law, or its most essential parts. Every town must support *burgher schools*, one or more, according to its population. Petty towns of less than fifteen hundred inhabitants, and inadequate to the expense of a burgher school, are bound to have at least complete elementary schools. In case a town cannot maintain separately, and in different tenements, an elementary and a burgher school, it is permitted to employ the lower classes of the burgher as an elementary school; in like manner, but only in case of manifest necessity, it is allowed to use, as a burgher school, the lower classes of the gymnasium. In towns, the Jews may establish schools at their own expense, if organized, superintended, and administered by them in conformity to the legal provisions; they are likewise permitted to send their children to the Christian schools, but can have no share in their administration.†

* *Gemeinde*, *commune*, may, with some inaccuracy, be translated *parish*.

† From the statistical information subsequently given by our author, it appears that, in 1825, Prussia contained of *inhabitants*

The first concern is to provide the elementary schools required in the country. When possible, incomplete schools are everywhere to be changed into complete; and this is imperative where two masters are required. To this end, the inhabitants of every rural commune are, under the direction of the public authorities, constituted into a *Country-school-union* (*Landschulverein*). This union is composed of all landed proprietors with or without children, and of all fathers of families domiciled within the territory of the commune, with or without local property. Every village, with the adjacent farms, should have its school-union and its school; but in exception to this rule, but only as a temporary arrangement, two or more villages may unite: if, firstly, one commune be too poor to provide a school; if, secondly, none of the associated villages be distant from the common school more than two (English) miles in champaign, and one mile in hilly districts; if, thirdly, there be no intervening swamps or rivers at any season difficult of passage; and, fourthly, if the whole children do not exceed a hundred. If a village, by reason of population or difference of religion, has already two schools for which it can provide, these are not to be united; especially if they belong to different persuasions. Circumstances permitting, separate schools are to be encouraged. Mere difference of religion should form no obstacle to the formation of a school union; but, in forming such an association of Catholics and Protestants, regard must be had to the numerical proportion of the inhabitants of each persuasion. The principal master should profess the faith of the majority, the subordinate master that of the minority.* Jews enjoy the advantages, but are not

12,256,725;—of public *elementary* schools for both sexes, 20,887;—of public *burgher* or *middle* schools for boys, 458; for girls, 278; in all, 21,623 schools for *primary* education. In these were employed 22,261 masters; 704 mistresses; and 2,024 under masters and under mistresses; primary teachers, in all 25,000;—affording public primary instruction to 871,246 boys, 792,972 girls; in all, to 1,664,218 children. Since that, the improvement has been rapid.

* This liberality is general throughout Germany. If we are ever to enjoy the blessings of a national education in the United Kingdom, the same principle must be universally applied. An established church becomes a nuisance, when (as hitherto in England and Ireland) it interposes an obstacle to the universal diffusion of religion and intelligence. We trust that the boon conceded by our late monarch to his German dominions, may be extended, under his successor, to the British Empire. By ordinance of George IV. dated Carlton House, 25th June 1822, in reference to education in the county of Lingen, it is decreed,

permitted to interfere in the administration of these schools. If, in certain situations, the junction of schools belonging to different persuasions be found expedient, this must take place by consent of the two parties. Care must, however, be taken, in case of junction, that each sect has the means necessary for the religious education of its scholars. That neither party may have cause of anxiety, and that whatever it contributes to the partnership may be secured in case of separation, the respective rights of the parties shall be articulately set forth, and ratified in a legal document.

The law having ordained the universal establishment of primary schools, goes on to provide for their support. This support consists in securing, 1. a suitable salary to the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, and a retiring allowance when unable to discharge their functions; 2. A schoolhouse, with appertinances, well laid out, maintained in good order, and properly heated; 3. The furniture, books, pictures, instruments, and means requisite for instruction and exercise; 4. The aid to be given to needy scholars.—The *first* provision is solemnly recognised as of all the most important. The local authorities are enjoined to raise the schoolmaster's salary as high as possible. Though a general rule rating the amount of emolument necessarily accruing to the office cannot be established for the whole monarchy, a minimum, relative to the prosperity of each province, is to be fixed, and from time to time reviewed, by the provincial consistories. In regard to the *second*,—schoolhouses are to be in a healthy situation, of sufficient size, well aired, &c.; hereafter, all to be built and repaired in conformity to general models. Attached, must be a garden of suitable size, &c., and applicable to the instruction of the pupils; and, where possible, before the school-house, a gravelled play-ground, and place for gymnastic exercises.—The *third* provision comprises a complement of books for the use of master and scholar; according to the degree of the school, a collection of maps, and geographical instruments, models for drawing and writing, music, &c. instruments and collections for natural history and mathematics, the apparatus for gymnastic exercises, and, where

(although the Protestant be the established religion,) that in all places where the majority of the inhabitants are Catholic, the principal schoolmaster shall be of their persuasion. The Lutheran schools to be under inspection of the Superintendent; the Catholic under that of the Archpriest:—both bound to visit the schools regularly, to examine schoolmaster and scholar, and to report to their respective consistories. (*Weingart's Journal*, 1822. Heft. 4. p. 21.)

this is taught, the tools and machines requisite for technological instruction. In regard to the *fourth*, if there be no charity-school specially provided, every public school is bound to afford to the poor instruction, wholly or in part gratuitous; as likewise the books and other necessities of education.

But, as considerable funds are required for the maintenance of a school established on such extensive bases, it is necessary to employ all the means which place and circumstances afford. We cannot attempt to follow M. Cousin through this part of the law, however important and wisely calculated are its regulations. We shall state only in general, that it is recognised as a principle, that as the gymnasia and other establishments of public education of the same rank, are principally supported at the cost of the general funds of the state or province; so the inferior schools are primarily, and, as far as possible, solely, maintained at the expense of the towns, and of the country-school unions. The support of these schools is of the highest civil obligation. In the towns it can be postponed to no other communal want; and in the country all landholders, tenants, fathers of families, must contribute in proportion to the rent of their property within the territory of the school-union, or to the produce of their industry; this either in money or kind. Over and above these general contributions, fees also, (*Schulgeld*,) regulated by the departmental authorities, are paid by the scholars, but not levied by the school-master; unless under particular circumstances it be deemed expedient to commute this special payment into an augmentation of the general contribution.

III.—General Objects and different Degrees of primary Education.

Two degrees of primary instruction are distinguished by the law; the *elementary schools* and the *burgher schools*. The elementary schools (*Elementarschulen*) propose the developement of the human faculties, through an instruction in those common branches of knowledge which are indispensable to the lower orders, both of town and country. The burgher schools (*Buergerschulen, Stadtschulen*)* carry on the child until he is capable of manifesting his inclination for a classical education, or for this or that particular profession. The gymnasia continue this education until the youth is prepared, either to commence his

* Called likewise *Mittelschulen*, middle schools, and *Realschulen*, real schools; the last, because they are less occupied with the study of languages (*Verbalia*) than with the knowledge of things (*Realia*.)

practical studies in common life, or his higher and special scientific studies in the university.

These different gradations coincide in forming, so to speak, a great establishment of national education, one in system, and of which the parts, though each accomplishing a special end, are all mutually correlative. The primary education of which we speak, though divided into two degrees, has its peculiar unity and general laws; it admits of accommodation, however, to the sex, language, religion, and future destination of the pupils. 1. Separate establishments for girls should be formed, wherever possible, corresponding to the elementary and larger schools for boys. 2. In those provinces of the monarchy (as the Polish) where a foreign language is spoken, besides lessons in the native idiom, the children shall receive complete instruction in German, which is also to be employed as the ordinary language of the school. 3. Difference of religion in Christian schools necessarily determines differences in religious instruction. This instruction shall always be accommodated to the spirit and doctrines of the persuasion to which the school belongs. But, as in every school of a Christian state, the dominant spirit (common to all creeds) should be piety, and a profound reverence of the Deity, every Christian school may receive the children of every sect. The masters and superintendents ought to avoid, with scrupulous care, every shadow of religious constraint or annoyance. No school should be abused to any purposes of proselytism; and the children of a worship different from that of the school, shall not be obliged, contrary to the wish of their parents or their own, to attend its religious instruction and exercises. Special masters of their own persuasion shall have the care of their religious education; and, should it be impossible to have as many masters as confessions, the parents should endeavour, with so much the greater solicitude, to discharge this duty themselves, if disinclined to allow their children to attend the religious lessons of the school. Christian schools may admit Jewish children, but not Jewish schools Christian children. The primitive destination of every school, says the law, is so to train youth that, with a knowledge of the relations of man to God, it may foster in them the desire of ruling their life by the spirit and principles of Christianity. The school shall, therefore, betimes second and complete the first domestic training of the child to piety. Prayer and edifying reflections shall commence and terminate the day; and the master must beware that this moral exercise do never degenerate into a matter of routine. He must also see that the children are constant in their attendance on divine service—(with other regulations to a similar effect.) Obedience to the laws,

loyalty, and patriotism, to be inculcated. No humiliating or indecent castigation allowed; and corporal punishment, in general, to be applied only in cases of necessity. Scholars found wholly incorrigible, in order to obviate bad example, to be at length dismissed. The pupils, as they advance in age, to be employed in the maintenance of good order in the school, and thus betimes habituated to regard themselves as active and useful members of society.

The primary education has for its scope the developement of the different faculties, intellectual and moral, mental and bodily. Every *complete elementary school* necessarily embraces the nine following branches:—1. Religion;—morality, established on the positive truths of Christianity;—2. The German tongue, and in the Polish provinces, the vernacular language;—3. The elements of geometry and general principles of drawing;—4. Calculation and applied arithmetic;—5. The elements of physics, of general history, and of the history of Prussia;—6. Singing;—7. Writing;—8. Gymnastic exercises;—9. The more simple manual labours, and some instruction in the relative country occupations.—Every *burgher school* must teach the ten following branches:—1. Religion and morals. 2. The German language, and the vernacular idiom of the province, reading, composition, exercises of style, exercises of talent, and the study of the national classics. In the countries of the German tongue, the modern foreign languages are the objects of an accessory study. 3. Latin to a certain extent.* 4. The elements of mathematics, and in particular a thorough knowledge of practical arithmetic. 5. Physics, and natural history to explain the more important phenomena of nature. 6. Geography, and general history combined; Prussia, its history, laws, and constitution, form the object of a particular study. 7. The principles of design; to be taught with the instruction given in physics, natural history, and geometry. 8. The penmanship should be watched, and the hand exercised to write with neatness and ease. 9. Singing, in order to develope the voice, to afford a knowledge of the art, and to enable the scholars to assist in the solemnities of the church. 10. Gymnastic exercises accommodated to the age and strength of the scholar.—Such is the minimum of education to be afforded by a burgher school. If its means enable it to attempt a higher instruction, so as to prepare the scholar, destined to a learned profession, for an immediate entrance into the gymnasium, the

* This, we believe, is not universally enforced.

school then takes the name of *Higher Town School*, or *Progymnasium* (*höhere Stadtschule, Progymnasium.*)*

Every pupil, on leaving school, should receive from his masters and the committee of superintendence, a certificate of his capacity, and of his moral and religious dispositions. These certificates to be always produced on approaching the communion, and on entering into apprenticeship or service. They are given only at the period of departure, and in the burgher schools, as in the gymnasia, they form the occasion of a great solemnity.

Every half year pupils are admitted; promoted from class to class; and absolved at the conclusion of their studies.

A special order will determine the number of lessons to be given daily and weekly upon each subject, and in every degree. No particular books are specified for the different branches in the primary schools; they are left free to adopt the best as they appear. For religious instruction in the Protestant schools, the Bible and catechisms. The younger scholars to have the Gospels and New Testament; the older the whole Scriptures. Books of study to be carefully chosen by the committees, with concurrence of the superior authorities, the ecclesiastical being specially consulted in regard to those of a religious nature. For the Catholic schools, the bishops, in concert with the provincial consistories, to select the devotional books; and, in case of any difference of opinion, the Minister of Public Instruction shall decide.

Schoolmasters are to adopt the methods best accommodated to the natural developement of the human mind;—methods which keep the intellectual powers in constant, general, and spontaneous exercise, and are not limited to the infusion of a mechanical knowledge.† The committees are to watch over the me-

* We prefer in this, and some other respects, the order of the Bavarian schools. The boy is there prepared for the *gymnasium*, which he enters at fourteen, in the '*Latin School*,' which he enters at eleven. This is an establishment distinct from the burgher school. Of the history of education in Bavaria, we may, perhaps, take an opportunity of speaking.

† The Bavarian *Lehrplan fuer die Volksschulen* is excellent on this point; and so, indeed, are all the German writers on education. The prevalent ignorance in our own country, even of the one fundamental principle of instruction—'that every scholar must be his own teacher, or he will learn nothing;' in other words, that the *developement* is precisely in proportion to the *exertion* of the faculty,—has been signally exposed, both through example and precept, by our townsman, Mr Wood;—

thods of the master, and to aid him by their council; never to tolerate a vicious method, and to report to the higher authorities should their admonitions be neglected. Parents and guardians have a right to scrutinize the system of education by which their children are taught; and to address their complaints to the higher authorities, who are bound to have them carefully investigated. On the other hand, they are bound to co-operate with their private influence in aid of the public discipline: nor is it permitted them to withdraw a scholar from any branch of education taught in the school as necessary.

As a national establishment, every school should court the greatest publicity. In those for boys, besides the special half-yearly examinations, for the promotion from one class to another, there shall annually take place public examinations, in order to exhibit the spirit of the instruction, and the proficiency of the scholars. On this solemnity, the director, or one of the masters, in an official program, is to render an account of the condition and progress of the school. In fine, from time to time, there shall be published a general report of the state of education in each province. In schools for females, the examinations to take place in presence of the parents and masters, without any general invitation.

But if the public instructors are bound to a faithful performance of their duties, they have a right, in return, to the gratitude and respect due to the zealous labourer in the sacred work of education. The school is entitled to claim universal countenance and aid, even from those who do not confide to it their children. All public authorities, each in its sphere, are enjoined to promote the public schools, and to lend support to the masters in the exercise of their office, as to any other functionaries of the state. In all the communes of the monarchy, the

a gentleman whose generous and enlightened devotion to the improvement of education entitles him to the warmest gratitude of his country. We have the high authority of Professor Pillans for stating, that in the parochial schools of Scotland, 'the principle, *That a child, in being taught to read should be taught at the same time to understand what he reads*, is so far from being generally received, that the very *opposite*, if not openly avowed, is at least *invariably* acted on!' It cannot, we trust, be now long before the Scottish schoolmaster be sent himself to school. Scotland is, however, as far superior to England in her popular education, as inferior to Germany. And, considering in what a barbarous manner our schoolmasters are educated, examined, appointed, paid, and superintended, they have accomplished far more than could reasonably have been expected.

clergy of all Christian persuasions, whether in the church, in their school visitations, or in their sermons on the opening of the classes, shall omit no opportunity of recalling to the schools their high mission, and to the people their duties to these establishments. The civil authorities, the clergy, and the masters, shall everywhere co-operate in tightening the bonds of respect and attachment between the people and the school; so that the nation may be more and more habituated to consider education as a primary condition of civil existence, and daily take a deeper interest in its advancement.

IV.—On the Training—Appointment—Promotion—Punishment of Primary Instructors.

The best plans of education can only be carried into effect by good teachers; and the state has done nothing for the instruction of the people, unless it take care that the schoolmasters have been well prepared, are encouraged and guided in their duty of self-improvement, and finally promoted and recompensed according to their progress, or punished in proportion to their faults. To fulfil his duties, a schoolmaster should be pious and wise, impressed with the importance of his high and holy calling, well acquainted with its duties, and possessing the art of teaching and directing the young,—&c.

Their Training.—To provide the schools gradually with such masters, their education must not be abandoned to chance; it is necessary to continue establishing, in sufficient numbers, *Seminaries for primary instructors (Schullehrer-Seminarien).** The cost of these establishments is to be borne in part by the public treasury of the state, in part by the departmental school exchequers. Every department should possess such a seminary, annually turning out a complement of young men, prepared and approved competent to their destination, (*Candidaten*,) equal in number to the average annual loss of schoolmasters in the department.† The following regulations are to be attended to in these establishments.

1. No seminary for primary instructors to admit more than from sixty to seventy alumni (*Praeparanden*.)

* In Austria, where the name, we believe, was first applied, and in France, such establishments are termed *Normal Schools*. This expression, however, is ambiguous; it, indeed, properly denotes the *pattern school (Musterschule)*, to which a seminary for schoolmasters is usually, but not necessarily, attached.

† This in 1819. At present there is not a department of the Prus-

2. In departments where Protestants and Catholics are nearly equal, and where funds and other circumstances permit, there shall be established a seminary of this kind, for each religion. But where there is a great preponderance of either, the schools of the less numerous persuasion shall be provided with masters from a seminary of the same creed, in some neighbouring department, or from a small establishment of the kind annexed to a simple primary school. Seminaries common to Protestants and Catholics are sanctioned, provided the *élèves* receive religious instruction in conformity to their belief.

3. These seminaries are to be established, as far as possible, in towns of a middling size:—not in large, to remove the young men from the seductions of a great city;—not in small, to allow them to profit by the vicinity of schools of different degrees.

4. To enable them to recruit their numbers with the most likely subjects, and to educate these themselves, they shall, as frequently as possible, be in connexion with orphan hospitals and charity schools,—&c. &c.

5. It is not necessary to have two kinds of seminaries for primary instructors,—&c. &c.

6. The studies of the primary seminaries are not the same as the studies of the primary schools themselves. Admission into the seminary supposes a complete course of primary instruction, and the main scope of the institution is to add, to the knowledge previously acquired, accurate and comprehensive notions of the art of teaching, and of the education of children, in general and in detail, in theory and in practice.* But as it may not always be possible to obtain subjects fully prepared, it is permitted to receive, as seminarists, those who are not yet perfect in the higher departments of their previous studies. The age of admission is from sixteen to eighteen.

sian monarchy without its great primary seminary, and frequently, over and above, several smaller subsidiary institutions of the same kind. Of the *Great Primary Seminaries*, there existed in 1806, only *fourteen*; in 1826, *twenty-eight*, i. e. one for each department; in 1831, *thirty-four*.

* We may here state, that the branches of instruction, in the Prussian primary seminaries, are in general:—1. Religion; Biblical history, study of the Bible, an Introduction to the sacred books, Christian doctrine and morals.—2. German language etymologically considered, grammar, the communication of thought in speech and writing.—3. Mathematics; mental arithmetic, ciphering, geometry.—4. History.—5. Geography and geology.—6. Natural History, physics.—7. Music;

7. The principal aim of the primary seminaries is to form their pupils to health of body and mind; to inspire them with religious sentiment, and the kindred pedagogical spirit. The instruction and exercises in the seminary to be coextensive with the branches of education in the primary schools. In regard to methods, it should be less attempted to communicate theories, than, by enlightened observation and personal experience, to lead the pupil to clear and simple principles; and to this end, schools should be attached to all the seminaries, in which the alumni may be exercised to practice.

8. The course of preparation to last three years. The first in supplement of the previous primary education; the second devoted to special instruction of a higher order; and the third to practical exercises in the annexed primary school, and other establishments of the place. For those who require no supplementary instruction, a course of two years may suffice.

9. Small stipends allowed to a certain number of poor and promising seminarists.

10. All who receive such a gratuity, are obliged, at the end of their course, to accept any vacancy to which they may be nominated by the provincial consistories—with the prospect of a more lucrative appointment if their conduct merit promotion.

11. The regulations of every seminary to be ratified by the minister of public instruction; immediate superintendence to be exercised by the provincial consistories, and, in respect to the religious instruction of the several seminaries, by the clerical authorities.

But the preparation of primary schoolmasters is not exclusively limited to such seminaries. Large primary schools, clergymen, and able schoolmasters, may, at the discretion of the provincial consistories, be allowed to attempt this; their pupils, if deficient, to be sent to a seminary to complete their qualification. The superintendence of these petty establishments may be confided to the inspectors of the circle. When joined to a girl's school, these minor establishments may educate school-mistresses.

Their appointment.—Every man, foreigner or native, of mature age, irreproachable in his moral and religious character,

singing, theory of music, general bass, execution on the violin and organ.—8. Drawing.—9. Penmanship.—10. Pedagogic and Didactic (*i e.* art of moral education, and art of intellectual instruction) theory to be constantly conjoined with practice.—11. Church service.—12. Elements of horticulture.—13. Gymnastic exercises.

and approved, by examination, competent to its duties, is eligible to the office of public instructor. But this appointment belongs, by preference, to the seminarists, who, after a full course of preparation, have been regularly examined, and found duly qualified in the theory and practice of all the various branches of primary instruction. These (half-yearly and annual) examinations are conducted by a commission of four competent individuals; two of its members being lay, two clerical. The clerical members, for the examination of Protestant instructors, are appointed by the ecclesiastical authorities of the province: those for Catholic, by the bishop of the diocese. The lay members are nominated by the provincial consistory. These appointments are not for life, but renewable every three years. Religion, and the other branches, form the subject of two separate examinations. For Catholic teachers, the religious examination takes place under the presidency of a church dignitary delegated by the bishop; for Protestant, under the presidency of a clergyman. The examinations on temporal matters is conducted under the presidency of a lay counsellor of the provincial consistory. Both parts of the examination, though distinct, are viewed as constituting but a single whole; all the members of the commission are always present, and the result, if favourable, is expressed in the same certificate. This certificate, besides the moral character of the candidate, states the comparative degree of his qualification—*eminently capable, sufficiently capable, just capable*; and also specifies his adaptation to the higher or the lower department of primary instruction. Those found incompetent, are either declared wholly incapable, or are remitted to their studies. The others, with indication of the degree of their certificate, are placed on the list of candidates of each department, and have a claim to be appointed; but to accelerate this, the names of those worthy of choice are published twice a year in the official papers of the departments, where the order of their classification is that of their certificates. Schoolmistresses, also, are approved competent through examinations regulated by the provincial consistories.

Incentives to Improvement—Promotion.—It is the duty of the clergy and of the enlightened men to whom the superintendence and inspection of schools are confided, to watch over the progressive improvement of the masters. In particular, it is incumbent on the directors and rectors of gymnasia and town-schools to take an active interest in the younger masters, to afford them advice, to point out their errors, and to stimulate them to improve themselves by attending the lessons of more

experienced teachers, by cultivating their society, by forming school conferences or other associations of instructors, and by studying the best works on education. The provincial consistories, in electing able and zealous masters of the popular schools, should engage them to organize extensive associations among the schoolmasters of town and country, in order to foster the spirit of their calling, and to promote their improvement by regular meetings, by consultations, conversations, practical experiments, written essays, the study of particular branches of instruction, reading in common well-chosen works, and by the discussions to which these give rise. The directors of such associations merit encouragement and support, in proportion to their application and success. By degrees, every circle to have a society of schoolmasters.* Distinguished masters, and those destined to the direction of primary seminaries, should likewise, with the approbation, or on the suggestion of the minister, be enabled, at the public expense, to travel in the interior of the country or abroad, in order to obtain information touching the organization, and wants of the primary schools.† Zeal and ability in the master to be rewarded by promotion to situations of a higher order, and even, in particular cases, by extraordinary recompenses. The provincial consistories to prepare tables of the different places of schoolmasters, classed according to their emolument; and to take care that the promotion be in

* These associations, among other institutions, are at once cause and effect of the pedagogical spirit prevalent throughout the empire, —a spirit which, unfortunately, has no parallel in any other country. How large a share of active intellect is, in Germany, occupied with education may be estimated from the number of works on that science which annually appear. Pedagogy forms one of the most extensive departments of German literature. Taking the last three years, we find, from Thon's catalogues, that, in 1830, there were published 501—in 1831, 452—in 1832, 526 new works of this class. Of these, twenty were journals, maintained exclusively by their natural circulation. Does Britain, or France, *thus* support even one?

† This regulation has proved of the highest advantage. But the Prussian government had done much more. Not only have intelligent schoolmasters been sent abroad to study the institutions of other countries, as those of Graser, Poehlman, Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, &c., but almost every foreign educational method of any celebrity has been fully and fairly tried by experiment at home. In this way the Prussian public education has been always up to every improvement of the age, and obviated any tendency to a partial and one-sided development.

general made in conformity to these lists. No term of service affords of itself a valid claim to promotion: when a place is solicited superior to that for which the petitioner has received a certificate, an examination of promotion must take place before the same authorities, to whom the examination for appointment is intrusted. Where the competency is notorious, examination may, by the ratifying power, be dispensed with. The departmental authority must, at the end of each year, transmit to the ministry a list of all masters newly placed or promoted, with a statement of the value of the several appointments; and this authority is never excusable if it leave personal merit without employment and recompense, or the smallest service unacknowledged. [The regulations touching the degradation and dismissal of incapable, negligent, immoral masters we must wholly omit.]

V. Of the Direction of the Schools of Primary Instruction.

Such is the internal organization of the primary education. But this organization would not work of itself; it requires an external force and intelligence to impel at once and guide it—in other words, a governing power. The fundamental principle of this government is, that the ancient union of popular instruction with Christianity and the church should be maintained; always, however, under the supreme direction of the ministerial authority.

Communal Authorities.—General rule—That as each commune, urban or rural, has its primary school or schools, so it must have its special *Superintending School Committee*, (*Schulvorstand*.)

Primary Country Schools.—Where the church contributes to their support, this committee is composed of the patron and clergyman of the parish, of the magistrates of the commune, and of several fathers of families, members of the school-union; and where all are not of one faith, the proportion of the sects among the members of the union must be represented by the proportion of the sects among the fathers of families in the committee. The fixed members of the committee form its *Committee of Administration* (*verwaltende Schulvorstand*); the others are elected (for four years, and capable of re-election) by the school-union, and confirmed by the provincial consistory. No one allowed to decline this duty, unless burdened with another communal office. In schools exclusively endowed by the church, the committee of administration may be wholly ecclesiastical. However constituted, this committee takes cognizance of all that concerns the school, within and without. The pastor, in

particular, who is the natural inspector of the village school, ought to be frequent in his visits, and unremitted in his superintendence of the masters. The committees receive all complaints, which they transmit to the superior authorities. Their exertions should be especially directed to see that all is conformable to regulation; to animate, direct, and counsel the instructors; and to excite the zeal of the inhabitants for education. Articulate directions on the more special duties of the administrative committees, and accommodated to their several circumstances, to be published by the provincial consistories. Services gratuitous.

Primary Town Schools.—In *petty* towns, where there is only a single school, the committees of administration are composed, as those of the country; only, if there be two or more clergymen, it is the first who regularly belongs to this committee; to which is also added one of the magistrates, and a representative of the citizens.

In towns of a *middling* size, which support several primary schools, there is to be formed, in like manner, a single common administration (*Ortschulbehoerde*), except only, that to this council is added a father of a family of each school, and a clergyman of each sect, if the schools be of different creeds. It will form matter of consideration whether a person specially skilled in scholastic affairs (*Schulmann*) should be introduced.

Large towns are to be divided into districts, each having its superintending school-committee. There shall, however, be a central point of superintendence for all the schools, gymnasia excepted; this called the *School-commission*, (*Schulcommission*.) This properly composed of the Lutheran Superintendent, and of the Catholic Arch-priest or Dean of the place, and according to the size of the town and number of its schools, of one or more members of the magistracy, of an equal number of representatives of the citizens, and of one or two individuals versed in the science of education. A member of each committee of administration (if special circumstances do not prevent) is added, unless one be already there, in a different capacity. These bodies to be confirmed by the provincial consistories, who must take care that only upright, intelligent, and zealous individuals are admitted. The members elected for six years, with capacity of re-election; no one, however, obliged to serve longer than three. Municipal functions alone afford a plea of excuse. Services unpaid. The school-commission is bound—to see that the town be provided with the necessary schools—to attend to their wants—to administer the general school-fund—to take care that the regulation prescribed by the law, the minister, or the pro-

vincial consistories, are duly executed, in regard to school attendance by the children of rich and poor—to do every thing for the internal and external prosperity of the schools,—&c. &c. &c. The district committees have each the superintendence of their schools, in subordination to the school-commission. The school-commission and district-committees to meet in ordinary once a-month. Their presidents elected for three years by the members, and confirmed by the consistory of the province. Decisions, by plurality of voices; except in matters touching the internal economy of the school, which are determined by the opinion of the clergymen, and those specially versed in educational matters. The committees may call in, to assist in their extraordinary general deliberations, the clergy and instructors of the district, or a part of them. The school-commissions annually address circumstantial reports on the schools under their inspection to the provincial consistories; in the petty towns, and country communes, this report is made through the inspectors of the circle.

Authorities of the Circle.—There is a general superintendence over the inferior schools of a circle, as likewise over the committees of administration of these schools, and this superintendence is exercised by the *Inspector of the Circle*, (*Schul-Kreis-Aufseher*, or *Schul-Kreis-Inspektor*.) The school circle is co-extensive with the diocese of the Protestant Superintendent and Catholic Bishop. But if the diocese be too large for one school-inspection, it must be divided into two circles. For Protestant schools, the superintendents are in general the inspectors of the circle. The greatest care is therefore to be taken that no churchman be nominated superintendent, who does not, besides his merely clerical acquirements, possess those qualifications necessary for the inspection of schools. Clergymen, not superintendents, may, in certain specified circumstances, be appointed inspectors; and even laymen, distinguished for their pedagogical knowledge and activity; always, however, with permission previously obtained from the Minister of Public Instruction. For the Catholic schools, the inspectors are in general the Deans. Under the same conditions as for the Protestant schools, other ecclesiastics and even laymen permitted to replace the Deans. The Protestant inspectors are nominated by the consistory of the province, and confirmed by the Minister of Public Instruction. The Catholic inspectors are proposed by the bishops, and presented, with an articulate statement of their qualifications, by the provincial consistories, to the Minister for confirmation. The Minister has a right to decline the confirmation, when well-founded objections can be alleged against the

presentee, and to summon the Bishop to make a new proposal. The inspector of the circle is charged with watching over the internal management of schools, the proceedings of the committees, and the conduct of the instructors. The whole scholastic system, indeed, is subjected to their revision and superior direction. They must make themselves fully acquainted with the state of all the schools, by means of the half-yearly reports transmitted by the communal committees, by attending the examinations, by unexpected visits as frequently as may be, and by the solemn revisions to be made once a-year by every inspector in all the schools under his jurisdiction. In these revisions, he examines the children assembled together; requires an account of the school administration, internal and external, from the administrative committee; receives the complaints and wishes of the members of the school-union, and takes measures to remedy defects. He transmits a full report of the revision to the consistory of the province. The consistory from time to time name counsellors from its body to assist at the stated, or to make extraordinary, revisions.

For the external management of country schools, the inspectors should act in concert with the counsellors of the circle, (*Landraethe*.) All the regulations, and enquiries of the provincial consistories, relative to the internal affairs of the schools, are addressed to the inspectors, as on the other hand, the internal wants of the schools, and of their masters, are brought by the inspectors to the knowledge of the consistories. The Catholic inspectors are bound to furnish to the bishop the information required touching the religious concerns of the schools; but their primary duty is to inform the provincial consistories of their general condition. On the other hand, they should communicate to the bishop the report of the annual revision, addressed to the consistories. The Protestant inspectors, as clergymen, are already in connexion with the Synods; but they, as well as the clerical members of the committees of administration, ought to inform the synods of the state of the schools, and take counsel in the synodal meetings in regard to their improvement. Lay inspectors should do this by writing. Each inspector receives an annual indemnity for the travelling expenses he may incur in the discharge of his duties, the amount to be rated by the provincial consistories. The study of the theory and practice of education is made imperative at the University, both on Protestant and Catholic students of theology; and no one shall be allowed to pass the examination for holy orders, unless found conversant with all matters requisite for the administration and superintendence of schools. The law of 1819 stops

with the-inspector of the circle. But it should be remembered, that over the inspector stands the school-counsellor, (*Schulrath*;) a functionary belonging to the departmental council of regency and yet nominated by the Minister of Public Instruction. The regency represented by the school-counsellor, is not to be confounded with the consistory of the province, of which the school-board (*Schulcollegium*) forms part. This high scholastic authority, provincial, not departmental, intermeddles with primary instruction only in certain more important points; for example, the seminaries for primary schoolmasters, lying, as they do, beyond the sphere of the regency, of the school-counsellor, and of the inspector of the circle. Of these we have already spoken, (*supra*, pp. 514, 516.)

VI. Of Private Schools.

In Prussia all education, but especially the education of the people, rests on the public establishments; the intelligence of the nation was too important a concern to be abandoned to chance; but though no dependence is placed by the State on private schools, these institutions are not proscribed, but authorized under the conditions necessary to obviate all serious detriment to the cause of education. We cannot enter into any detail on this head. Suffice it to say, that while the State on the one hand, through the high qualification it secures in those to whom it confides the care of public instruction, raises the general standard of pedagogical competency to a very lofty pitch; on the other, it takes measures directly to abate the nuisance, so prevalent among ourselves, of unqualified interlopers in this difficult and all-important occupation. In Prussia, quacks are tolerated neither in medicine nor in education. Private instructors must produce satisfactory evidence of their moral and religious character; their capacity is ascertained by examination; and the license which they obtain, specifies what, and in what degree, they are found qualified to teach. Neither are private establishments of education emancipated from public inspection.

We must subjoin M. Cousin's observations on this Law, and on the expediency of its adoption. They are of high importance; and from their application to the circumstances of our own country, are hardly less deserving of consideration in England than in France.

'The points of which I have now treated comprehend the whole mechanism of primary education in Prussia. There is not a single

article but is literally borrowed from the law of 1819. This law, without entering into specialties relative to the several provinces, neglects no object of interest. As a legislative measure regarding primary instruction, it is the most comprehensive and perfect with which I am acquainted.

‘It is, indeed, impossible not to acknowledge its consummate wisdom. No inapplicable general principles; no spirit of system; no particular and exclusive views, govern the legislator; he avails himself of all the means conducive to his end, even when these means differ widely from each other. A king, an absolute king, has given this law; an irresponsible minister has counselled or digested it; yet no mistaken spirit of centralization or ministerial bureaucracy is betrayed; almost every thing is committed, to the authorities of the commune, of the department, of the province; with the minister is left only the impulsion and general superintendence. The clergy have an ample share in the direction of popular instruction, and the fathers of families are likewise consulted in the towns and in the villages. In a word, all the interests naturally concerned in the business, find their place in this organization, and concur each in its own manner to the common end—the civilisation of the people.

‘This Prussian law appears to me, therefore, excellent; but we are not to imagine it the result of one man’s wisdom. Baron von Altenstein, by whom it was digested, is not its author; and it may be said to have already existed in a mass of partial ordinances, and in the usages and manners of the country. There is not, perhaps, a single article of this long law, of which there are not numerous precedents; and in a notice touching the history of primary education in Prussia, in Beckedorff’s *Journal*, I find enactments of 1728 and 1736, comprising a large proportion of the regulations enforced by the law of 1819. The obligation on parents to send their children to school is of long standing in Prussia. The extensive interference of the Church in the education of the people ascends to the origin of Protestantism, to which it indeed belongs; for it is evident that a revolution, accomplished in the name of liberty of thought, behoved, for its own defence and establishment, to work out the mental emancipation of the people, and the diffusion of education. The law of 1819 undoubtedly pitches sufficiently high, what is to be taught in the elementary and burgher schools; but if this instruction appear excessive for certain localities, it must be stated that it is already practised, and even surpassed, in many others. The boldest measure is the establishment of a great seminary for the education of primary schoolmasters in each department; but there were already similar establishments in most of the ancient provinces of the monarchy. In fine, this law did hardly more than distribute uniformly what existed previously, not only in Prussia, but throughout the whole of Germany. It is not, therefore, a metaphysical Utopia, arbitrary and artificial, like the greater part of our laws concerning primary education, but a measure founded on experience and reality. And herein is seen the reason why it could be carried into effect, and why it has so rapidly produced the happiest fruits. Previously assured that it was everywhere practicable, the Prussian minister everywhere required its execution, leaving the

details to the authorities to whom they belonged, and reserving only to himself the primary movement, the impulsion, and the verification of the whole. This impulsion has been so steady, this verification so severe, and the communal, departmental, and provincial authorities, the *School-board* in the provincial consistories, the *School-counsellor* in each council of department, the *Inspectors* in the circles, the *Commissions* in the towns, and the *Committees* in the urban and rural communes—all the authorities superintendent of the schools, have exerted a zeal at once so unremitted, and so well applied, that at present what the law prescribes is almost everywhere below what is actually performed. For example:—The law commands the establishment in each department of a great primary Seminary; and there is now, not only one such in every department, but frequently, likewise, several smaller subsidiary seminaries;—a result which, in a certain sort, guarantees all others; for such establishments can only flourish in proportion as the masters whom they prepare find comfortable appointments, and the comfortable appointment of masters says everything in regard to the prosperity of primary instruction. The schoolmasters have been raised to functionaries of the state, and as such have now right to a retiring pension in their old age; and there is formed in every department a fund for the widows and orphans of schoolmasters, which the law has recommended rather than enforced.

. The greatest difficulty was to obtain, in the new provinces, and particularly those of the Rhine, the execution of that article of the law which, under rigorous penalties, imposes on parents the obligation of sending their children to school. The minister wisely suspended that part of the law in these provinces, and applied himself to accomplish a similar result by persuasion and emulation; then, at last, when he had disseminated the taste for education in these provinces, and deemed them sufficiently prepared, he, in 1825, rendered the law obligatory, and thenceforward strictly enforced its execution. [Examples.] The law has been universally applied, but with a prudent combination of mildness and rigour. Thus, &c. I have thought it useful to study the mode in which the Government has applied the general law of 1819 to the Grand Duchy of Posen, far behind even the provinces of the Rhine. I have under my eyes a number of documents, which prove the wisdom of the ministerial measures and the progress which primary instruction, and the civilisation it represents have made in this Polish portion of the monarchy. It would be likewise desirable that there were published in French, all the ministerial and provincial instructions touching the application of the law of 1819 to the Jews, and the dissemination of a taste for education in this portion of the Prussian population, numerous and wealthy, but comparatively unenlightened, and apprehensive lest the faith of their children might be periled by an attendance on the public schools.

‘In the present state of things, a law regarding primary education is, in France, assuredly a measure of indispensable necessity. But how is a good law to be framed in the absence of precedents, and of

all experience in this important matter? The education of the people has been hitherto so neglected; the attempts have been so few, and these few so unsuccessful, that we are totally destitute of those common notions, those foreclosed opinions irradiated at once in our habits and judgments, which constitute the conditions and bases of a true legislation. I am anxious for a law, and a law I also dread; for I tremble lest we should again commence a course of visionary legislation, instead of turning our attention to what actually is. God grant that we be made to comprehend, that, at present, a law on primary education can only be a provisory, not a definitive measure; that of necessity it must be remodelled some ten years hence, and that the problem is only to supply the more urgent wants, and bestow a legislative sanction on some incontestable points. What are these points? I will attempt to signalize them from actual facts.

‘The notion of compelling parents to send their children to school, is not perhaps sufficiently prevalent to enable us at present to pass it incessantly into a law; but all are at one in this—that a school is an establishment necessary in every commune, and it is readily admitted that this school should be maintained at the expense of the commune, allowing the commune, if too poor, to have recourse on the department, and the department on the state. This point, then, is not disputed, and ought to be ratified into a law. The practice has even preceded the enactment: during the last year the municipal councils have been everywhere voting the highest amount of funds within their means for the education of the people of their commune. There remains only to convert this almost general fact into a legal obligation.

‘You are also aware, sir, that many councils of department have felt the necessity of ensuring the supply of schoolmasters, and their better education, by establishing within their bounds a primary normal school; and we may affirm, that in this expenditure, there has been frequently more of luxury than of parsimony. This also is a valuable indication; and the law would only confirm and generalize what at present takes place almost everywhere, by decreeing a primary normal school for each department, as a primary school for every commune: it being understood that this primary normal school should be of greater or less extent, in proportion to the resources of each department.

‘Here, then, are two very important points on which all are agreed: Have you not also been struck with the demands of a great many towns, large and small, for schools superior to the common primary schools, and in which the instruction, without attempting to emulate our royal and communal colleges in classical and scientific studies, should devote a more particular attention to objects of a more general utility, and indispensable to that numerous class of the population which, without entering into the learned professions, finds, however, the want of a more extensive and varied culture than the lower orders, strictly so called—the peasants and artisans? The towns everywhere call out for such establishments; several municipal councils have voted considerable funds for this purpose, and have addressed themselves to you, in order to obtain the necessary authorization, assistance, and advice. Here it is impossible not to observe the symptom of a veritable want, the in-

dication of an important chasm in our system of public education. You are well aware that I am a zealous defender of classical and scientific studies ; not only do I think that it is expedient to keep up our collegial plan of studies, more especially the philological department of that plan, but I am convinced that it ought to be strengthened and extended, and thereby, always maintaining our incontestable superiority in the physical and mathematical sciences, to be able to emulate Germany in the solidity of our classical instruction. In fact, classical studies are, beyond comparison, the most essential of all, conducing, as they do, to the knowledge of our humanity, which they consider under all its mighty aspects and relations : here, in the language and literature of nations who have left behind a memorable trace of their passage on the earth ; there, in the pregnant vicissitudes of history, which continually renovate and improve society ; and finally, in philosophy, which reveals to us the simple elements, and the more uniform organization of that wondrous being, which history, literature, and languages successively clothe in forms the most diversified, and yet always relative to some more or less important part of its internal constitution. Classical studies maintain the sacred tradition of the intellectual and moral life of our humanity. To enfeeble them would, in my eyes, be an act of barbarism, an attempt against true civilisation, and in a certain sort, the crime of lese-humanity. May our royal colleges then, and even a large proportion of our communal, continue to introduce into the sanctuary the flower of our French youth ; they will deserve well of their country. But the whole population—can it, ought it, to enter our colleges ? In France, primary education is but a scantling ; and between this education and that of our colleges, there is a blank ; hence it follows that every father of a family, even in the lower part of the bourgeoisie, who has the honourable desire of bestowing a suitable education on his sons, can only do so by sending them to college. Serious inconveniences are the result. In general, these young men, who are not conscious of a lofty destination, prosecute their studies with little assiduity ; and when they return to the profession and habits of their family, as nothing in the routine of their ordinary life occurs to recall and keep up their college studies, a few years are sure to obliterate the smattering of classical knowledge they possessed. They also frequently contract at college acquaintances and tastes which make it almost impossible to accommodate themselves again to the humble condition of their parents : hence a race of restless men, discontented with their lot, with others, and with themselves, enemies of a social order, in which they do not feel themselves in their place, and ready, with some acquirements, a talent more or less solid, and an unbridled ambition, to throw themselves into all the paths either of servility or revolt. Our colleges should undoubtedly remain open to all, but we ought not to invite into them, without discretion, the lower orders ; and this we do, unless we establish institutions intermediate between the primary schools and the colleges. Germany, and Prussia in particular, are rich in establishments of this description. I have already described several in detail, at Francfort, Weimar, Leipsic ; and they are consecrated by the Prussian law of 1819. You are aware that I speak of what are called Burgher-schools (*Buergerschulen*), a word which accurately contradistinguishes them from the Learned Schools

(*Gelehrtschulen*), called in Germany *Gymnasia*, and with us *Colleges*; a name in other respects honourable to the bourgeoisie, who are not degraded by attending these schools, and to the people, who are thus elevated to the bourgeoisie. The Burgher-schools constitute the higher degree of primary instruction, of which the Elementary schools are the lower. There are thus only two degrees: 1. The *Elementary school*, which is the common basis of all popular education in town and country; 2. The *Burgher-school*, which, in towns of every size where there exists a middle class, affords to all those who are not destined for the learned professions, an education sufficiently extensive and liberal. The Prussian law, which fixes a maximum for the instruction of the Elementary School, fixes also a minimum for that of the Burgher-school; and there are two very different examinations, in order to obtain the license of primary teacher in these several degrees. The Elementary School ought to be one; for it represents, and is destined to foster and confirm, the national unity, and, in general, it is not right that the limit fixed by law for the instruction in the Elementary school should be overpassed; but the case is different in the Burgher-school; as this is destined for a class essentially different, the middle class; and it should naturally be able to rise in accommodation to the higher circumstances of that class in the more important towns. Thus it is that in Prussia the Burgher-school has various gradations, from the minimum fixed by law, with which I have made you acquainted, up to that higher degree where it is connected with the *Gymnasium*, properly so denominated, and thus sometimes obtains the name of *Progymnasium*. I transmit you an instruction relative to the different *progymnasias* in the department of Munster; you will there see that these establishments are, as the title indicates, preparatory *gymnasia*, where the classical and scientific instruction stops within certain limits, but where the Burgher class can obtain a truly liberal education. In general, the German Burgher-schools, somewhat inferior to our Colleges in classical and scientific studies, are incomparably superior to them in what is taught of religion, geography, history, the modern languages, music, drawing, and national literature. In my opinion, it is of the very highest importance to establish in France, by one name or other, Burgher-schools, under various modifications, and to remodel to this form a certain number of our Communal Colleges. I regard this, sir, as an affair of state. Let it not be said that we have already various degrees of primary instruction in France, and that what I require has been already provided. There is nothing of the kind; we have three degrees, it is true, but ill-defined; the distinction is therefore naught. These three degrees are an arbitrary classification, the principle of which I do not pretend to comprehend, whilst the two degrees determined by the Prussian law are manifestly founded on the nature of things. Finally, comprehending these two degrees within the circle of primary education, it is not unimportant to distinguish and characterise them by different names; but these names—schools of the third, second, and first degree—mark nothing but abstract differences; they speak not to the imagination, and make no impression on the intellect. In Prussia, the names, Elementary School and Burgher-school, as representing the inferior and superior degrees of primary instruction, are popular.

That of *Mittelschule* (Middle-school) is also employed in some parts of Germany,—a name which might, perhaps, be conveniently adopted by us. That, and Elementary School would comprehend the two essential degrees of primary instruction; and our primary normal schools would furnish masters equally for both degrees; for whom, however, there behoved to be two kinds of examinations, and two kinds of licenses. There would remain for you only to fix a minimum for the Middle-school, as you would undoubtedly do for the Elementary School, taking care to allow the several departments gradually to surpass their minimum, according to their resources and their success.

‘This is what appears to me substantially contained in all the petitions addressed to you by the towns, whether to change the subjects taught in our communal colleges; whether to add to the classical and scientific instruction afforded in our royal colleges, other courses of more general utility; whether, in fine, to be allowed schools which they know not how to name, and which more than once they have denominated *Industrial Schools*, in contradistinction to our colleges. Care must be taken not to weaken the classical studies of our colleges; on the contrary, I repeat it, they ought to be strengthened. We should avoid the introduction of two descriptions of pupils into our colleges; this is contrary to all good discipline, and would unavoidably enervate the more difficult studies to the profit of the easier. Neither is it right to give the name of industrial schools to schools in which the pupils are not supposed to have any particular vocation. The people feel only their wants; it belongs to you, sir, to make choice of the means by which these wants are to be satisfied. A cry is raised from one extremity of France to the other, demanding for three-fourths of the French nation establishments intermediate between the simple Elementary Schools and the Colleges. The prayers are urgent; they are almost unanimous. Here again is a point of the very highest importance, on which it would be easy to dilate. The general prayer, numerous attempts more or less successful, call out for a law, and render it at once indispensable and easy.’

Our limits compel us to conclude, leaving much interesting matter of the *Rapport* unnoticed, and the whole *Projet de Loi*. What we have extracted of the former, will afford a sample of the exceeding importance of its contents. Of this we have before us a German translation by Dr Kroeger of Hamburg, who has appended some valuable notes; but, though the work is of incomparably greater importance for this country, we have little expectation that it will appear in English. We are even ignorant of our wants. In fact, the difficulty of all educational improvement in Britain lies less in the amount, however enormous, of work to be performed, than in the notion that not a great deal is requisite. Our pedagogical ignorance is only equalled by our pedagogical conceit; and where few are competent to understand, all believe themselves qualified to decide.

Had our limits permitted, we should have said something of the history of primary education in Germany; and a word on the

system of popular instruction in some of the North American democracies, which, however inferior, still approaches nearest to that established in the autocratic monarchies of the empire. We should also have attempted to show, though somewhat startling in its appliance to ourselves, that Aristotle's criterion of an *honest and intelligent* government holds universally true. A government, says the philosopher, ruling for the benefit of all, is, of its very nature, anxious for the Education of all, not only because intelligence is in itself a good, and the condition of good, but even in order that its subjects may be able to appreciate the benefits of which it is itself the source; whereas a government ruling for the profit of its administrators, is naturally willing to debase the mind and character of the governed, to the end that they may be disqualified to understand, to care for, and to assert their rights. But we must leave these enquiries for the present; trusting to be able, ere long, to resume them.

ERRATA.

P. 194, line 4 from bottom, *for* importance to a science, *read*, importance as a science.

P. 194, line 1 from bottom, *for* obviate a taste, *read*, obviate distaste.

P. 195, line 5 from bottom, *for* Servitus, *read*, Servetus.

P. 195, line 7 from bottom, *for* Ecossois, *read*, Escossois.

P. 227, line 5 from bottom, *for* as the analytic, *read*, as of the analytic.

P. 232, line 2, 3 from top, *for* the whole———antecedent., *read*, the predicate not being here involved in the conception of the subject, but *vice versa*.

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